

# BOOK Magazine

VOLUME FORTY-FIVE  
NUMBER SIX

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Painted from life

By *C. Bosseron Chambers*

*Samuel  
Merwin*

in the  
NOVEMBER  
issue



### "Proven Pudding"

WHAT is the truth about the influx into New York City from all over America of young women who dream of there carving out careers for themselves in a spirit of independence and disregard of old-time conventions that is as free as the spirit of youth itself? There is at least one novelist who knows—Samuel Merwin. And in the next—the November—issue he begins to tell. When you have finished his novel, which he aptly calls "Proven Pudding," you will know the truth and the whole truth.

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# Static or Dynamic

By M. MERCER KENDIG, A. B.

Director, Department of Education, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

BROADLY stated, there are two schools of educational theory dealing with that raw material known as boys and girls. The one, largely of the old world, seeks to produce a gentleman or a gentlewoman of *static* habits of thought and conduct. The other, more akin to American ideals, aims to develop virile men and women of dynamic force in habit and action.

There is room for both the contemplative and the active mind in the world. Here, however, where life is eager and in a hurry, we need the dynamic type to carry American life forward to its ultimate destiny.

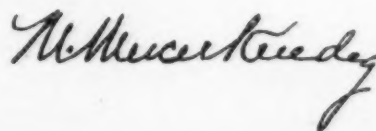
In the American Private Schools boys and girls receive that *individual* training of mind and body which has become more and more essential in life of such ferment as ours. So educated, such individuals are able to extricate themselves from unusual situations by means of trained and agile minds and memories stored with historic examples, and by aid of the abstract conceptions acquired from circumstances which they have never before encountered. In other words, such a boy or girl is ready for whatever happens. And that state of constant human preparedness distinguishes the *leader* from the *follower*.

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of thirty, he was accounted a success. In the present generation a boy aims and society expects him to be economically productive at twenty-four or five. At the latter age more of life has passed through him in this present period of intensified movement than informed the experience of a man of forty, seventy years ago when life wore "smoked specs and gaiters."

So the fundamentals of our education are now more important than ever to all who would participate in the economic, aesthetic and social life of our time. And it is in our Private Schools that the foundations for social and economic usefulness in adult life are deeply and quickly laid and squared with the spirit of American ideals of manhood and womanhood.

As a dynamic institution in American life, our comprehensive School Information Department has proved a helpful agency in American Education by bringing knowledge to bear upon the selection of schools best fitted to fill the educational needs of each individual. Our college trained staff has for many years visited and studied the private residential schools throughout the country. To any readers of this magazine experiencing difficulty in finding the right school, our assistance is freely offered. Your letter should state your requirements clearly with detailed information about previous education and any other facts that will enable us to be truly helpful.





# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN, NEW ENGLAND STATES

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### FOR GIRLS

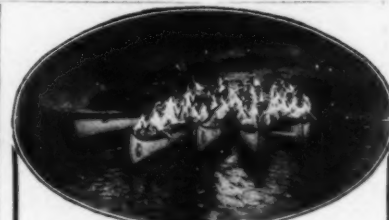
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For a year they saw each other often. They took long walks across open country. During one of these excursions Dave asked her to be his wife. The words tumbled over one another. They became mixed and trailed off to silence.

His face flushed with anger at his own helplessness. Keeping his eyes on the ground, he waited for her answer.

She laid a small hand on his arm. "Perhaps, some day," she said slowly, "if you'll do as I say. You know, Dave, you seemed so helpless when I first met you . . . yet I liked you. I began thinking of the future, because I felt that this moment would come." Myra then rallied to her own defense. "I am like every other girl. My happiness means a home of my own, a successful husband, perhaps a circle of interesting friends—things that will be endangered by the disappointments and failure bound to be caused by your stammering. . . . But did you know that it could be cured?"

As usual, Dave could say nothing. But as she unfolded her plan, dejection vanished. His shoulders straightened, and without realizing it he assumed an air of confidence. She noticed it and smiled. At the door of her home they paused. "See it through, Dave," she said in a trembling voice, hardly above a whisper, "and I'll wait."

Only Myra knew why Dave had suddenly left Portland. And during the days that followed, while she waited for a promised letter from him, misgivings filled her mind. Would her plan be successful? Could Dave be cured of his stammering? . . . A shadow of doubt clouded her happiness and made her feel restless.

Then came the awaited word. Her hopes were revived by the glowing terms in which he described the life at Bogue Institute—the comfortable dormitories, the interesting people, the competent, confidence-inspiring instructors.

Another week—and his letters spoke of progress. Gradually enthusiasm at the success of his efforts crept into each message . . . then, a note of triumph!

At the end of the sixth week Dave returned to Portland. He was so changed that she was a little afraid of him. He was the man she dreamed he could be. Confident. A distinguishable note of success in his eyes. "Myra," he cried happily, sweeping her into his arms. Then holding her off, he said

with mock gravity: "Meet Mr. David Mason, late of Indianapolis. Now an ambitious man. Tomorrow a success in business." He bowed low before his lady.

During the days and weeks that followed, they planned their future. Dave advanced in business. His employers, quick to appreciate his ability, pushed him ahead fast—heaping responsibility upon his capable shoulders and raising his salary accordingly.

A year later they married and started on their honeymoon. Leaning over the leeward rail of the *Organic* as she plowed through the Atlantic, Myra sighed and looked at the man at her side. "Stammering Dave Mason sees it through," she said, musingly, "as I knew he could and would." Laughing happily, she moved closer to her prosperous-looking husband.

\* \* \* \*

If you stammer or stutter, Benjamin Bogue can cure you, just as he has cured hundreds of others of all ages. Bogue Institute, which he founded in 1901 after years of research and study of stammering, is thoroughly tried, and is run on sound business principles. Results under the Bogue Method are guaranteed. The average student has remained at Bogue Institute from three to eight weeks.

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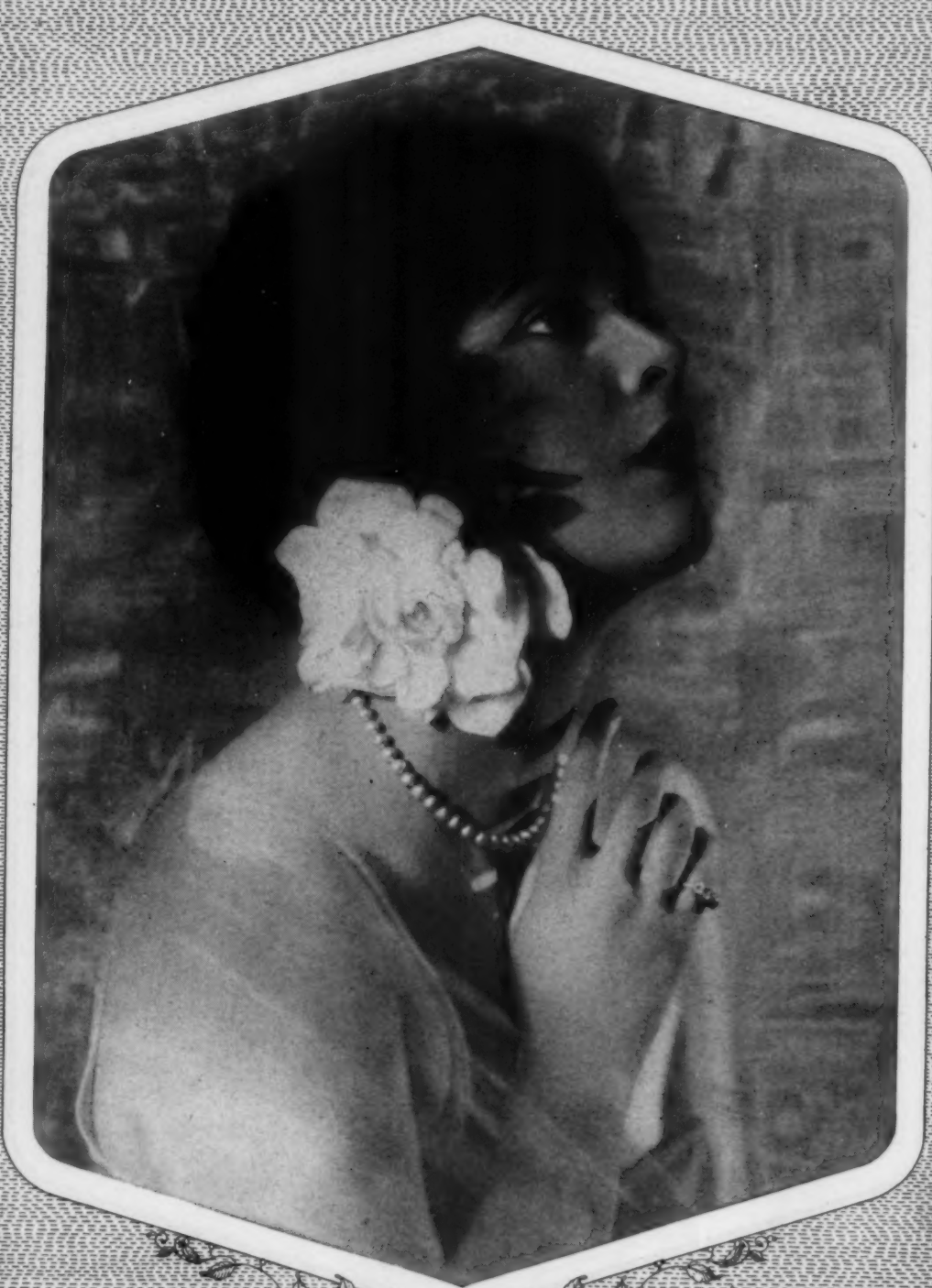
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Film Star  
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JACQUELINE LOGAN

Film Star

Photograph by Strauss-Peyton, New York






**VEEDA BURGETT**  
in "No, No, Nanette"

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe, New York





# Shadows

By ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by Arthur E. Becher

THE shadows that play about my garden are lovely—and friendly. In the beginning, in the days of my deep ignorance,—little lightened to this day, for a garden is such a bewildering romance,—I was all for the sunshine.

"That white birch tree and the gray boulder yonder must come out, so the sun can shine full on the flowers."

"Better wait a little," drawled old John, squinting up through the branches. "They make shadders. You can't see a garden without it has shadders. And I have some lilies o' the valley and some foxgloves that likes shadders. Better wait awhile."

So now I watch the shadows make the garden lovely. They shift the lights and bring out the form and color that the flooding sunshine merges into a luminous cloud. Patches of shadow and flecks of light filter down through the scraggy birch tree, and the bed of yellow iris becomes a cloth of gold. The boulder spreads its cool grayness, and the rainbow poppies take on the texture of a queen's raiment. Like the pointing finger of the garden spirit, the slanting shadow of the pines on the knoll moves across the terrace, and whatever it touches awakens to new beauty and fresh life. The garden shines in the shadows.

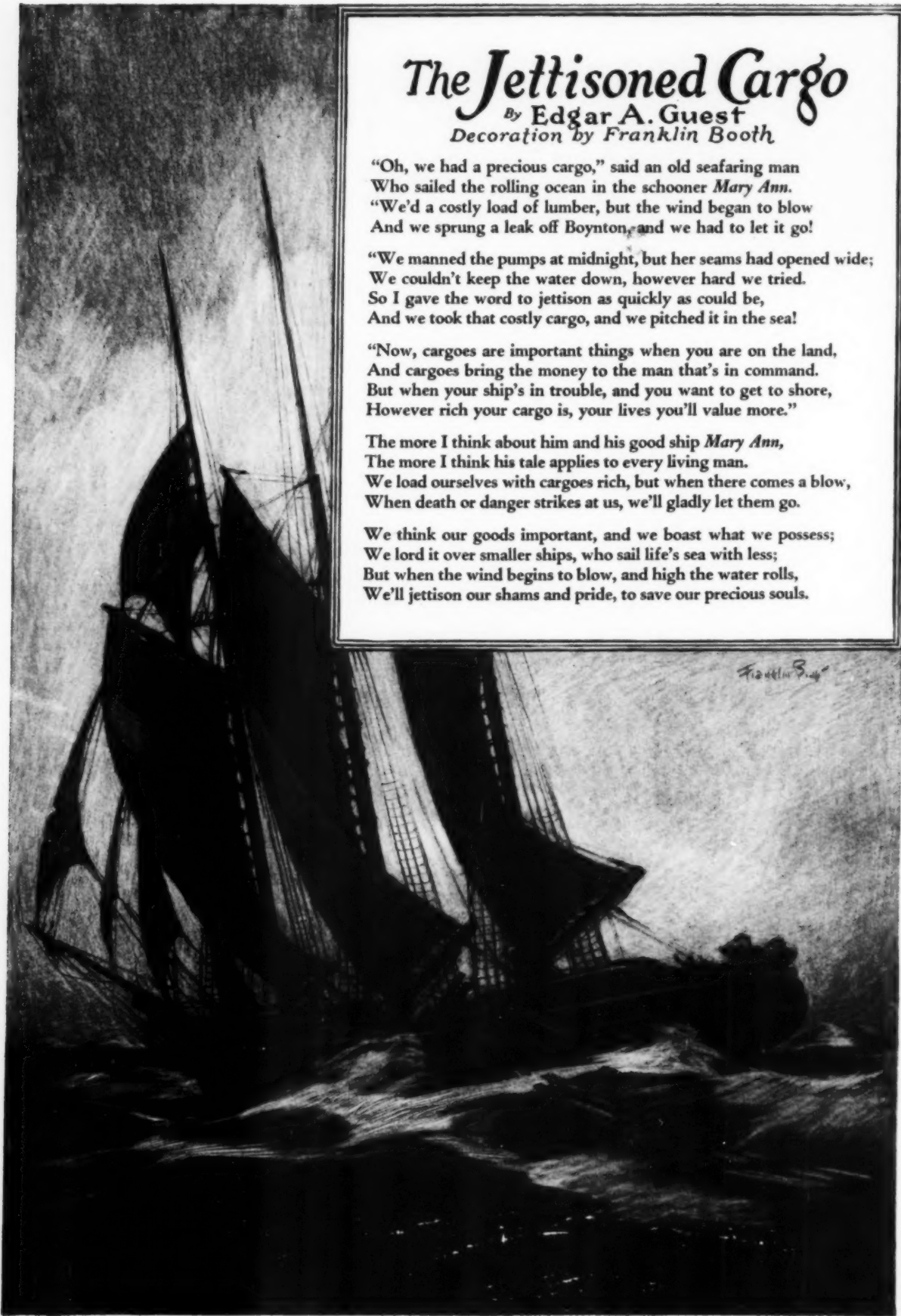
You really can never see anything, whether it be mountain or man or garden, until the shadows begin tumbling about it. Under white hot sunlight the outline is blurred. There is no depth, no tempting reflection, no inviting coolness. It is a time of achievement, of bare realities, heat and sweat and struggle. One can look, but until the shadows fall, one cannot see; nor can one understand.

But as the clouds drift and the shadows fall, there is a new picture. The surface that was so calm and so brilliantly smooth is broken now into heights and depths, each reflecting and reflected, and the secret places are made known to the watcher beyond the shadow.

What do you know of a man under the high-lights of his success? So little that you gird and grudge and grumble and pass him by with a curt glance of appraisal, a stranger. Not until the shadows fall upon him will you discover his hidden beauty, and stop and enjoy and understand. Not until then will you know that he too is a man who loves and laughs, wins and loses and lives on, cherishing his own bit of beauty within him.

Against a gray-white wall, in a place I know well, there stands the figure of a saint: just an ordinary statue that, at high noon, one passes with a careless glance. But at a certain time of the afternoon the shadows fall across it and throw a darkened figure on the wall; and oh, the story that shadow tells! All the love, all the patience and power of the consecrated soul, all the beauty of the spirit of a man who did his work and loved the doing, all the proud humility of one who suffered when suffering was the price of joy, all the divinity of manhood shines out of that shadow. Within the shadow is the story of the saint.





# The Jettisoned Cargo

By Edgar A. Guest

Decoration by Franklin Booth

"Oh, we had a precious cargo," said an old seafaring man  
Who sailed the rolling ocean in the schooner *Mary Ann*.  
"We'd a costly load of lumber, but the wind began to blow  
And we sprung a leak off Boynton, and we had to let it go!

"We manned the pumps at midnight, but her seams had opened wide;  
We couldn't keep the water down, however hard we tried.  
So I gave the word to jettison as quickly as could be,  
And we took that costly cargo, and we pitched it in the sea!

"Now, cargoes are important things when you are on the land,  
And cargoes bring the money to the man that's in command.  
But when your ship's in trouble, and you want to get to shore,  
However rich your cargo is, your lives you'll value more."

The more I think about him and his good ship *Mary Ann*,  
The more I think his tale applies to every living man.  
We load ourselves with cargoes rich, but when there comes a blow,  
When death or danger strikes at us, we'll gladly let them go.

We think our goods important, and we boast what we possess;  
We lord it over smaller ships, who sail life's sea with less;  
But when the wind begins to blow, and high the water rolls,  
We'll jettison our shams and pride, to save our precious souls.

Franklin Booth



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## From Her Very First Smile

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which thousands of mothers follow

### *Which Soap for Baby?*

That soap used to be "castile." But today, it's Palmolive.

That's because so-called castile soap is made by so many makers, under so many different formulas, that not even an expert can tell simply by "looking" which "castile" is too harsh for baby, which "castile" is mild enough.

Thus Palmolive Soap, uniformly mild and gentle, became the leading baby soap . . . just as it's the leading toilet soap of the world.

**C**ORRECT skin care starts in infancy. It is a duty that every mother owes her child. "Schoolgirl Complexions" come now as a natural result.

To assure your child's having one through the years, you must take proper steps now. That means gentle methods of cleansing. Methods that will protect, that will not endanger delicate skin tissue.

For that reason, the use of Palmolive Soap is today widely urged for infants. Its balmy lather, your doctor will tell you, is ideal for protection and for gentle cleansing.

### *The right bath—How to give it*

A soft wash-cloth, a soft towel, baby's little tub filled with warm water. The sweet, soft Palmolive lather liberally applied. Then, thorough rinsing, thorough drying, talcum as usual.

The tender skin soothed and beautified—protected against any possible irritation and—that radiant

schoolgirl complexion when she grows up—will be the reward.

### *Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

### *Soap from trees!*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

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*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands, until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.*





# A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

By BRUCE BARTON

## *Real Pleasures*

I START every morning with an inexpensive pleasure which gives me the feeling of wealth. It consists in walking to the office along Fifth Avenue, looking in the shop-windows, and making a mental inventory of the things I don't want.

The inventory totals several million dollars.

Some will scoff at this delight, as Emerson scoffed at the bartenders of Salem. Said he:

"Last week I went to Salem. At the Lafayette Hotel where I lodged, every five or ten minutes the barkeepers came into the sitting-room to arrange their collars in the looking-glass."

And he adds sarcastically: "So many joys has the kind God provided for us dear creatures."

My sympathy is with those bartenders. They wrote no books; yet they were philosophers none the less.

All unwittingly they had made the most important philosophic discovery—that the big celebrations of life, the occasions which must be planned for and dressed up for and purchased at a great price, are frequently disappointing, and that contentment lies in getting continuous satisfaction out of the commonplace.

Their joy in arranging their collars does not soothe my soul, but I have

others. One of them is to wake up in the morning and find that it is too early to get up. Another is loitering in secondhand bookstores. A third is dodging parties and saying wickedly to myself: "While they are sitting there in hard-boiled shirts, here am I smoking and reading in bed."

Nero, who had all the pleasures which most of us covet, advertised a reward for any man who would invent a new one. He should have fasted for a day and discovered his appetite.

Napoleon loved to fill a bathtub with warm water and lie there for an hour. Montaigne found great delight in putting his feet on the mantelpiece, and scratching his ears, "scratching being one of Nature's sweetest gratifications."

Are such joys unworthy of the dignity of human life? I do not think so. Pessimism is based on the notion that the tragedies of existence outweigh its advantages, which is untrue. The tragedies are more impressive because they come dramatically—a broken leg, the loss of a friend, a business failure.

But against these occasional debits we should credit millions of joys which pass uncounted: tremendous joys like a tub of warm water, and scratching, and looking in through the windows of shops and saying:

"Not a thing there that I want."



## To a second fiddle

When the Really Important Male arrives, you, sir, the so-called head of the house, become a thing to be "hushed" at and shunted into ignominious corners. Feminine whisperings and the rustling of starched linen fill the electrified air.

Even that tiled temple of cleanliness where you have been wont to splash and carol of a morning is invaded by His New Lordship's ladies-in-waiting.

Garments of curious design dominate the towel racks—bottles of unfamiliar outline and content are everywhere.

But one old friend remains to greet your eye—

for there in its accustomed place, in all its white purity, is your cake of Ivory Soap.

Take comfort in the sight, for Ivory is the bond that will draw you and your son together—the bridge across the vast crevasse of feminine interference.

Another Ivorian is in the making!

Let spotless walls be spangled with gobs of creamy Ivory lather. Let the floor be dotted with soapy pools.

For by these signs you know that this son of yours is doing all the messy, woman-worrying, soul-satisfying things that normal men do when enjoying an Ivory bath.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

## IVORY SOAP

# The RED BOOK Magazine

October 1925 • Volume XLV • Number 6

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

EDGAR Sisson, *Associate Editor*

THE best writing of his long and distinguished career is being done today by Mr. Tarkington, and rarely has he gone further in the practice of the fictionist's art than in the present story of one woman and a strange love. Geraldine's story is one that every woman will comprehend—and perhaps some men.



By Booth  
Tarkington

## Geraldine

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

WHEN women tell us men that we'll never be able to understand them, as they pretty often do, I think they usually mean that it's because we idealize them; though they aren't likely to admit this to be their meaning precisely. Anyhow, they get quite a little pleasure out of our not understanding them, and on that account it seems queer how seldom they mystify us on purpose.

The most mystifying woman I ever knew was one who hadn't the slightest idea she was puzzling anybody, and she showed gen-

uine amazement when she found out that her conduct was generally thought impossible to understand.

What's more, the other women were as befogged about her as the men were; or at least they said so. They talked about her by the hour—there were times when they didn't seem able to talk about anything else—and I don't suppose that in the whole history of the world one particular question has been asked oftener than the question the women in our town were always asking one another: "Well, what do you think of Geraldine now?"



For my part, I never pretended to understand Geraldine Wygate at all. That is to say, I sometimes understood what her motives were, I suppose; but I didn't understand why she had them. I knew her well, too; I knew her even before she was old enough to have any motives. Our house was only two doors and a vacant lot north of the big stone-trimmed brick "Wygate Mansion."

SHE was an only child, but not a spoiled one; though she was born when her parents were both well along in middle-age, and they were certainly as indulgent with her as she wished them to be. Her father was what a moderate-sized town used to call "a fairly rich man;" and he was able and willing to give Geraldine just about anything a young girl could ask for; but she didn't ask him for a great deal. I remember when he gave her a pony and a basket-cart on her fourteenth birthday, she took so little interest in them that after a month or so he sold them. About all that Geraldine seemed to want was a fox terrier. She always had one kind or another of a little dog with her, wherever she went.

She kept to herself a good deal, though she was sprightly enough when she happened to be with other young people; and at the age when the rest of us were beginning to be susceptible, and the girls talked boy and the boys talked girl—I mean from about fifteen on to the time of getting seriously engaged and married, in the twenties—Geraldine really didn't appear to understand what it was all about.

She didn't once show the slightest personal interest in any of the boys or young men, and none of us exhibited any symptoms of that kind of interest in her. Moreover, this was at the time when all of the young people she'd been growing up with were "pairing off," so to speak, and weren't much interested in anything else or talking about anything else. She was amiable; but the talk seemed to bore her, as if it were about some technical subject she'd never studied and couldn't feel any interest in at all. When it came to that, Geraldine lived inclosed on the other side of a blank wall, and at twenty-four she was still living in the same inclosure.

She wasn't a beautiful girl by any means, but she wasn't homely, either. She was small, and light-stepping and quick, with bright dark eyes that never seemed to look at anything more than a second or two. She had pretty hands and wavy hair-colored hair; and her features were pleasant—the type we used to call "piquant." So it wasn't her looks that kept the young men from falling in love with her. It was that queer invisible wall surrounding her; though she hadn't put it there herself on purpose, by any means.

The mothers of the young men liked Geraldine Wygate. They were always telling us what a "self-respecting" girl she was—so much more admirable than the "pushing" sort we seemed to favor—and they wondered why we didn't show her more attention. When they asked us about that, we weren't able to give very satisfactory answers, though my cousin Joe Buell once came pretty near the truth of the matter.

IT was a Sunday afternoon, not long after lunch; and Joe and I were lounging in their library, killing time until it got late enough for us to start on a round of "Sunday calls"—a customary procedure with us. Aunt Sallie asked us if we were going to the Wygates', and when we said, "No," she asked Joe, "Why not?" a little sharply.

"I don't see any reason you can't show Geraldine more attention than you do," she said. "Geraldine is a fine, self-respecting girl."

"You might as well ask me to show more attention to sister Bella," Joe told his mother. "Bella would be just as pleased, and so would I."

"Geraldine Wygate will make some man a good wife," Aunt Sallie said; and she glanced over to where Bella sat on the arm of a big chair, swinging her feet and looking out of the window. "I wish Bella were like her—in certain ways! It's greatly to Geraldine's credit that instead of seeking out the young men herself, she lets them do the seeking."

"Yes, but they don't," Bella remarked. "They don't seek, Mamma."

"Then it's all the more dignified of her to hold aloof," her mother said; and I could tell by her tone that she was making a reference more pointed than appeared upon the surface. "I'm sure she'd never make positive advances to a virtual stranger."

"Oh, dear!" Bella said; then she laughed and turned to me. "I suppose you understand Mamma's scolding me. Do you know what she means by 'positive advances'?"

"No, Bella."

"She means a formal note I wrote and mailed last night to an old friend," Bella explained. "That is to say, I never met him until yesterday afternoon; but within half an hour I felt I'd known

him always. He's that kind of a man. So, of course, since I was so well acquainted with him, I wrote him a note as soon as I got home and asked him to drop in before long. That's what Mamma means. In her day it was unmaidenly not to wait until the gentlemen begged the privilege of calling. Times have changed, Mamma, especially when a truly glorious person comes to town!"

"Who is he?" I asked.

"He's a godlike creature whose beautiful name is Bellworthy Cameron," she said, intentionally extravagant. "He's related to the Camerons that live here, and he's just come to make his fortune in our thriving city. He's going to be in old Judge Cameron's law office. Lida Cameron let some of us meet him yesterday, and he's absolutely a regal vision!"

"He sounds pretty awful," Joe said, "the way you tell it!"

Bella laughed. "I'm not sure he isn't. That's why I wrote the note; I wanted to find out if any man could be as gorgeous-looking as Mr. Bellworthy Cameron and be anything else."

"You mean he's one of those 'pretty' men, don't you?" Joe asked. "Hasn't he got 'well-chiseled features' and 'unruly golden curls,' Bella?"

"Well—" Bella said, beginning indefinitely. "Not golden; no. He's—" She had turned to look out of the window again, as she talked, and her feet were again swinging as they had been; but they began to slow down as something outdoors caught her attention; then they stopped, and her French heels clicked together suddenly. She leaned forward, staring out at the sidewalk. "Speaking of Satan!" she said. "Well, of all!"

"What is it?" I asked her. "You mean your gorgeous friend's heaved in sight just as we were speaking of him?"

"I mean more than that," she answered. "Who do you think is with him?"

JOE and I joined her at the window, and I must say we fully shared her surprise when we saw the couple strolling on the sidewalk. She'd told the truth about the astonishing good looks of Mr. Bellworthy Cameron, though his looks weren't what astonished us. He was one of those almost beautiful black-and-white-and-pink young men you see sometimes; he had wavy jet-black hair, blue-black eyes, a "Greek profile," and a high rosy color, like a girl's, in his cheeks, with the rest of his complexion like white enamel. He was tall, graceful, broad-shouldered and small-waisted—you couldn't imagine him being foolish enough to trade his looks for the Apollo Belvedere's.

As a matter of fact, he was too handsome for Joe and me not to share Bella's doubt that any man could be so good-looking and be anything else at the same time. He was dressed a step or two ahead of the fashion, Joe and I thought, and just the least bit loudly—there was something glossy about his clothes and about his beauty, too. So, all in all, we weren't alarmed, because even at first sight of him, we were pretty sure he was one of those young men who come to a town and make a short-lived sensation; the girls are all excited for the first few days; then they begin to get used to the he-beauty, and after that his looks don't appear to signify a great deal to them—not so much, usually, as a good singing-voice.

But what so surprised the three of us at the window wasn't the coincidence of Mr. Bellworthy Cameron's appearing just as we were speaking of him; it was the identity of the lady with him—and, also, the strange manner and changed appearance of that lady. It was Geraldine Wygate.

It was Geraldine; but not the Geraldine familiar to us. In the first place, she was walking with her white-gloved hand reposing upon the inner crook of her escort's elbow—arm-in-arm with him in the public afternoon sunshine! In the second place, she was continuously blushing, her expression being worshipful and visibly rapturous; and as they went by, she looked up at him and saw nothing else in the world, not once removing her eyes from his—she, whose will-o'-the-wisp glance rested nowhere long, and never at all, until now, upon the eyes of a man! Joe Buell and I were ordinary young men, none too shrewd, but even we could see what had happened to Geraldine.

"How long has she known him?" I asked Bella.

"Since yesterday. She came into the Camerons' just as I left."

"And she's already like that!" I said, nodding toward the sidewalk. "What'll she be like a month from now?"

It was Joe who answered, not Bella. "She'll be even more beautiful," he said; and to Bella's and my surprise, as we turned to look at him, we saw that he was perfectly serious. "I never knew that she was beautiful before," he went on; "but now I see that she is. She's charming! I always thought she was just a moving statuette; but she's come to life."



It was not the Geraldine familiar to us . . . she was blushing, worshipful and visibly rapturous.

"Rather!" Bella said. "So have you, it seems. What's got you so sentimental, all of a sudden?" Then, as he didn't answer, she turned again to the window. "Geraldine's always been queer," she went on; "but this afternoon's walk of hers, with her hand and heart openly on a man's sleeve for all the world to see—well, it's simply the queerest thing she ever has done or will do!"

Bella didn't stick to that opinion long, however, for Geraldine did queerer things than to make it clear she'd fallen heels over head in love with Bellworthy Cameron at first sight. For a while some of the other girls were inclined to follow her example, and they gave him what they called "a great rush;" but after they'd seen a little more of him, most of them lost interest rather suddenly. My cousin Bella was one of these, and she giggled in a sickish sort of way when she told me about it.

"Of course I was right in guessing that he wasn't anything except something to look at," she said. "He's just so many pretty pounds of conceit and mush! I've no doubt that quite a number of inferior type girls have lost their heads over him, and so that's what he expects of all of us. It's all he does expect, and all that interests him. He called me, 'Dear Little Girl,' affectionately, the second time I met him, and 'Big Blue Eyes' the third! He takes it for granted that one yearns to be caressed!

He's really pretty awful—and practically all the girls have found it out, except Geraldine."

Bella shook her head, like a person gloomy over an unanswerable riddle. "It's the most unaccountable thing I ever knew," she went on. "Geraldine Wygate was the most fastidious girl in town, the most purely *mental*, of all of us, and the most remote from mushiness. Since the rest have cooled down and just about dropped him flat, she sees him all the time! Wouldn't you think she'd see what he *is*? The rest of us have. No; he's nothing but a glossy-looking bad egg, and Geraldine's wilder about him every day of her life."

Bella was almost right; Bellworthy Cameron's looks were probably responsible for many of his lacks and faults; but young people don't often make allowances for causes, and he hadn't been in town a full year before he was pretty thoroughly unpopular with all of us. The young men found him a little bit too smilingly sleek and superior; he wanted us to feel that he'd been about the world rather more than we had; and probably he had, too; but it's never tactful to make such things evident. As for the girls, what Bella said of him spoke for all—except Geraldine, of course.

I think Geraldine was glad when the other girls dropped him; but her view of the dropping was the opposite of theirs. In fact,



she told me what her own view was, one day when I had a talk with her. I was passing her house, on my way home in the afternoon, and the handsome Cameron was just saying good-by to her at her front gate as I came up. I never liked him, and after I'd lifted my hat to Geraldine I gave him a rather cool nod, I suppose, as I went by; but before I'd passed the other end of the Wygates' iron fence, Geraldine called to me.

At that, I turned back, of course; Cameron had gone on his way down the street and Geraldine stood in the yard beckoning to me. When I reached the gate, she asked me if I wouldn't come in and have a little chat with her. She looked rather conscious—shy and a little troubled, yet happy too—and I wondered what on earth she wanted of me; but I went in and sat down with her on a willow-ware sofa on the veranda, as she asked me to.

"You're such an old friend and neighbor," she said, "I thought you wouldn't mind talking with me about something—about something—" She faltered, and blushed; and her eyelashes kept flickering up and down as she'd look at me a second and then at the stone floor of the veranda. "Well—I thought you wouldn't mind if I'd talk to you about it," she went on. "It's something—something I—"

I laughed. "What is it, Geraldine?"

"It's something—it's something very near my heart!" she said, with a little half-gasp and half-laugh together. It seemed to relieve her, for she didn't show any embarrassment after that, but talked eagerly in the quick, bright way she usually did. "It's about Mr. Cameron."

"I just barely suspected it might be," I told her; but she didn't notice that I meant anything jocular.

"Yes," she said. "There are several things I wanted you to understand about him, and the first one is probably the most unimportant. It's this. When you came along just now, I noticed you spoke to him rather timidly."

"Did I?" I asked her, and I looked at her a little closely, surprised to hear this interpretation of the nod I'd given the beautiful gentleman; but Geraldine was perfectly simple and genuine. I could see she really believed I'd spoken to him timidly.

"Yes," she said. "I've noticed it before, both with you and others. It's the most natural thing in the world for the rest of you to be rather timid with him, I know; but he really isn't so haughty as you think he is, and I'm sure he'd be as glad to be cordial as the rest of you would."

"Well," I said, "I hadn't thought of him as haughty, exactly. It was more—"

She interrupted me. "I know! I know you don't think of him as *repellently* haughty or lofty in his manner; but of course I can see you all feel he's a man of so much greater experience—so much more a man of the world and all that—you naturally think he might be rather stand-offish if you made advances to him. Well, he is a man of the world, and of course we've never before had anybody in the town quite in his class, so to speak; but he's not really stand-offish at all. He's perfectly simple, as important people always are; he doesn't wish to assert his superiority in the slightest, and I'm sure he'd be gracious and cordial if the rest of you would just take him as one of y—"





Geraldine's infatuation had become our principal topic. Her extravagances were quoted around, and "Geraldine's latest" came to be an everyday joke.

selves. I'm sure he'd like that much better than to have you stand in awe of him."

"Do we? I mean, would he?" I said, for Geraldine's sincerity in this hallucination of hers confused me. "Did he want you to ask us not to stand in awe of him, Geraldine?"

She didn't give me a direct answer. "Nobody but a woman could see these things," she said. "If I don't speak of them, who would? None of the other girls would *now*, of course, because they wouldn't regard that as their privilege."

"They wouldn't?" I said; and I was getting more confused than ever. "The other girls wouldn't regard it as their privilege to point out how cordial Mr. Cameron wants to be?"

"Not now, they wouldn't. Not since—" She paused, drew a long breath, and then sat looking upward like St. Cecilia at the organ. "Not since he dropped the rest to single me out above them."

I stared at her, too nonplused to do anything else; and I could see how rapt she was in a kind of meek pride. She drew some more long breaths and hardly seemed to know I was there; her face was uplifted and shining with the wondering exaltation that came upon her. "Oh!" she said. "How strange it is that it should have been *!!* I'll never, never, get used to that! They were all so eager—like a garden full of flowers, every one begging to be taken and worn—but he came to the little wall-flower in the corner—to me! It's incredible, incredible!"

I didn't say anything; but she seemed to realize again that I was there, and she came out of her rapture and turned to me. "I'm afraid they all hate me," she said gently; but she smiled as if she didn't mind this supposed hatred very much.

"The other girls?" I asked her. "I don't think they do, Geraldine."

She laughed, and shook her head. "A man couldn't see it," she said. "Of course they do. They couldn't help it. I don't blame them for it in the least, because if it had been one of them who was singled out, instead of me, I'd have hated her. Absolutely, I couldn't have helped it!" She laughed again, and then her expression reverted to that St. Cecilia look she'd worn a moment before. "I suppose you think I'm queer to talk to you this way, even though you are an old friend and we've lived

almost next door to each other all our lives. But I tell you I believe I'd talk the same way almost to a stranger. When such a glory comes into a woman's life, shouldn't it be known?"

"You mean you're engaged to him, Geraldine?"

"Engaged?" she said in a low voice. "It doesn't seem the word. 'Consecrated,' I think I'd say, instead."

This left me pretty blank for a minute or two; she spoke in such a hushed way, and yet with so much fervor that it was difficult to think of anything appropriate to say in response. Finally, however, I coughed, and told her I hoped she'd be happy. Then I asked her if she wanted me to do something else besides understand that Mr. Cameron wasn't really haughty. She'd implied she had something more in mind.

"Yes," she told me. "He's anxious to show what he can do in his profession. He's held down by the older men in Judge Cameron's office, and not given a chance, except in matters of very small importance not worth his attention. Of course he *should* be at the head of a firm of his own, and that's what I wanted to speak to you about. I've already got Papa to put all of our own legal affairs in his hands, and that's a little bit of a start for him. Now of course I know that your family and the Buells own the rolling mills—he says the mills have a great many lawsuits—but he says that the Buells practically control the street-car lines, and the legal business of the car-lines alone would be enough for most law firms. If you—"

"Wait a minute," I said. "Did Mr. Cameron tell you to—"

"No," she said. "We were just talking about it; that was all." And she went on to ask me if I wouldn't exert my influence with my family and relatives to get the legal business of the car-lines and the rolling mills put into the hands of Mr. Bellworthy Cameron. Not only that, she virtually begged me to turn myself into a walking advertisement of the gentleman's legal ability and to solicit all my friends in his behalf. Moreover, as she went on, I found I wasn't the only person she'd invited to perform this office. She said she'd "spoken" to Joe Buell and one or two others, and that her father was "using all his influence" in Mr. Cameron's behalf; which really meant that she had the old gentleman limping around to his friends' offices recommending the talents of the beautiful Bellworthy. Mr. Wygate wasn't the man he had been. After Mrs. Wygate's death the previous year, he'd suffered a "stroke;" and ever since then, he'd crept about on two canes, pretty feebly, his head not much stronger than his body.

"Papa considers it the highest privilege," Geraldine said. "And isn't it? Isn't it the highest possible privilege we commonplace people can have, to help genius find its opportunity?"

That was her state of mind. Cameron's good looks meant to her that he was supremely endowed with every other gift, as well. If he'd played a tune on the piano, with one finger, Geraldine would have thought Paderewski's only advantage was in having practiced more.

A DAY or two after I had this talk with her, my cousin Bella told me she'd seen Cameron and Geraldine driving in Geraldine's new open car. Cameron's hat flew off, and Geraldine jumped out and ran back and got it for him. It was muddy, and she cleaned it carefully with a lace handkerchief before she gave it to him. "She looked like an acolyte permitted to perform some high ceremony in a church," Bella said. "What I'll never understand is how any woman can fall so *slavishly* in love! Everybody's talking about it."

She was right about that. Geraldine's infatuation had become our principal topic; and every day or so you heard of some new manifestation. She talked about Bellworthy Cameron to everybody, much as she had talked about him to me. In fact, she didn't talk about anything else, and of course her extravagances were quoted around, and "Geraldine's latest" came to be an everyday joke. The girls went to see her just to get something new to rush about and giggle and marvel over.

"He's her 'saint' now!" one of them would say. "She found a picture of St. George, and she says it's more like him than his photographs are, so she's having a silver frame made for it, and she speaks of him as her saint. That's what she actually told me, my dear! She said: 'The only difference is that *my* saint is so much more beautiful.' If you don't believe me, go on over there and listen if she doesn't say the same thing to you. She will! I shouldn't be surprised if she'd told the ice-man about it."

Geraldine certainly told a large number of people about it; but she didn't confine her worship to describing Bellworthy as a saint, or as a "Sir Galahad"—another description she found for him. She went to Joe Buell again, and to each of the other di-

rectors, to get the street-car company's legal business for Cameron; she went to almost everyone she knew, to get favors for him; and she had her father put him up for membership in the club, where we weren't enthusiastic about admitting him.

"I believe it would be wiser to go rather slow," Joe said one evening, when some of us were there, talking privately of the proposed new member. "I have some information that leads me to think action on his name had better be postponed for a time."

One of the others spoke up. "I don't see any need of postponement. What I most object to is his letting a girl do so much for him. It's too much like making use of something a man oughtn't to use. I'd like to see him blackballed right away."

"No," Joe said. "We're all friends of the Wygates, and we don't want to hurt people's feelings. Let's just postpone the matter for a time."

THE rest of us agreed to that, after a little argufying; and when the others had gone, I asked Joe what was the information he'd mentioned; and he spoke his mind pretty freely. He got red. "This fellow's really no good," he said. "It's not my business, of course; but I've felt differently about Geraldine ever since that Sunday afternoon when we first saw her out walking with him. You know how I'd always thought of her. I told Mother, that very day, I'd be just as interested in 'showing attention' to my own sister as I would to Geraldine. I'd always thought of her that way—as if she were a person you couldn't have any really personal interest in at all. But when I saw her coming by the house with this fellow and looking up at him in that pretty, glowing way—all changed and so alive—why, I felt differently about her; that's all."

I was surprised. "You mean you thought more of her, so to speak?" I asked him.

"Yes—so to speak," he answered in a slow, dry way; but he was serious; in fact, he was solemn. "I thought it was—well, rather touching. To me, it was as if she'd never been in the sunshine before, and the minute she did get in it, she—well, she blossomed just beautifully!"

"Golly!" I said, and I sat staring at him; but he was looking at the wall, and didn't notice me.

"You see, I haven't sympathized with all these jokes about her," he went on. "I haven't enjoyed them at all."

"I suppose not," I said. "What have you been hearing about Cameron? You haven't told me."

"He's a low life!" Joe got redder than he had been, and he threw away the cigar he was pretending to smoke. He threw it into the fireplace as if he were trying to break a lump of coal with it. "He's the worst kind of maser, and that's all he is; though I'm bound to say old Judge Cameron says he *has* got the makings of a good lawyer in him. Well—he may need to be."

"How's that?" I asked; for he spoke with a bitter kind of significance. "Outside of everybody's need of success, has he any special necessity to be a good lawyer?"

"Yes, he has. And soon too, I hear."

"What for?"

Joe turned and looked at me, and I was astonished to see how savage his frown was. "Cameron's in trouble," he said. "It's over a girl."

"You don't mean it?"

"Don't I?" Joe said, and he used some strong language, before I got him to tell me what he knew. "It's that old rascal Louie Crispwell's daughter," he said.

LOUIE CRISPWELL was what's called a "police-court character," a professional bondsman, and his daughter was pretty well known by sight about town. She was a big, fine-looking girl, of the high-colored type; and she was all up and down the street every day in a secondhand "roadster" her father'd bought for her and painted bright red—like Miss Una Crispwell's cheeks. "One of our foremen lives next door to the Crispwells," Joe told me. "He says Cameron's been there so much the neighbors concluded he and Una must be married; they thought Cameron must be Louie's son-in-law. He'd spend most of the evening at Geraldine's and then go down there to see Una Crispwell. Well, he hasn't been there so much lately, except when they've sent for him—to scare him! They swear they're going to have a breach-of-promise suit brought against him. Cameron declares it's sheer blackmail, and it may be, for all I know; but he's got an ugly customer to deal with in Louie Crispwell, and that's why I say he needs to be a good lawyer."

"Well, yes!" I said, agreeing pretty strongly. "I should say he does. If this gets out, I'm afraid it'll just about kill Geraldine."



"They sent for him—to scare him! They swear they're going to have a breach-of-promise suit brought against him."

Joe looked at me again, with that savage frown on his face; and then his expression changed so that I almost thought he was going to cry. But he didn't, of course; he laughed most unenjoyably, instead. Then he got up from his chair without saying a word, and stalked out of the club.

He left me so surprised, and in such a state of guessing about him, that the next afternoon I cut my work short and went up-town early to see what I could find out from Bella about it. By good luck she was at home and Aunt Sallie wasn't around.

"Look here," I said. "What's got into old Joe he's so exercised about Geraldine Wygate and her affairs?"

"Nothing," Bella told me. "He's just like everybody else. Isn't the whole town exercised about Geraldine and the ridiculous exhibition she's making of herself?"

"Joe doesn't think it's ridiculous, Bella."

"What makes you think he doesn't?"

"Quit pretending," I said. "You know he doesn't. You've got pretty sharp eyes, and you've probably known for some time what I've only been guessing since last night. To come out with it right flat-footed, I've got a suspicion that Joe Buell's about as queer as Geraldine. If he hasn't gone and fallen in love with her, what is the matter with him?"

At that, Bella looked angry, but not with me. "It makes me perfectly raging!" she said. "He's a sentimental idiot, and that's

the only explanation I know. Here he's lived within a block of that girl all his life and never noticed her; but the minute she falls in love with somebody *else*, he proceeds to lose his head about her! That's a sensible proceeding!"

"I never heard that falling in love had anything to do with sensibleness," I told her. "So it's true, and you did know it."

"I couldn't very well live in the same house and not know it," she said. "He won't listen to a thing about her, and if Mamma and I begin talking about her, he gets furious—and if we keep it up, he walks straight out of the house. It began the very day when we looked at her and Cameron out of that window yonder. Don't you remember Joe took it rather queerly? He said she looked beautiful—he'd always thought she was just a walking statuette, or something, but now she'd come to life. Then he got quite silent and thoughtful after they'd gone by. I think it began to happen to him right then and there, and it gets worse the longer it runs on. Joe's always been a romanticist, and he says Geraldine is lofty—he thinks her obliteration of self is a holy medieval passion, or something, and the only 'heroism on the grand scale' we've ever seen in this dull town. Did you ever hear of anything more preposterous? To pay no attention whatever to a girl until she begins to make a ninny of herself over another man, and then go and make a ninny of yourself over *her*!"

"I wouldn't put it quite that strongly, Bella. Joe isn't exactly making a ninny of himself."

"Isn't he?" she asked dryly. "Probably you didn't know he got Cameron appointed one of the attorneys for the street-railway company, simply because she asked him to." (Continued on page 94)





# Release

**WILLIAM** McFEE had never published short stories until recently. A ship engineer, he has sailed the seven seas since boyhood, and all his writing has been done between watches. Curious nooks of the world are familiar to him, and in the group of stories he has done for this magazine, of which this is the first, he will reveal those corners through the eye of Jimmy Russell, wandering news-photographer.

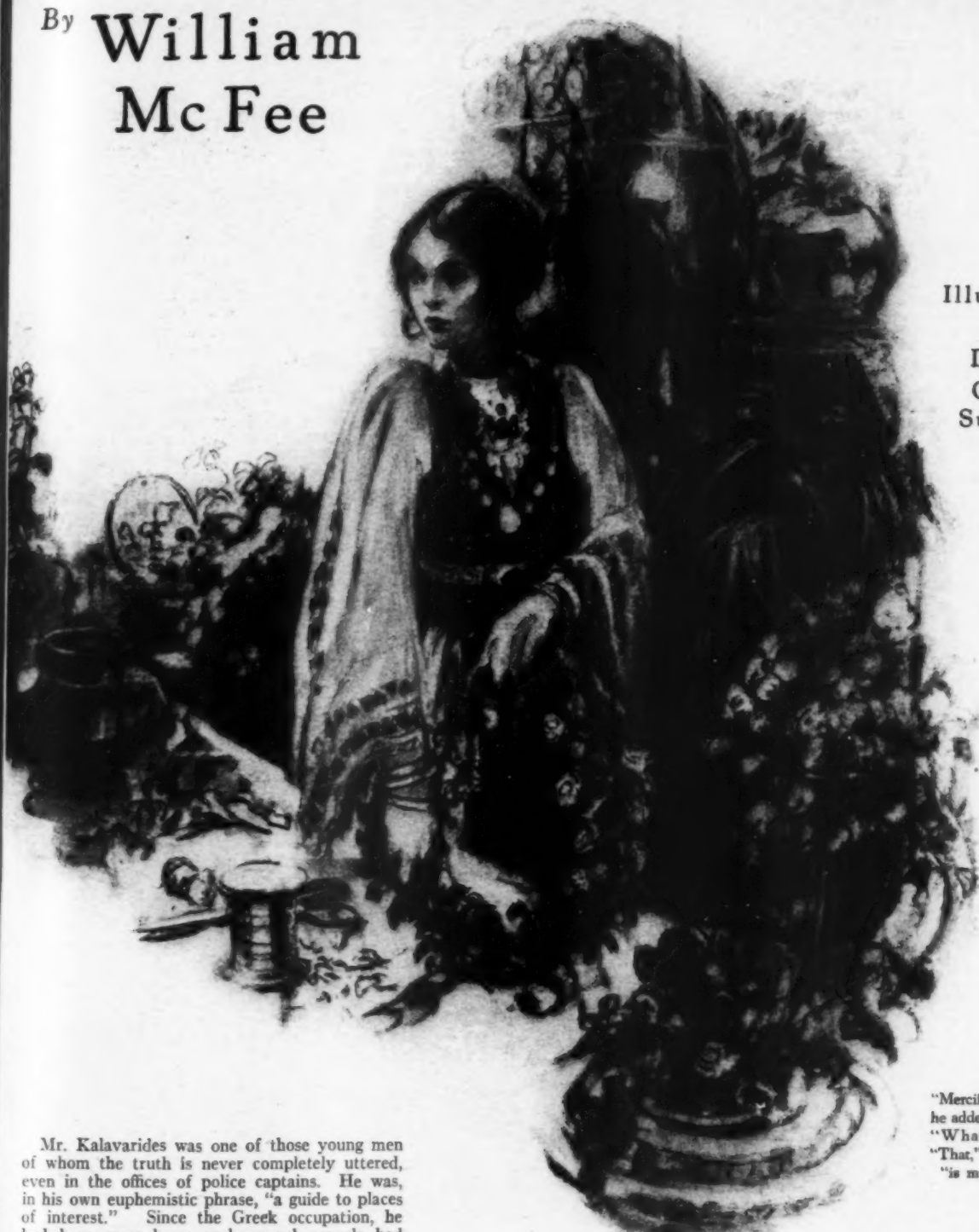
**I**N the days of Greek rule, the Passage Kraemer, running clean through the great Hotel Kraemer, was the thorax of Smyrna. Through that high-vaulted corridor came a steady stream of men and women of all the nations of Europe and the Levant. It led from the Rue Parallel behind the hotel, and it came out upon the wide stone quay beyond whose clean bright solidity sparkled the green waters of the Gulf. There was more in the selection of this route from the upper quarters of the city and the busy Rue Frank than mere convenience and speed. The people came that way in obedience to an obscure desire for comfort and the

social atmosphere of the Passage. It was a little world, open at both ends, and having in the center the great curving staircase that led up into the hotel above. To the right, facing the sea, was a large café. There was the money-changer's booth close to the stairs. There were shops that sold sweetmeats and cigarettes, a barber's shop where officers could be seen in the luxurious chairs. And beside all these there was a tiny cubicle full of the exquisite and heavy fragrance of flowers, where Pollynni Kalavarides startled the observant purchaser with the sudden revelation of an original and seductive beauty.

But if the truth be told, observant purchasers were not frequent in Pollynni's establishment. Those who bought flowers were generally the servants of designing persons, the wives of money-making men, or the abstracted lovers of girls. None of these could be depended on to perceive how Pollynni, Madame Kalavarides, differed very much from the average comeliness of Levantine women. Even her husband, Eleutherios Kalavarides, an extremely dark young man with the convulsive movements of a figure in an early cinematograph, was unaware of any particular quality in her. Supposing he had, it may be doubted whether he would have been induced to support her. He hadn't time. When Pollynni thought of him, her curved, delicately penciled black brows came forward in a frown, and in her large, brilliant and tawny eyes smoldered a sinister glance of dislike. And the fact that she was frequently thinking of him and his behavior developed this glance into a scowl and concealed her beauty as the grime of a street conceals the loveliness of an antique statue.

By William  
Mc Fee

Illustrated  
by  
Dudley  
Gloyne  
Summers



Mr. Kalavarides was one of those young men of whom the truth is never completely uttered, even in the offices of police captains. He was, in his own euphemistic phrase, "a guide to places of interest." Since the Greek occupation, he had been very busy, and several consuls had taken the trouble to write letters of complaint to the military governor, about his activities. It must be confessed there was a prejudice against him, due in part to a misunderstanding of his ethical code, and to his method of moving about. As already stated, this latter was a sort of syncopated series of interrupted gyrations. At times, as when he, like all the world, came through the Passage Kraemer, he seemed to float and flicker, as though he were a reed shaken by the wind, or an elementary organism moving spasmodically among the higher forms of life in an atmospheric aquarium. So he would come to rest for an appalling instant by the bank of ferns and palms in front of Pollynni's window; and she, looking up somberly from the making of a wreath for the wife of Colonel Guanaris, who was to be buried next day, would

see his toothy smile vibrating beyond the glass, his pose almost evoking a conviction that he was gathering himself up to spring bodily through the window. But even as the frown contracted her brows, and she raised the long, gleaming scissors from the table, he would be gone, in the wake of the two or three young sublieutenants from Volo who had engaged him as a guide to places of interest.

And on one of these occasions—the wreath being for the daughter of Major Kragos, who had been ordered to rejoin his unit at once in the interior—an observant purchaser caught sight, not only of Pollynni's beauty beneath the sullen demeanor, but

"Merciful heaven!"  
he added, spellbound.  
"What was that?"  
"That," she replied,  
"is my husband."

of Mr. Kalavarides' disturbing physiognomy as he wavered, like some oleaginous figurine on an invisible cord, by the window. And the observant purchaser, his fist full of jasmine and maiden-hair fern, turning to the girl behind the counter, uttered a wholesome expletive.

"Merciful heaven!" he added, gazing at her spellbound. "What was that?"

"Eh?" said Pollynni Kalavarides.

He repeated his question in Greek, and the girl's expression became sullen and haughty.

"That," she replied in a low and menacing tone, "is my husband." And she glanced up at the tall man with the reddish brown hair and the combative look in his eyes and the short curved nose that had led the way into many dark and abominable corners of Anatolia.

"Is he!" the man almost squealed, and looking at her as he felt in his pockets for the fifty piasters she demanded, he almost added: "And what is a pagan madonna like you doing with such a piece of tripe for a husband?"

But he did not say it. Jimmy Russell, whose talents were divided between the Near East Relief and his original business of photography, was accustomed to thinking such things without uttering them. Besides, he was at this moment gazing absently at the girl while he handed over the money for the flowers.

"Would you allow me to take your photograph?" he asked politely. She paused and shot a full dark flash of interrogation from beneath her bent brows. And then the mask of commonness vanished from her face, and the perfect broad oval became brilliantly illumined with a smile. Without any knowledge of her whatever, Jimmy Russell had touched her heart. It was a passion with her to be photographed, a passion curbed only by the prices Theotokis was now charging for his sittings. The smile died away, and she shrugged her shoulders.

"I have no money," she remarked regretfully.

"Well, I will pay—well, what shall I pay, for half a dozen poses?" he asked.

She regarded him almost in awe. "But—you would let me have one?"

"Oh, surely! One of each, if you like. And I'll give you a couple of pounds Turkish for the lot. Will that do?"

**JIMMY RUSSELL** was blissfully unaware of the tumult he had evoked in the breast of the girl who stood facing him over the wet counter littered with wet cuttings and scraps of wire and twine. He was not accustomed to considering the feelings of his subjects. He was a professional snapper-up of bizarre episodes, majestic scenery and out-of-the-way costumes. He had taken his camera to the summits of snow-capped mountains and up equatorial rivers. He had set off his flares in dreadful hovels, and, at midnight, in Indian temples and Mohammedan mosques. On the back of each print was the legend "*Copyright by James Russell*," and the great syndicates were glad to buy them at good prices. But Jimmy gave no particular heed to the thoughts of the quaint or fantastic beings he selected for his pictures.

"Now?" exclaimed the girl with an expression of astonishing vigor and determination.

"By golly, she's beautiful!" thought Jimmy. He was not at all in love with her. He was at the moment very much attracted by a girl he had met in Boudga, the European suburb of Smyrna, and it was for her he had bought the flowers. Very much attracted! Agatha Stafford's father was attached to the Commission on Repatriation, who were trying to sort out the various nationalities who couldn't get on with the Greeks and wanted to be sent somewhere else. Agatha was a clever and attractive creature. Jimmy was only one of several, but he stood an excellent chance. Major Stafford had no desire for his daughter to marry a soldier. But while Agatha was clever and attractive, she was nothing, artistically speaking, compared with Pollynni Kalavarides. There was all the difference between them that one finds between a rushlight candle and a high-power electric beam. The former was comfortable and delightful; the latter, when it was turned full on you, dumfounded and blinded you. "She's beautiful!" repeated Jimmy to himself, but he let it go at that. Agatha Stafford was in no danger of losing an admirer. Jimmy Russell was thinking of his business.

"Well, not at this moment," he replied agreeably, and was going on to explain how he wanted her to pose, when she leaned forward, and in a low vibrating voice murmured:

"You like me?"

Jimmy Russell was startled, and looked it. He was a very cool and resourceful young man, very much at home in this

world of mixed races and morals and languages, but for a moment he wondered whether his command of the vernacular had been faulty. No, he decided, he'd heard all right. As if to convince him, she asked him again in a way he couldn't mistake.

"Do I please you?" she muttered, looking at him with a kind of languorous yet preoccupied ferocity, as though her mind was fixed upon some horrific abstraction.

And an extraordinary notion shot through Jimmy Russell's alert and predaceous mind.

"Yes," he said, nodding his head. "Thou art a lovely thing, and I am sad because I am betrothed to another."

**POLLYNNI**, somewhat to his discomfiture, did not change her expression at all. Jimmy Russell had overlooked the fact, and he could not be blamed, that Pollynni Kalavarides was equally set upon her own personal destiny. Here again his intuition failed him. He could not know that to be photographed was an enlargement, a duplication of her savage and starved personality.

"One copy, perhaps two, of each picture?" she demanded, ignoring his regretted betrothal.

"Oh, surely! More, if you like. But you must come with me and let me pose you as I wish."

"Where would that be?" she asked, examining him shrewdly.

"In the country, and at Boudga. That's where I'm staying now—Boudga."

"You are a rich American?" said Mrs. Kalavarides in a neutral tone, as though it were a matter of course and of no moment to her.

"Oh, sure!" he replied in English and laughed. But he informed her that he was not rich at all, but earned his living by taking photographs. To her delight, he suddenly produced from his pocket a small but extraordinarily complicated and expensive camera. And he stepped back, before she had lost the charming pose unconsciously aroused by his action—the head thrown back, the clenched hands raised, the faultless teeth just showing, the great blazing eyes wide open between lashes touched with collyrium. And she was naively alarmed when he ordered her harshly, almost brutally, to move not an inch, while he set a tiny wooden box on a shelf above his head, and lit a piece of thread sticking out of it. And when the flash came, with a slight "poof!" and a cloud of acrid blue vapor, she uttered a low shriek, and smiled with a ravishing animal-like candor, like a panther purring. She conveyed an impression that the very ordeal was a source of profound happiness to her, was a delight almost physical in its sensuous ramifications, and as she shuddered slightly, the action resembled the ripple that runs over the sleek forms of the larger felines when fed and fondled.

Agatha Stafford would have raised her fine eyebrows had she seen Jimmy Russell sitting sideways on the counter, where a sheet of clean white paper had been carefully spread for him, while he accentuated his remarks by waving a forgotten bunch of jasmine. He was becoming interested in Mrs. Kalavarides, because she had begun to tell him of her unhappy life. He was surprised out of his amused tolerance of the Levantine character when she told him how she was born in what we now call Serbia, at a place in the mountains whose guttural and to him unpronounceable name meant, "The town by the holly-trees." He judged, and judged rightly, that what she said of her youth was a fabrication. There are some women, and Pollynni Kalavarides was one of them, who speak of themselves in childhood as of angels, virtuous, and of quite impossible beauty.

"You should have seen me when I was twelve!" she muttered. "I was beautiful then."

"Doubtless. But tell me how you married your husband, that queer fish I saw looking in the window."

"I could not help myself," she replied coldly.

"But he's a Greek!" said Russell, swinging his leg. "By your name, anyhow. Yet you say you were born Nelidoff. I thought you Slavs hated Greeks."

"Yes, we do. But he saved my life in the fire."

"What fire? Saloniki? Ah, I remember that. I was in Rome when that happened. Tell me."

**SHE** told him. As she talked, she worked on the wreath for the daughter of Major Kragos, and sometimes she had to attend to frowzy, glowering servants who came with orders for flowers. Once a young Greek officer, in a uniform of olive-green corduroy, and drawing his gloved fingers lightly along a sleek black mustache, came in for a bouquet to be sent to— He glanced sideways at the impassive features of Jimmy Russell, who had already noted the direction written on the card.





"Look at this man!" she screamed. "He is an American, and you kick him in the face and bind him to a chair."

She told him. He saw it all, the fire that blew down roaring from the north, the unbelief of those who lived so far from the Turkish quarter, the bazaars going up in a fiery gale that blew through the long booth-cluttered tunnels until the glass roofs collapsed. He saw the mobs driving crazily along the Via Egnatia toward Trajan's Arch, the arch that had seen so many mobs like that, and the gasping despair of the folk where she lived, in that city within a city—the rabbit-warrens of the Cité Saul.

She told him. Afterward he remembered how he had sat spell-bound, gazing into that superbly modeled face with the great blazing tragic eyes, the stern beautiful lips enunciating the sonorous Hellenisms. And her gestures were astonishingly eloquent and illustrative, not only of the dreadful scenes but of the horror of

mind that came upon them as they found the red enemy at their gates and poured out into the streets that led down to the sea. But she and another girl had turned into an alley ringed with fire and run to and fro screaming and hammering on doors with their naked hands. One of those doors suddenly opened upon them, and two young men dragged them in.

There was another way out of that house, and it was open. Eleutherios Kalavarides was one of the young men, and the four of them fled out upon the quays. Yet their troubles were far from over, because there were no boats. The place was packed with a yelling swarm of gabardined Jews, their worldly goods piled beside them while they held out their hands in passionate appeal to the boatmen who stood off, (Continued on page 120)

MR. HUGHES as a small boy lived in Iowa, where his parents were, in a sense, pioneers. It is his memory of the town of his childhood that he is drawing upon for the color of the present novel. His most successful short story was "The Old Nest," and in this novel he goes back to the mood and manner of that lovely piece of work. American towns are full of Bens, yet never has one of them been portrayed with deeper sympathy than shown by Mr. Hughes here.

# The Old Home Town

By  
Rupert Hughes

## *The Story So Far:*

A QUIET Midwestern town, usually. So the murder of the Martling family by a mysterious ax-wielder had for many weeks furnished ample theme for conversation. So too the trial of Jere Haden, a small politician accused of that murder, was an event of first importance. And thus it happened that Loren Brown, editor of the local newspaper, found himself for once with all too much news to cover when he learned that on the day the Haden trial opened, the wedding of Eliza Lail was to occur at the house of her aunt Mrs. Budlong, the self-elected social arbiter of Carthage.

Brown made the mistake of deciding that the wedding was more important than the preliminaries of the trial. He had just drunk a toast to the bride when he was called to the telephone and informed that partisans of Jere Haden had staged a small riot in the courtroom, and that some one had shot and mortally wounded Nelson Webb, the substitute prosecuting attorney. Ignorant or forgetful that Mrs. Webb and her children were among the guests, Brown made his excuses to Mrs. Budlong and announced the tragedy. Mrs. Webb hurried home with her brood to bid farewell to her dying husband—and a little later certain of the townsfolk saved further legal expense by lynching Jere Haden.

A posthumous love-letter in the form of an insurance policy enabled Mrs. Webb to get along somehow, and in a few years the oldest boy Ben was able to help with his earnings. All through

Illustrated

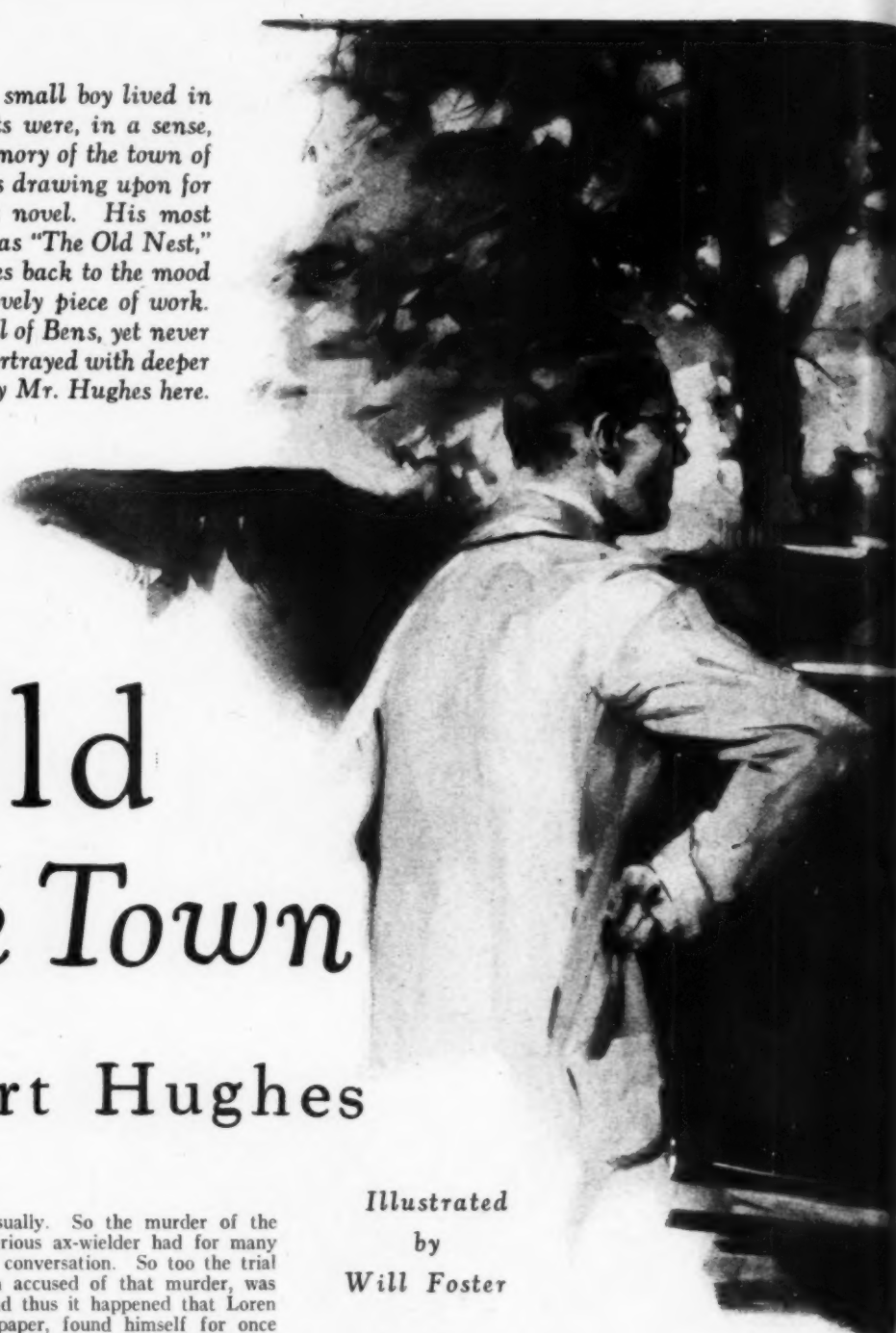
by  
Will Foster

these years Ben from afar worshiped Odalea Lail, who had been a flower-girl at the wedding the day his father was shot. He was working as a machinist at the railroad station when he saw Odalea, coming home from college, alight from the train in the company of his boyhood enemy, her cousin, Ulysses Budlong. *(The story continues in detail:)*

"MY greatest fear is that my dear boy Ulysses will marry his cousin Odalea. A sweet, sweet girl, of course, but—"

Mrs. Budlong bit her lip. She had not meant to expose her secret dread—and had revealed it to an editor, of all people! That was because she was always a little more fluttered than usual when she talked to newspaper persons. They have such beautiful and fearful powers of celebration at their disposal, and can make or break anybody with a headline or a paragraph.

Loren Brown was still the publisher of the leading journal in



"Can you remember the fight you had with Ulie at my sister's wedding?" "I was always fighting everybody then," he answered. "Now I only fight machinery."



town, though the improved train-service which brought the big Chicago dailies to Carthage before noon, had driven the morning papers into the evening. Yet this was to their advantage, since people had more time now to read the gossip they already knew, and families could gather beautifully about the lamp on the center-table, and chew up reputations at their leisure like after-dinner mints.

The ever-gallant Mr. Brown saw Mrs. Budlong's agitation over her slip, and relieved it at once: "Don't alarm yourself, Mrs. Budlong! Don't alarm yourself! Cousins are no longer allowed to marry in this State." "They're not?" she cried, and then amazement overswept her, for in her youth cousins were supposed to be sweethearts by tradition. "And why not?"

Mr. Brown lowered his voice with the respect he always paid to a big word:

"Because such marriages are consanguineous."

"Oh!" she gasped. And blushed.

Mrs. Budlong had been too much excited about too many other things to pay any heed to the long debates about hygienic marriages, inbreeding and such matters. To her the important thing about a marriage was the social importance of the contracting, or expanding, parties.

The word "consanguineous" struck her in the face. She had

felt it her duty to keep away from them and not even to inquire into them too closely. *Consanguineous* was a very long word; therefore—

How dared Loren Brown presume to say such a thing to her! Of course, literary people are inclined to be a bit loose in their ideas, but she would have rebuked Mr. Brown if he had not been an editor. As it was, she contented herself with an icy, "Oh!" And changed the subject.

When she reached home, she told her husband the glorious news that Ulie was safe from Odalea's traps. She released her rapture with a sigh. When her husband was present, she always added a sigh. Somehow it was impossible for a wife ever to be entirely ecstatic with such a husband.

How like him it was to grunt at her good news! He went at once to his desk, where he ransacked an almanac of general information that he was always dragging out in order to puncture her enthusiasms with sharp statistics.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Just as I thought! Cousins can't marry in this State; but there are twenty-six other States where they can. All Ulie and Odalea would have to do, if they were so minded, would be to go to some other State and get married, then come here and settle down. If our State didn't like it, it could lump it!"

Mrs. Budlong glared at him with a poisonous rage. She all but blamed him for bringing about this odious state of affairs. There was something in her point of view, at that; for the bearer of bad news should assume a share of the responsibility. If there were no informers, information would not be half so hateful as it is to the people who hate information for its own hateful sake.



In the seclusion of her own home and in the presence of her indelicate husband, Mrs. Budlong could occasionally express an indelicate thought, and now she flung at him the profane term she had heard:

"But Loren Brown says that cousins who marry are—are positively consanguinary."

In the brief lexicon of Mr. Budlong there was no such word, but he concealed his ignorance in a snort of scorn:

"What if they are? What's legal's legal. So what are you going to do about it?"

All these "what's" dazed Mrs. Budlong. But she was a practical woman, and the vital thing was to prevent the match instead of merely calling it nasty names.

**T**HE worst of it was that before Ulie came home for his college vacation, she had resolved to surprise him with the munificent gift of a little automobile—one of the few in Carthage. There were always visitors from out of town during the well-named "heated term," and Mrs. Budlong wanted to impress upon them her supremacy. She dreamed that Ulie might even win the heart of some lady from afar, from Peoria, Toledo, or even from Chicago or Buffalo. This might lead to a marriage, and Mrs. Budlong might be invited to a real city wedding! Or have one in Carthage at her own home, and crush, once for all, the pretenders who questioned her rank as leader of Carthage society.

So she had bought a car for Ulie, at no small sacrifice of funds, and no small sacrifice of the torpor that served for peace with her husband. And now that exclusive automobile was used by her ungrateful child almost exclusively for transporting Odalea Lail about the town and out into the romantic country regions where the ambitious girl was doubtless spinning her toils about Ulie beyond all motherly rescue.

It was bad enough to have the land-poor Lails for relatives, but to have one of them for a daughter-in-law as well as a niece was too, too much.

Yet Mrs. Budlong's woe was even less dire, perhaps, than the unsuspected woe of Ben Webb, the machine-shop man, whose love for Odalea had smoldered since childhood, with never a breath of encouragement.

Ben had loathed Ulie Budlong since he had been old enough to loathe anybody. He had chased the wretch and thrown rocks at him for years, and then on the immortal occasion of Odalea's older sister's wedding, he had punched Ulie's nose into a faucet of gore.

Odalea had snubbed him with her little snub nose even then, and had cut him dead when she saw him the other day at the railroad station—the dearest cut of all: the one that reveals complete forgeflessness.

And now Ben must watch her riding up and down the streets in Ulie Budlong's car! She spoke to everybody in town except to Ben. That was hard enough to bear, but it was almost beyond enduring when he chanced to see the car vanish out upper Main Street toward the country, or down lower Main Street to the bridge that crossed the river.

**O**NE afternoon he had a little sour comfort. A farmer checked his wagon in front of the machine-shop and yelled to Ben's senior partner, who had been Ben's boss till lately:

"Say, Jake, Ulie Budlong's benzine-buggy has broke down out by Price's Crick, and he can't start her up again—wants you should come out and see what you can do."

"I'll go, Jake," said Ben.

Into the little delivery truck Ben threw his tools and shot out Main Street to the rescue. It was a long way to Price's Creek, and it was a long unusual mood of triumph for him. He was enjoying the revenge of the mechanic upon the condescending classes.

Ulie was the pampered son of a Carthaginian aristocrat. Ben's father was a poor lawyer, murdered when Ben was a boy. Ulie's mother was the queen of the beehive, and she had sent Ulie to college and made him a present of an automobile. Ben's mother was a dejected widow whom Ben must support; Ben's college, a machine-shop.

Yet when the great Ulysses ran his haughty auto out into the country and something went wrong, the great Ulysses had to sit there until the shabby Ben arrived. In Ben's heart there was something of the pride of a knight-errant riding out to save his ladye fair from a dragon.

At last he reached the pretty glen and the broad highway of dry white pebbles that showed where Price's Creek ran into the river when there was any water to run with. From the upper

level Ben could see Ulie standing in his duster and staring at the balky car. He had smoked his last cigarette, and that had contributed to his resourcelessness.

In the seat slumped Odalea. She had exhausted her amusement at the plight, cracked all her jokes, used up her fund of sympathy, and drained her patience. She was disgusted with Ulie, with Price's Creek, with everything.

Then she saw a bouncing little rusty car approaching. It was more beautiful than the chariots of angels in the clouds. Something in the way the driver twirled the wheel indicated that he was an encyclopedia in overalls.

She asked Ulie who he was. She did not remember him. Ulie stared and recognized him, for he had submitted the car to Ben's ministrations in other emergencies. He told her, and she recalled him now out of childhood as Petunia Webb's disreputable brother. She had never liked him as a boy, and had always been afraid of the fierce look she saw in his eyes. In her little-girl days she had not known enough to know that the ferocity was a glare of love, a love that looked out as a wolf in a steel trap gazes at a lamb it can never reach.

When Ben stopped his flivver with an expert abruptness opposite the paralyzed car, he called out cheerily:

"Hello, Ulie! What's wrong?"

Ulie snapped: "Did you come all the way out here to ask conundrums?"

**B**EN laughed, and ignored Odalea's existence. It was his kind of courtesy: since she had chosen to forget him, and had passed him regularly without seeing him, he pretended not to see her now. But he would not have been human if he had not been a little more graceful than usual in his dexterity. He studied the car a moment as a scholar in horses studies a horse for sale, and asked Ulie a few questions. Ulie usually flunked his examinations in school. His percentage now was a perfect zero.

Ben lifted the hood, peered into the steel viscera of the lifeless animal, poked here and there, tested the carburetor, the wiring, the gasoline feed and the spark plugs, did thus and so with a wrench, and elicited from the poor brute certain encouraging gasps and wails of pain.

When he had to go to the dash and perform a few wizard's tricks, he said to the unknown female there:

"I beg your pardon."

Odalea watched him with fascination, almost with awe. His eyes were keen as a fox's; his brawny forearms were full of shuttling withes of power; his fingers were clever as a pianist's.

So she said at last, with a deference that irritated Ulie and dumfounded Ben:

"Hello, Ben! Have you forgotten me?"

His brown face was ruddier suddenly, and a sharp pain knotted his brows. Then he glanced at her and smiled. His swart skin gave his eyeballs and his teeth a startling whiteness as he laughed.

"Forget you, Oda—Miss Lail! Think likely?"

She extracted the sweet kernel from this gnarled nut of compliment, and spoke him even fairer:

"Can you remember as far back as the fight you had with Ulie at my sister's wedding?"

She relished the glare of anger Ulie threw at her for this, and she liked Ben the better for being ashamed of his victory and apologizing for his prowess:

"Oh, I was always fighting everybody then," he answered. "Now I only fight machinery."

He played a few more tunes on the throttle, closed the hood, kicked the tires, glanced at the gasoline-tank, and said:

"You'll need a bit more gas to get home on."

He filled the tank from a can in his car, and with a wave of the hand presented to Ulie a car panting to be gone.

Like a stupid millionaire trying to insult a great musician who has pleased his guests too well, Ulie found no subtler means of expressing his resentment than to take out his purse and say:

"How much do I owe you?"

Ben caught his purpose, but would not be trapped into accepting cash from Ulie in the presence of Odalea. He laughed:

"I'll figure it out when I get back, and you can settle with the boss."

He leaped to his wheel, touched his hat to Odalea, swung around in a wide swift circle, and was off before Ulie could put away his wallet. The dust Ben skirled up was his banner of victory.

Humbled and angered, Ulie resumed his place at the wheel and meshed his gears with racket like the profanity in his heart. Odalea was his passenger, but her thoughts were with Ben.

After a mile or two, however, she forgot him and fell to won-



Odalea sat down and sighed: "My dream of heaven is a marble palace, and a tub that runs hot water when you want it."

dering how she was ever to escape from Carthage. Her father had made it plain to her that there was no more money to be had for her schooling.

He had tried to sell a lot or two of his idle acres, but nobody would buy. Though there was still talk of building the dam, the prospect was so far off, the expense so huge, and the delay so manifest, that the market was deadlier than a doornail. People in Carthage went on stolidly about their business of selling each other the necessities of life, owing each other money and trying to forget it.

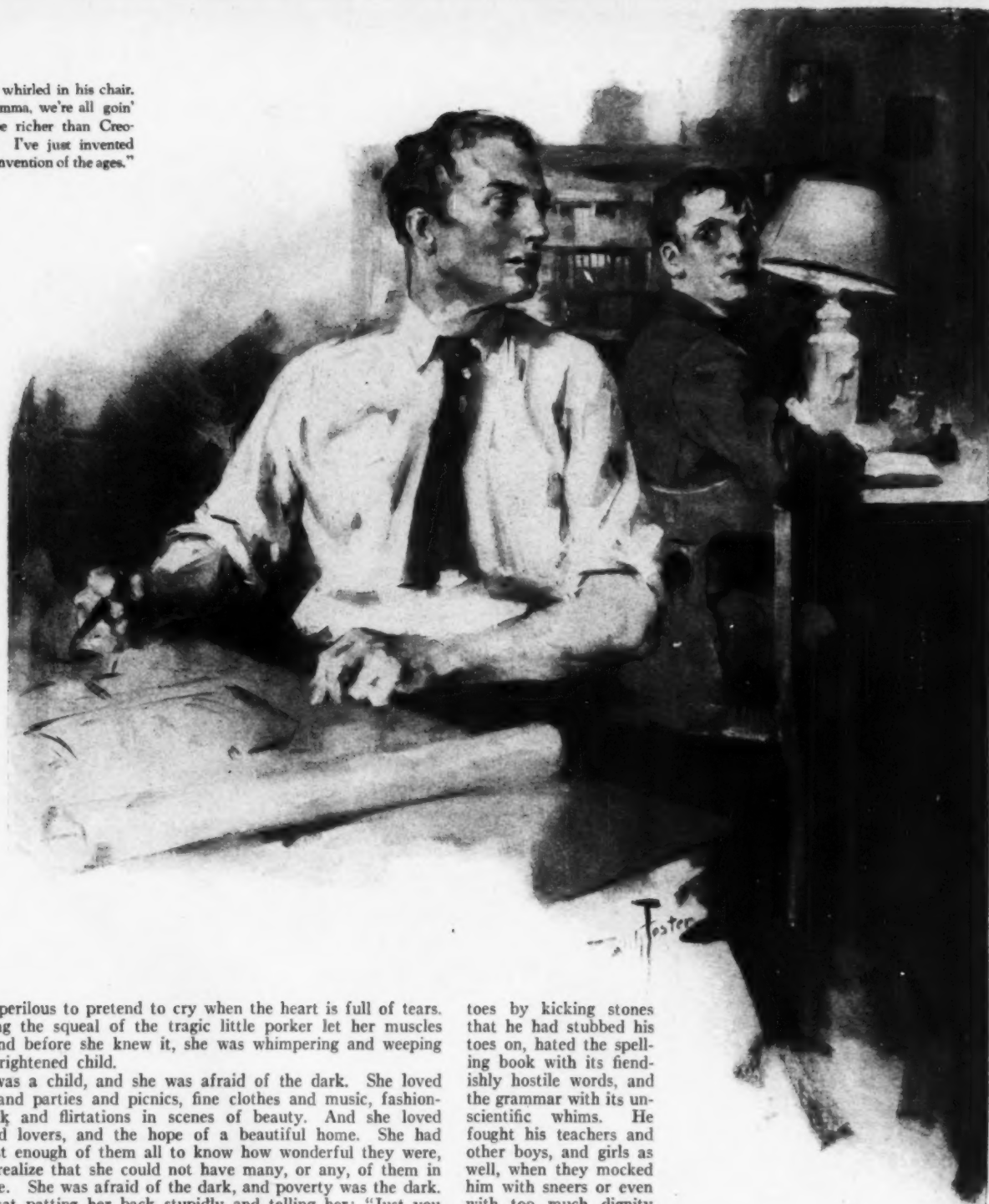
Mr. Budlong had had a year a little less bad than the rest, and his exigent wife had scared him into investing his profits in

a polite education for Ulie. So Ulie was going back to college, and Odalea was not.

Odalea tried to be brave about it. When they reached her house and Ulie rested awhile on the porch to hold her soft hand, she recited the old rhyme with a little twist as she twiddled his fingers.

"This little pig went to college;  
This little pig stayed home.  
This little pig had rah, rah, rah!  
This little pig had none.  
This little pig cried: 'Ooee! Ooee! Ooee!  
I don't want to stay home.'"

Ben whirled in his chair.  
 "Mamma, we're all goin'  
 to be richer than Creosote.  
 I've just invented  
 the invention of the ages."



It is perilous to pretend to cry when the heart is full of tears. Imitating the squeal of the tragic little porker let her muscles loose, and before she knew it, she was whimpering and weeping like a frightened child.

She was a child, and she was afraid of the dark. She loved dances and parties and picnics, fine clothes and music, fashionable talk and flirtations in scenes of beauty. And she loved love and lovers, and the hope of a beautiful home. She had seen just enough of them all to know how wonderful they were, and to realize that she could not have many, or any, of them in Carthage. She was afraid of the dark, and poverty was the dark.

Ulie sat patting her back stupidly and telling her: "Just you wait! Just you wait!"

"Oh, I'll wait all right," she answered in a jumble of laughter and sobbing as she daubed her eyes with a tiny wad of handkerchief and then screwed it up in her nervous fingers as she screwed her features into a miserable smile belied by eyes that were mere blurs of tears impaled on long eyelashes.

#### Chapter Eight

**B**EN had bragged to Odalea that now he fought no more, except with machinery. But a haughty spirit goeth before a fall, and he walked a slippery path.

In his boyhood he had suffered persistent black moods of anger at the world and all the things and people in it except his own family. He fought his shoe-laces, bruised his

toes by kicking stones that he had stubbed his toes on, hated the spelling book with its fiendishly hostile words, and the grammar with its unscientific whims. He fought his teachers and other boys, and girls as well, when they mocked him with sneers or even with too much dignity or cleanliness.

When his father died, he wanted to storm the clouds and throw rocks at the angels. He made himself a nuisance in the town. And then he sobered with a jerk. For his mother's sake and the sake of his job, he must not fight. He must make peace.

The whole town noticed the change at once. Ben Webb did not have to become a cherub to startle the town. He had merely to stop being himself. His amiability was as dramatic as the abrupt cessation of a thunderstorm. But he did not become a man of peace by miracle. He won his reputation by degrees, with many a relapse. Some of the boys he had whipped, observing his new humor, thought he must be ill or crippled, and thought they might refurbish their dusty laurels. They picked on him and wished they hadn't. It was like boxing a buzz-saw. He nearly killed a boy or two, and got himself arrested more





than once. But the police, being Irish, were merciful to a fighter and pleaded with the judge:

"He's only a boy, and he's tryin' hard for to support his mother, what's a pore widdier woman."

Gradually Ben fought his fighting instinct to a standstill, and he had reasons for boasting a little to Odalea. And then a crisis came upon him. A big braggart known as Lem Parsons settled in Carthage as a foreman in the shoe-factory. He soon justified his insolent claim that he could lick the hell out of anybody in town, by performing that feat upon everybody that disputed his authority. He threw the biggest policeman out of a saloon, and made beefsteaks of the faces of the posse that finally put him in a cell. When he came out, a huge black roustabout on the levee laughed at him, and was beaten blue.

When Lem was warned to beware of Ben Webb, he went at once to call on Ben and invite him to demonstrate his ability. All of Ben's magnificent powers made ready for a gorgeous battle, but he managed to laugh and pacify Lem by admitting

his own inferiority. This was for the sake of peace and the keeping of his job. But the struggle so sickened him that he trembled for hours, like an automobile whose engine is too big for it and shakes it to pieces.

When he went home and saw his mother comfortably mending things, Petunia practicing her vocal exercises at the old piano, Guido writing away at a masterpiece of drama, and Nelson memorizing Spartacus' oration to the gladiators, Ben was glad that he had not fought. It would have been almost as fatal to him as to be whipped, for in either case his laborious reputation would have been battered down again.

It was not easy after that to endure the taunts of cowardice he heard, and the impudent pretensions of Lem Parsons. But he agonized through them and rejoiced in his conquest of his ancient evil self.

To be able to say what he had said to Odalea was sufficient reward for everything. And then one day Lem Parsons came to the machine-shop to complain of a job that Ben had done on a machine in the shoe-factory.

Ben recognized the symptoms in (Continued on page 142)

Illustrated  
by  
Ernest Fuhr

# E ven -



"Buddy was a darn little roughneck too," she murmured, "but he was loyal."

WHEN Napoleon was wandering along the quays of Toulon, a penniless youth contemplating suicide, as tradition has it, a friend presented him with a bag of gold, in consequence of which the map of Europe was altered. According to a well-recognized sporting code, Napoleon's benefactor was entitled to a fifty-fifty cut on the subsequent winnings, but history fails to show that the Little Corporal ever did the high and handsome in behalf of the man who grubstaked him.

In this respect, not to mention a few others, the Emperor Bonaparte differed from Joseph Aloysius Scott, better known to his intimates as Kid Scotty, who was a most reprehensible child of sin, but a firm believer in the policy of "even-Stephen" with a pal.

The lord of life for Kid Scotty was Jimmy O'Connor, who had once been a lookout for the Diamond Tooth Kid, and now had risen to the dizzy heights of his own craps layout at Jake Beckford's place on West Seventh Street.

Kid Scotty was twenty-four years old, dark-eyed and steeped in the postgraduate wisdom of the gutter. Jimmy was twenty-

ONE day, driving down the King's Highway from Los Angeles to San Diego, Gerald Beaumont stopped his yellow racer to watch a flock of army flyers doing stunts above an aviation field. By the fence stood a pair of "snappy" youths who obviously were of the sporting gentry. Two girls clung to their arms. Gerald drove on. From that little picture, meaningless in itself, developed the present story.

seven, gray-eyed, and fair as regards both complexion and morals. For several years they had teamed it all over the country, "hustling double," as their world put it, and their friendship had withstood both the winds of adversity and the sunshine of affluence.

Neither had ever heard of Damon and Pythias. Had you mentioned the classic pals of ancient Greece to Scotty, he would have said:

"Wrestlers, aint they? No? Well, wot t'ell! Go ask Jimmy; he's the wise guy."

And Jimmy would have come back with: "Damon Pythias? You must mean Damon Runyan. Writes sports in the Big Town. Yeh—good guy—what about him?"

Nevertheless their friendship was only further proof that history repeats itself, for when Kid Scotty fell in love, he got Jimmy O'Connor to plead his cause for him, ignoring entirely what happened when Miles Standish persuaded John Alden to undertake a similar task. There was, however, this difference: instead of being an honorable and gallant soldier, Scotty was only a little deuce hustler, and if you don't know what that means, let his lord and master enlighten you:

"A deuce hustler?" says Jimmy. "Why, it's a small-change gambler who depends on a Mexican percentage. Scotty's specialty is switchin' dice. Boy and brother! I'll back him against any guy in the world in a head-to-head game. Go down to the *Evening Post* about ten o'clock tonight, and if you see some news punks comin' out of the basement without their shoes on, you'll know the Kid's down there and his dice are rollin' good. First time I met him, he was hustlin' sheets in Cleveland. Sold me a Tuesday morning paper on Wednesday night, and gave me my change in Canadian money. But at that, he's an awful sweet kid! You know what I mean: apart from being a little crook, he's the salt of the earth and I love him!"

# Stephen

By Gerald  
Beaumont

Which is all you need to know about their respective philosophies and relationship. Now for the Miles Standish turn of events.

It was spring, and the lilacs were blooming in Balboa Park. Back of the high board fence that flanked Concession Lane, a merry-go-round spun dizzily to the tune of "Red-headed Sadie, the Three-Alarm Baby, from Pow-derville," and the voice of Sausage Sam addressed the world:

"Well, well, folks, you can't be happy when you're hungry. A big dog for a small dime—what could be fairer? Take your time, brother, don't bite the hand that feeds you. Who's the next gent?"

Kid Scotty succumbed to tempting odors. He turned to his pal. "I'll match you."

"Why waste your talent?" inquired Jimmy, yawning. "I'll pay now."

They climbed on stools and spread their elbows on the counter.

"Woof! Woof!" said Scotty.

"Same," said Johnny.

They devoured the frankfurters in quiet satisfaction, and then turning around, surveyed the incoming throng of pleasure-seekers. Every girl was pretty, and all the world was young. Spring, and lilacs and Saturday afternoon.

Kid Scotty drummed with his heels on the rungs of the stool and chanted dreamily: "I want to be happy, but— I can't be happy— Till I make you happy too-oo—"

"Which reminds me," said Jimmy: "somebody said you've been

taggin' around with a doll. How come you never said nothing to me about it?"

Kid Scotty colored virtuously. "Somebody's gonna get a sock on the jaw. She aint no doll—just a swell kid; and she's on the up and up."

"That makes it worse," said Jimmy judicially. "If she's on the square, you got no license running around with her; and if she aint, then the house rule stands: 'No booze—no broads.' Get me?"

Scotty sighed and slid from his perch. "Let's hike around a bit," he pleaded. "I been thinkin' so hard, I got myself all jazzed up."

They sauntered along the path that led to the bear-pit, and while they were watching two woolly cubs staging a Græco-Roman wrestling match, Damon made his confession to Pythias:

"S'help me, pal, it aint my fault. This little dame got my number before I knew what was happening. If you want to know how strong it is, if she said the word, I'd get me a job and never look at no dice again."

"You mean that?"

Kid Scotty studied a lilac bush and nodded.

Jimmy was dazed. "What about me? You mean that—you'd be willing to call that off too?"

A shadow darkened the features of the younger hustler. He hung his head, tracing with the point of his shoe mystic patterns in the gravel.

"You've lost your landing gear, Bill.  
Crash comin'—understand?"





"Humph!" said Jimmy. "Must be some skirt! How'd she come to fall for a little gyp like you?"

"That's just the trouble, pal—she aint fell."

"Oh!"

Between them there came a silence, broken finally by Kid Scotty, who seemed to be revolving something in his mind that required careful wording.

"It's a new racket for me, Jimmy, and I don't want to pull no boners. With half a chance, I think I can cop this kid on the level, but I don't savvy the right approach. I need a front-stall worker."

"A what?"

Kid Scotty squirmed in obvious embarrassment. "Aw," he pleaded, "you get me, all right! You know what I mean. A booster! Somebody's gotta tout this dame off to the fact that I aint really the son of Gyp the Blood. We've hustled double long enough to know what's needed, aint we?"

"I see," said Jimmy. "You want me to do a little capping. Spread the salve and steer up to your layout. That it?"

"Sure! You know the old oil. Maybe sometime I'll do the same thing for you."

Jimmy O'Connor grinned, and then his lips pursed thoughtfully. He studied his chum through narrowed eyelids—quick, sharp glances, developed at the dice-table, by which he was able correctly to gauge the mood of those who faced him across the green cloth. *Something* had happened to Kid Scotty. Underneath the latter's whimsical appeal, Jimmy O'Connor sensed rather than understood the deep emotions that were warring for control in the muddy little soul of his pal. Hitherto their friendship had been the answer to all things, the justification for their existence. For Jimmy it had been the gratification of a strong protective instinct and the satisfaction of having a pal who admired and worshiped him. For Kid Scotty, the alliance had lifted him from the gutter, kept him out of jail, and served all the purposes of a religion. And their partnership had been modeled on such simple lines: Even-Stephen in all things, fifty-fifty all the way through!

"Well," sighed Jimmy, "I suppose I might as well be the goat. If anybody knows anything good about you, I guess it's me; and at that, I'll have to brush up my memory. I don't think you'd chuck me over if the dame wasn't worth it, would you, Kid?"

"Cross my heart, Jimmy, she's an honest-t'-gawd angel."

"I'll take your word for it. You haven't picked her pocket yet, have you? You aint hocked her rings?"

"Say, listen, I'll bust you—"

"Well, all right. If you haven't queered yourself, it's the first time in history. Make your throw. Who is she?"

Again Kid Scotty hesitated, blinking his eyes rapidly. "Name's Jeanne—" he began, and pausing, wrinkled his brow.

"Jeanne what?"

"Jeanne something-or-other. I forgot."

Jimmy stared in shocked amazement. "Well, don't you even know her name?"

Scotty defended himself hotly. "Sure I do, but I just can't think of it now. She's a lady hostess at the nickel crawl. . . . Wait till you lamp her, and she'll knock your eye out. Refined as hell, and I don't mean maybe. You know, Jimmy—one of them beautiful blondes, with gold eyes—"



"Hold on!" interrupted Jimmy. "The guy I was talkin' to said you was cuckoo over a brunette—a wise-crackin' squab that was ballyhooin'—"

Kid Scotty reached hurriedly for a cigarette. "No, no!" he protested. "You got it all wrong. Them two are runnin' around together, like you and me. I pegged out the brunette just so's to get the dope on the blonde, see? Jeanne's the starry-eyed lalapaloosa; she's my *point*! Anyway, the other's already tagged. She's wearin' some bimbo's chunk o' ice, and they're gonna pay off soon as things break right."

"Fair enough," conceded Jimmy. "But you ought to've known better than to try and reach one dame through another. That's whittlin' tough timber. Boy, that's poison! I'm surprised at you!"

Kid Scotty looked very humble. "I know it now, pal. But I told you this was a new racket to me. Maybe I'm in Dutch already—I don't know. I'd like you to find out. I'd like you to tell her the honest-t'-gawd truth about me. You can tell it in a way that wont seem so bad, and Jeanne likes me—she told me she did—only I guess she don't figure that I—that I—" He stopped and shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

Jimmy O'Connor put a consoling arm around his partner's shoulders. "All right, Kid—I understand. Told you more than once, didn't I, that what you needed was to settle down and go to work? Some day, if I find the right girl, I'll do the same thing. Meantime, it'll take a load off my mind to feel that the only real pal I ever had is pushing a baby carriage instead of



"Aw, gee, pal—I  
thought you was  
a gonner!"

swinging a hammer on the rock-pile; and believe me, boy, you've been qualifying for the latter job."

Kid Scotty grinned cheerfully. "Before I go buying any hand-power Fords for babies that aint, do I understand that you're with me in this deal?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Well, you don't have to rattle your elbow tonight till ten o'clock, do you? What's the matter with squandering a few dimes in the Balboa Palace? Tell the proprietor you want to dance with Jeanne, and he'll fix it."

"Dancing aint my line."

"Well, that makes it perfect. Jeanne's racket is teachin'. While she's doin' her stuff, you can tell her about what a grand little guy I am, and how I'm cuckoo about her, and all the things that I'm planning to do."

"Well, what *are* you planning to do?"

"Anything you say," Scotty assured. "I'll make good, no matter what it is. Jeanne's worth it. Honest, Jimmy, there's

the queen of the show—I tell you there's the only *genuine* little Eva—"

"All right, all right!" soothed Jimmy. "Don't foam at the mouth. If I get you right, you want me to go out front and set the pace for you, while you lay off and make your drive in the stretch?"

"That's the old oil in the can!"

"All right. I'll give her the double O, and if she looks good, I'll do everything for you but marry her. All the same, you've got your nerve, ringin' me in on a job like this."

But Jimmy O'Connor was none the less flattered by the trust imposed. Clearly, he was a superior sort of person to whom less fortunate mortals were willing to intrust their destinies. Well, he would accept the responsibility; somebody had to run the game!

It is perhaps time that you understood just what manner of youth it was who nightly worked a six-hour shift at Jake Beckford's place, where, especially dur (Continued on page 151)



# The Witness for the Defense

By

George Marsh

Illustrated by Frank Schoonover

**Y**OUNG Jules Goreau threw off his rabbit-skin robes, and freshened the dying fire, put on his tea-pail and the kettle of frozen moose stew. As he crawled through the double door-flap of the snow-banked tepee to inspect the weather, his bare face and hands reddened from the sting of the still air.

"Wake up, you Yellow Eye!" he called to a ball of fur in a neighboring snow-hole from which rose a column of frosted breath.

The dog rose, stretched, yawned, shook the powdery snow from his thick coat, and approached his master, followed slowly in turn by three others from holes dug in the snow for warmth and protection from the wind.

"How you feel, Spot, One-ear, Lazy Bette? You like to travel the fox-sets this day?" the trapper said in Ojibway to the whining dogs now eagerly eying him, curled tails swishing in anticipation of a run with the sled.

*At the time this story of the far North will see the light of type George Marsh may be imagined as trudging the country in which the tale is laid, for no one is more devoted to the North than he, or knows it better. Its great rivers and mirror lakes are as familiar to him as the route of the average man for luncheon, and when the geese fly north, so does he.*

A half-hour later the team was taking at a gallop the ice-hard lake trail to the line of fox-traps, Jules, muffled to the eyes in the fur hood of his capote, cracking his dog-whip from the toboggan. Ten miles along the black spruce of the shore ran the line of traps, then over low ridges to other waters. As the lifting sun set the white shell of the lake ablaze with reflected light, through the

dry air the freezing breaths of man and dogs trailed in their wake like ribbons of smoke. It was early January, the Ojibway "moon of the big winds;" but as yet the great Bay to the north had not loosed its fury to sweep the Kapiskau country, leaving a wake of drifted trails and lake ice billowed like the sea or bare as from the sweep of giant brooms. As they traveled, gradually to the dreaming eyes of the man on the sled, half shut to ease the sun-glare, the bobbing, mottled back of the lead dog, Yellow Eye, gave way to one more massive, of slate-gray and white.





"You'll find out at Kapiskau what we want you for. Where's the rest of your outfit of thieves? . . . You fur-stealing cutthroat!"

"*Marche, Taureau!*" cried Jules, and he cracked his rawhide whip with a shout of sheer joy.

At the call, the willing huskies flattened out to their work. Over the ice-hard trail, broken since November by the sled of Jules, raced the dogs, reveling in the run through air shot with snow-crystals, heady as wine, with a sting like the lash of a whip.

For a mile the eager huskies galloped over the frozen shell of the lake. Then with a stab of pain memory returned to Jules Goreau. His vision died. The slate-gray back in the lead faded to mottled yellow; the massive head and shoulders of the dog he had lost, and fancied he saw again at the head of his team, no longer rose and fell, rose and fell, in the long husky lope. Again the young half-breed faced the grim facts of inexorable reality, for brief moments blurred by the hunger of his heart. No, the dog he had fed and trained from puppyhood would never again lead his team over the white trails of the Albany Valley. In his bitterness he flicked the ears of Yellow Eye with his whiplash. The surprised husky plunged forward, carrying the team with him.

"Steady, Yellow Eye!" relented the driver. "There seems to be something in the set on the black spruce point ahead. Who knows but it may be a black or a silver-gray."

So, throughout the day, Jules followed his twenty-mile line

of fox-traps, resetting and baiting where plundering whisky-jack or squirrel had sprung them; in three, to his delight, he found foxes—one a mahogany cross. . . .

Back in September, when Jules Goreau had returned to Fort Hope from Albany with the York boats freighting the supplies and trade-goods, he had found himself an orphan. The dreaded influenza, then sweeping the North, had in his absence reached the lonely fur-post far up the Albany River. As the brigade approached the landing, he had searched in vain among the people on the shore for the faces of his parents, looked in vain among the dogs along the beach for his great puppy. The uncle who had led him to two spruce crosses in the post cemetery told him that his shaggy comrade of the past year had also died of the plague.

Now, Yellow Eye and the others of his father's team were no more comparable with the Ungava bought the previous summer at Albany from a Twin Island Eskimo than a common red-fox pelt approaches a black. Such a great-boned, gloriously coated puppy as he had proudly brought from Albany was not to be had for fur or money back in the Height-of-Land country, where the husky strain was heavily diluted with mongrel blood from the south. Through the following winter on his father's trapping-grounds in the Phantom Lake country, Jules had labored

with the training of his dog. It had been a labor of love, and the great slate-gray-and-white puppy from Hudson Bay returned his pains and his patience many fold. By February, Taureau had taken his place in the team and was pulling like a veteran of the trails, and one day in a fierce battle he had demonstrated to the satisfaction of old Yellow Eye, the king dog, that the latter's reign was over.

Through the "moons of the long snows," as boy and dog followed the trap-lines together, their mutual love had deepened. For notwithstanding his bad reputation, the response of the husky to kind treatment is in the main quite as unreserved as that of other breeds. So when in June Jules joined the Fort Albany fur-brigade, he carried with him the memory picture of a great dog on the shore, straining at a rawhide leash in the hands of the elder Goreau, mad to follow the master who was leaving him. And for many a day the wails of Jules' puppy had tormented his ears.

**AFTER** that sad September home-coming, Jules had been reluctant to return alone to his father's hunting country, where each familiar ridge and lake would only conjure painful memories of those he had lost, and he had started north to spend the winter in the headwater country of the east branch of the Kapiskau, caring little whether or not he returned in the spring to Fort Hope, for he could descend the main stream and trade his fur at Kapiskau House.

In the untrapped country of the east-branch headwaters, he had made his camp and cruised out his lines. And during November and December his catch of marten, fisher and fox had exceeded his dreams. He had stumbled on a hunting country that would make him rich among his kind, and some day he would proudly return to Fort Hope with a team of priceless Ungavas, purchased on the Bay, and carry away a black-eyed helpmate to companion his leisure hours and share his warm tepee and his prosperity.

So he dreamed, stretched by his fire in his wind-proof tepee, while the January northers shrieked overhead. So he dreamed through March, when the crust walled the moose in their yards, and the screams of the mating lynx marred the silence of starlit valleys. But always memory-tempered his dreams—memory of those he had left back at Hope. Often he waked himself calling the name of the puppy he had lost.

When the ice rotted in the lakes in late April, and he took his canoe from the cache to test its seams, there lay in his tent a fur-pack the thought of which made his heart leap. For it would buy much at Kapiskau House, two hundred miles downstream.

One night in early June found Jules camped far down the main river on the way to the trade. Smoking by the fire, his dogs sprawled around him, he listened to the forest voices. From the opposite shore, which mirrored neither moon nor stars, floated the "hoo-hoo" of a foraging gray owl. At times a rustle in the bush at his back marked a wandering wood-mouse or rabbit, oblivious of the nearness of sudden death in the shape of sleeping huskies, tired from traveling the shore all day in the wake of the canoe. Then a faint, far cry from the air roused the interest of the man by the fire. He turned his head to listen to the "gou-louk" of the night-traveling gray geese. Presently, knocking out his pipe, he rolled up in his blankets.

For an hour the man slept while the gloom of the forest closed in as the fire died. Even the furred and feathered night-prowlers were still. Then below the camp sounded the soft dip of a paddle. Yellow Eye turned in his sleep. Again through the murk drifted the faint gurgle of water driven by a spruce blade. With a growl Yellow Eye was on his feet, hair stiff along his back, followed by his mates. Something was out there in the gloom.

The man in the blankets mumbled, "Keep quiet, you old fool!" then with a grunt was again heavy with sleep.

Crouching, ears forward, noses aquiver for the strange scent which the air would carry, the huskies waited.

Again, out in the murk of the invisible river, water churned, and the dogs challenged fiercely. Sitting up, the man by the fire rubbed sleep-heavy eyes. "Moose on the other shore," he mumbled. But the dogs, with a chorus of snarls, rushed to the river. Yelps, curses, the thud of blows brought the startled Jules to his feet in defense of his dogs. Seizing his gun, he rushed forward—into the arms of four men who had beaten off the dogs with their gun-butt, and was thrown to the ground and overpowered.

**I**N the light of the freshened fire, the bewildered youth confronted his captors.

"W'at you do?" he hotly demanded in English of the tall

white man, evidently the leader. "Why you come here lak dis? W'at you want wid me?"

The white man grinned at the half-breeds who had taken Jules' gun and skinning knife. "You'll find out at Kapiskau what we want you for. Where's the rest of your outfit of thieves? Scattered with the fur, I reckon."

"W'at you mean—rest of outfit?" demanded the perplexed boy. "I hunt de east-branch headwater alone. I got no partner. I come from Fort Hope." The half-breeds laughed derisively. "That's a good one," jeered the leader. "You're from Fort Hope, eh? You can tell that to Andrew Scott at Kapiskau. Now we figure you're from the Cat Lake country, you fur-stealin' cut-throat!" And he struck the unsuspecting boy full in the face.

Maddened by the blow, the boy lunged headlong into the other, bearing him backward to the earth. There with hands, feet and teeth, Jules fought the four strangers who swarmed over him. But the struggle was a short one. Overpowered by numbers, he was finally dragged to the fire and his arms bound.

"Well, I reckon you've proved now who you are," rasped the white man, gingerly fingering his throat where the hands of the maddened boy had left their mark. "We've got you, and we're goin' to get the rest. What's he got in that fur-pack, Pierre?"

The half-breed loosened the lashings of the pack, and the four men examined curiously the valuable fox, marten and fisher pelts.

"There they are, sure enough. That's his share of the loot," cried the leader. "No one man could make that hunt. Now, which way did the rest of the gang head?" he went on, glaring into the puzzled eyes of Jules, who was beginning to realize the situation.

"You t'ink I stole dis fur?" he demanded. "I tell you I get all dese skin on the east brach—alone. I have no partner. I come from Fort Hope. Dey know my people well dere. Who are you?"

"I'm MacIntosh, clerk at Kapiskau," vouchsafed the white man.

The further protestations of Jules were waved aside and ignored by the men from Kapiskau, who proceeded to heap up the fire and cook food, while he lay bound in his blankets. From their conversation he learned that some Cree hunters, bound for Kapiskau House, had been attacked and robbed of their fur at the big white-water below—one dying of his wounds on the way to the post. Two parties had been immediately dispatched in pursuit.

To the worried Jules it was only too clear that his captors had no doubt that he was one of the renegade Ojibways from Cat Lake who had robbed the Crees. And the more the boy thought of his situation, the worse it looked. Well known at Fort Hope, he was a total stranger at Kapiskau. The richness of his fur-pack was strong evidence against him. They would never believe his story. There would be no mercy for a fur-robber.

Far different from the arrival at Kapiskau House which he had pictured to himself through the nights of early spring, was the coming of Jules Goreau in the canoe of MacIntosh. Because of his fur he had seen himself welcomed to the post by the trader. And owing to his outfit and good dogs, and the proof which he carried of his ability as a hunter he had, boylike, anticipated with no little pleasure the attentions of divers mothers of marriageable daughters—the glances of flashing black eyes of Cree maids not insensible to the manly carriage of the young stranger from far Fort Hope. But now, with his hard-won fur-pack seized, his dogs, canoe and outfit forfeit, his very life at stake, he was being brought into Kapiskau charged with robbery and even murder.

**A**S the canoes neared the beach below the cliff on which stood the post buildings, curious Crees, in for the trade, straggled to the shore; for it was evident that MacIntosh was bringing in a prisoner. A hot flush of shame rose to the boy's face. It was to inspect and revile this fur-thief that they waited. He ground his teeth in desperation at the situation into which chance had thrown him. This sinister-faced mob of murmuring men and shrill-voiced women were clamoring for a victim. The cardinal crime of the North had been perpetrated on their kinsmen. Found near the scene of the crime, the stranger with his rich fur-pack would pay. There would be no justice here. They would hold him for the annual visit of the Inspector from Albany. But in the meantime the Crees would get him—an Ojibway from upcountry. Some morning in the shack which would be his prison at Kapiskau, Jules Goreau would be found knifed. And the Company would be relieved of the bother of sending him down the coast to Moose and the railroad.

On landing, Jules followed MacIntosh with high head through



"Didn't my father order you to protect this prisoner?" she demanded of the Indians. "Bring him up to the house."

the sinister-eyed Indians who parted grudgingly to let him pass. Old women screamed "Killer!" while excited men cursed and struck at him, to be pushed back by his guards.

They led him up the cliff path to the trade-house, in front of which a man stood with a woman and a girl.

"Well, Duncan, I see you've had luck," said the factor.

In the cold blue eyes of Andrew Scott, master of Kapiskau, there was small comfort for Jules Goreau. Without hearing, he was already condemned. But when the kindly faced woman at the factor's side turned to the girl with, "How young he is! He doesn't look bad," the pent emotions of the boy broke the barriers of his reserve. Winking hard, he turned away his head, that they might not see.

"A boy with his face couldn't be a murderer," agreed the girl.

After a low conversation between Andrew Scott and his head man, Jules heard himself sternly addressed:

"You say your name is Goreau, and you're from Fort Hope?"

"Yes."

"Well, you've got too much fur for a single hunter to come by honestly. Some of our people were fired on and robbed, a week ago, at the big rapids. You were overhauled above there two days later. What have you to say?"

Jules straightened, threw back his head and defiantly met the eyes of his questioner. "I come from Fort Hope. Sen' dere, an' dey weel tell you I am no t'ief. My familiee die wid de sickness w'en I go to Albany wid de fur boat. Den I cross to Kapiskau water and run trap-line. De countree ees full of game. I mak' beeg catch, but I am good hunter. My fader was bes' hunter at Fort Hope. I come here to trade. I am no robber."

"Why did you leave your father's hunting country?" demanded Scott.

The boy's eyes saddened as he replied:

"Because ev'ry ridge, ev'ry lak' and *rivière* een dat countree, if I go back, make me remember my modder an' fader—an' my dog."

Unshamed, Jules Goreau gazed steadily into the wooden face



of Scott. MacIntosh and the half-breeds sneered audibly at the unusual sentiment in the reply of the stranger.

"Mother, he's telling the truth," said the girl in a low voice. "Look at his eyes. They're honest."

"What do you mean—your dog? Didn't you have four dogs that followed you along shore here?"

"Dey are my fader's team. My dog was pup I bought from a Twin Island husky at Albanee—not lak dese cur' here." And Goreau contemptuously waved a hand at the Indian dogs on the post clearing.

"Why do you go so far for a new hunting country?"

"I weesh to trade een new post—forget Fort Hope."

"What had you done at Hope that you were afraid to return?" the factor suddenly demanded, thrusting forward his face into that of the prisoner.

But the eyes of the boy did not shift. "My name ees good name at Fort Hope," he answered proudly. "You sen' dere an' fin' out."

Although Andrew Scott failed to shake the boy's story, all the circumstances of the case pointed to the guilt of the Ojibway. Evidently he was a hardened example of the renegade Indian, and he was accordingly put under guard in a shack.

"Father," said Janet Scott that night, as the factor lit his after-supper pipe, "I don't think you've caught one of those fur-robbers."

"Why," he scoffed, "that boy never could trap that fur alone. His fox-pelts are worth fifteen hundred dollars in trade."

"I know, but his face is too decent. And he was so straightforward with you."

"But here is a man two hundred miles from his home country, with no reasonable excuse for being here," objected the factor.

"He said he had lost his family in the plague, didn't he, and would be lonely in his father's hunting country?"

"That's just it, Janet. Indians aint built that way. They hunt the same country from generation to generation. Too much sentiment in this Ojibway!"

"You don't think an Indian can love his people or his dog—can remember?"

"Not to that extent. I'm satisfied that this fellow is one of that Cat Lake band of renegades, and he's going to Moose for trial when Inspector Cameron shows up here—that is, if he's alive."

"Alive? What do you mean, Andrew?" broke in Mrs. Scott.

The factor deliberately struck a match and relit his pipe, before replying: "Just that, Mother. The Crees may not let him live that long. He's under guard in an empty shack, but I'm not sure the guard wont sleep, and then—"

"Then what?" demanded the girl.

"Why, he may be found in the morning with a knife in him," retorted Scott dryly.

Janet Scott was on her feet, blue eyes flashing. "You mean to say, Father, that you can't control your Indians? You would



"Now, dog-stealer," Jules muttered, "tell heem to eat me up!" Loosing the dog, the Indian eagerly pushed him forward.

let them kill this boy in cold blood when you're not sure he's guilty?"

"Steady, Janet! I mean to say that this robbery and the shooting of old Esau have driven the people wild. The cardinal sin with them is the taking of a man's fur. I don't know what they'll do."

"Well, it's a shame! I don't believe that boy is guilty." And Janet Scott stormed out of the room to the kitchen, where she continued the argument with the fat Montagnais cook whom the Scotts had brought west from Nichicun.

Behind the barred door of a small cabin at the rear of the trade-house, while a Company Indian stood guard outside, Jules Goreau took stock of the pass into which he had fallen. Stripped of his worldly possessions, he faced a hearing which could have but one issue. What defense had he which could impress the great man from Albany? How was he to persuade these men that the familiar scenes of his hereditary trapping-grounds were associated with memories too poignant for his return, and he had sought the unknown country to the north? They would laugh at his heart of a woman—scoff at the idea of a man so loving his dog that the memory of him tormented his dreams. No! He, an innocent man, had been caught in the net of Fate. He would pay for the crime of others.

Days passed, and the prisoner waited, without hope, for the coming of the canoe of the Inspector. Each day canoes of returning fur-hunters continued to arrive. And often, at the barred windows of the shack, the threatening faces of the newcomers peered, curious, vindictive.

Owing to the intercession of Janet and her mother, each morning the prisoner was led by his guards out to the river shore, where, for an hour, he walked in the air and sunshine, an object of curiosity and hate to the Crees whose tepees filled the clearing.

One morning, into a group of young Indians, amusing them-



selves by throwing pebbles at the prisoner, who sat near his guards gazing moodily at the distant hills, burst a flaming-eyed fury in the person of Janet Scott.

"What d'you mean—tormenting a helpless man?" she stormed. "Go tell your mothers they ought to know better. Now, get out!"

The urchins slunk away, abashed by the wrath of the factor's daughter.

"Didn't my father order you to protect this prisoner?" she demanded of the shame-smitten Company Indians. "Now bring him up to the house; my mother and I wish to talk to him."

Janet Scott was repaid by the grateful look in the eyes of Jules, who said: "De children do not bodder me. It ees de hate in de faces of de ol' men an' women."

At the factor's house Mrs. Scott ordered the guards to withdraw out of earshot and gave Jules a seat on a bench. Then the practical Scotchwoman went directly to the point. "We had you brought here because we wish to hear your whole story," she began.

Jules stirred uneasily. Why, he wondered, did the wife of the master of Kapiskau wish to talk to him this way? Were they hoping to get a confession from him?

"I tell my story one tam," he said, glancing quizzically from the friendly face of the older woman to that of her daughter.

"We are your friends; you need not fear us," encouraged Mrs. Scott. "It is because we do not believe all they say of you that we had you brought here. If you will talk to us, we may be able to help you."

"W'at you lak to know?" asked the boy, instinctively warming to the sympathy of the white women. "Eef dey sen' to Fort Hope, dey fin' I speak de truth."

"But that would take all summer, and the Inspector will be here in a few days. We want you to tell us about your people and the puppy you said you had lost. We understand, my daughter and I, why you did not wish to go back to your hunting country,

where you would be lonely and think of them—your people and your dog."

The throat of Jules Goreau tightened. These women understood—these white women. They did not find it strange that he remembered all he held dear, and wished to avoid the familiar scenes of the days once happy. His reserve gave way. He began to talk of his people, and at last described the purchase of the puppy, at Albany, and the love which had grown between himself and his dog. In his gratitude Jules laid bare his heart. Then he told of his return to Fort Hope, in the previous autumn, to learn that he had lost all—father, mother and his puppy—and in trying to forget, had sought new hunting country.

There was a suspicious mist in the eyes of the wife of Andrew Scott, and unmistakable tears in those of Janet when they sent the prisoner back to his shack.

"You can harp on the fact that one man could not trap so much fur, Andrew Scott, but I tell you that boy is telling the truth. He's got heart. He came from Fort Hope just as he says he did, and for the reasons he gave. He's honest as the day is long, or I'm a fool," announced Mrs. Scott with finality on the appearance of her spouse for supper.

"Well, Mother, I heard that you had him here today talking to him, but I'm sorry to tell you that an Indian got in this afternoon who was at Osnerburg House on Lake St. Joseph last year, and he identified your man as a Cat Lake Ojibway."

"He knew him?" cried the distressed woman.

"Yes, he said he saw him at the spring trade."

Mrs. Scott and Janet sought each other's eyes. Could they have been deceived? Then, confidence in her judgment returning, the older woman retorted with spirit: "Andrew Scott, I don't believe it. You know what liars some of those Crees are."

Her husband laughed. "You can believe it or not," he replied, "but from the way the prisoner piled (*Continued on page 106*)

# Annabelle Struts Her Stuff

By  
Calvin  
Ball

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

**E**VEN when you are a young woman who is very cultured, which is the way I am, you certainly do develop an appetite when your cash is low and you're looking for a job in New York. I got poise, though, and I sure did need it every time I caught a fried egg staring up at me from a lunch-room window.

I walked down Broadway thinking of the coffee-and's I been restricting myself to lately, and at the same time keeping a tight grip on the handbag in which I kept my dime, when I suddenly came to a restaurant. On display in the window was something that brought me to a dead stop. Considering the meals I'd been missing of late, the double-size waffle which was in that window was absolutely a point of interest. It was in a big-plate, with butter at the side, and syrup over the top; and I do say that for looks it had it all over a egg. I certainly did eye that waffle.

I wondered was there any way I could snake it out of the window without the proprietor seeing me, and at the same time tried to figure out what a wreck that place would be if somebody would turn me loose in there with full authority to go ahead and eat the limit. I dragged-my eyes from the waffle, and it was then that I saw the cardboard notice which stood beside it.

**WANTED:** young lady of refined appearance. Must have good appetite. No work. Eat only! \$4.00 per day. Apply within.

Well, the way I looked at that sign was something awful. It didn't look reasonable. A lot of crazy propositions can be seen in a town like New York, but it's the first time I ever heard of anybody wanting to pay four dollars per day for a hungry young woman of refined appearance to eat only and not work.

I knew there must be a catch somewhere with a offer like that, but I didn't lose any time crowding myself into the revolving door, and the way I whirled it around going in kept it spinning for the next three minutes.

"Look at here," I said to the cashier behind the desk inside, "what you mean by that sign in the window?"

"You read it," he answered, keeping on sorting out dinner-checks on which people in luck had been eating dollars' worths, and two dollars' worths.

"I read it, all right," I said; "and if somebody isn't feeble-minded around here, then it's a mystery to me. You mean you want to pay somebody to eat?"

"That's it."

"And, no work?"

"No work. Only eat."

I sure did look him over close.

"I don't know where you got away from," I said at last, "but if this job is the way you say it is, I'm ready to start work at cut rates; and I'll begin right now."

"You want that job?" he asked, looking up from his checks, and then looking back at them quick, like he's afraid he'd miss a nickel.

"That's what I want."

"You gotta be qualified."

"I am," I answered. "You want one of refined appearance, don't you?"

He looked me over for a couple of seconds, and I wondered would my looks get by.

"You look O. K. to me," he said finally. "You dress ritzy, and you got a knock-out appearance, but I don't think you'll do for



this job because you're pretty small, and you wouldn't have a big enough appetite. We got to have somebody that can eat, and eat big!"

The way I lamped that cashier up and down must have made him think something.

"Look here," I told him, "if you can find anybody in New York that can eat bigger than I can, you'll certainly have to use a telephone and look a long distance. If that's the only



EVERY year this magazine adds two or three important names to the roster of American writers who have something real to contribute to the joy or the understanding of life. Here, for instance, is Calvin Ball, who unquestionably contributes much to its joy. Four years ago Calvin Ball was selling pianos to Kansas and Nebraska farmers, and now—well, here he is.



register, and hooked a padlock on the chewing-gum case.

While he was gone, I gave the restaurant the once-over, and could see that it was one of those places which specialize in waffles. I wondered did they want me to eat waffles, and also I couldn't see what kind of a scheme they must have to make money out of a deal like that. Besides offering four dollars per day! Something about it looked funny, but by this time I could smell waffles cooking somewhere in the place, and the way my appetite perked up at that aroma was something fierce.

It was a pretty classy establishment, all right, and the people sitting eating at the tables looked as though they might have culture. On the wall at one side was a slick-looking gold sign which read: "Herman's Waffle House. Patronized by the World's Greatest." What got my eye was a row of pictures cut from newspapers, which were fastened upon the wall in a straight line that ran the whole length of the room. Underneath each one was some writing which explained it: "The World's Greatest Prize-fighter," "The World's Greatest Ski-jumper," "The World's Greatest Violinist," and so on to the end of the building. Also below each was the amount of money he could earn in a year. What the world's greatest movie actor made in a year, you could start a hundred banks on. The world's greatest baseball batter made so much that they had to cramp the figures to write it all in.

While I stood gazing fascinated at this swell layout of world-beaters, the cashier returned, bringing with him a short, bald-headed little fellow that he introduced as the boss.

"Herman is his name," the cashier said, "and everybody calls him by his first name; so you could now make a bargain with him about that job."

I looked Herman over and I could see from the sparkling rocks on his fingers, and the frozen smile on his face, that he was a pretty smooth article, and not the cuckoo I had half expected. Anybody that could look as satisfied as him must have plenty of it socked away in the bank.

"You the one looking for that eating job?" he asked, taking me in from head to foot.

"I am the one."

"You look all right to me. How much can you eat?"

"Now, look here, Herman," I said, "this subject's been mentioned a couple of times already. I am a young lady who is very cultured, and I don't like to brag about how much I can eat, but all I say is turn me loose and let me at it, and you won't have anything left in your place by sundown but broken dishes and a crew of scared waiters!"

Herman rubbed his hands briskly.

"Tha's the way to talk. You're the one. Come with me."

When I walked with him across the floor, I saw that the restaurant opened on two streets, one a side entrance which was where I had seen the sign, and the other a Broadway entrance. On the Broadway side was another big display window, and up in the window in full view of the crowds on the street was a white-hatted, French-looking chef, and he was busy making waffles. He had about a dozen waffle-irons going all at the same time, and it kept

objection you got against me, it's the weakest one you could think up, and it won't take me long to prove it."

This statement got his interest.

"I'll call the boss."

"Call him quick," I answered, "and don't lose any time, because this is one kind of a job that I want to get started on prompt."

"Watch this desk a minute till I go after him," he said, after he'd locked the checks in the safe, and turned a key in the cash-

him going jumping from one to the other pouring in batter, turning them over, and pulling out finished waffles. Those waffles certainly did smell good. I had to hold myself to keep from jumping into the window and grabbing one.

In the same window, a few feet from the chef and his waffle-irons, was a small table set for one, with linen, fancy silver and swell dishes.

"What this job consists of," said Herman, "is to sit here in this window at the table and eat Herman's famous waffles as an advertisement to the people passing by. Do you think you could do this?"

"I feel sure of it," I said.

"You better taste one of them to see whether you like them."

He speared a piece of waffle on a fork and held it up. The piece was about three inches square, but I took it down in one gobble. He had to catch the fork.

"You act qualified," he said. "These waffles are light as feathers. Do you think you could keep at them nine hours per day, with an hour off for lunch?"

"An hour off for lunch, eh?"

"That's what we allow."

"Herman," I said, "I'll go you ten hours per day, and I don't need any hour off for lunch. Besides, if you need me on over-time don't be afraid to mention it, as it wont cost you a cent extra."

By this time, after tasting the waffle and all, I was certainly getting interested in that job.

"All right," said Herman. "I hope you stay permanent. Wait a minute! The table aint ready! Where you going?"

I stopped with one foot in the window and one on the floor.

"Look here," I said. "We been talking about this long enough. I want action."

"What's your hurry?"

"You're losing business," I told him. "While we're standing here, I might as well be advertising."

"Then go ahead," he said. "Gimme your hat, and start in. Remember, though, while you're eating, keep an expression on your face like you're crazy for these waffles."

"I'll look natural," I told him, "and my expression will be O. K."

"Oui," he hollered to the chef. "Polley voo waffles ze toot!"

The chef nodded his head.

"What you tell him?" I asked.

"I told him you're ready for waffles. He's a French chef."

"You tell him that in French?"

"That's what I did."

"Well, tell him also to make my waffles full size and thick."

"Oui," he said again. "Polley voo thick ze toot."

"D'you tell him?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Well, tell him besides, that I like them well done and brown."

"Oui," he hollered. "Polley voo brown ze toot!"

"D'you tell him?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What language you tell him in?"

"French."

"Was that French?"

"Yes."

I certainly did give him a clammy look.

"Well," I said, "I will say that the brand of French which you talk is absolutely a humdinger!"

For the first fifteen minutes I was so busy cramming away waffles that I didn't have time to look out the window to see what the crowd looked like that was watching me. It was about twenty minutes after I started that I first noticed a man with a long nose and a black bow tie standing close to the window on the sidewalk eying me like he was suspicious I might be a magician.

He had a scared look on his face, and a big gold watch in his hand, and every time I reached my fork for a new waffle, he'd squint at his watch and then look back at me quick; and the faster I ate, the more interested he got. Every few minutes he would let the watch dangle at the end of the chain while he pulled out a notebook and pencil and seemed to do some quick hard figuring.

I saw that he must be timing me or something, and so for his special benefit I speeded up the waffle act to double fast time. After about ten minutes more he pushed the watch back into his pocket and began copying down the name and number of the restaurant off the gold sign on the window, and as soon as this was done, he jumped into a taxi and drove away like he was excited.

As soon as he was gone I slowed down a little and began to take notice of what was around me. The chef had a little black mustache with sharp wax points sticking straight up, and the



"Stand back!" he ordered. "Let her through! Here she comes."

By Calvin Ball

more I looked at the points on that thing, the more I thought it must be a fake. Besides, the kind of French which Herman used on him sure sounded funny to me.

"You see that bird with the long nose?" I asked him.

He twisted his mustache, and nodded his head.

"D'you ever see him before?"

He shook his head.

"D'you understand English?"

He shook his head again.

"Don't twist that patent mustache too hard," I said, "because it might slip."

I could see that this bald-headed Herman, the boss of the place, must be a pretty slick customer. I hadn't noticed the big sign Herman had stood up in the window in front of me, but I now leaned over forward and read it over careful.

HERMAN'S FAMOUS WAFFLES

Are they good?

This young lady eats them

9 hours a day, and 6 days

per week.

DELICIOUS, LIGHT AS FEATHERS

I remembered that the long-nosed timekeeper with the bow tie had been looking in the direction of this sign while he was using his notebook and pencil, and I figured that he must have copied it down. I certainly couldn't help wondering who he was, and what



"I pronounce this young woman normal," he said at last.



see I was the subject. In a minute or two they hurried into the restaurant, and over my shoulder I could see them across the room at the cashier's desk talking confidential to Herman, and now and then pointing toward me.

When they had gone, Herman walked over to the window and stood looking at me grabbing for waffles.

"Why's that fellow with the nose watching me?" I asked.

"He's not watching you."

"He was."

Just then the head waiter motioned, and Herman hustled over to see what did he want. I was glad he was gone, because as soon as he wasn't looking, I slowed down on the waffles to the extreme limit. By this time the waffles I had eat was absolutely plenty, and I didn't lose any time getting out of that window when they motioned to me a few minutes later that it was time to take my hour off for lunch.

I got my hat, and on my way out, I stopped at the cashier's desk because Herman was there and I wanted to talk to him bad. I could see that this job was not going to be the soft kind of a snap I had at first thought, and I figured that

Herman might also be tired of his bargain to pay me four dollars a day, and if so I would sure be glad to take a half-day's pay and quit, calling it square.

"Well, how d'you like your job?" Herman asked, with a look that I didn't like.

"Fine," I said, giving him a china-eyed stare. "How d'you like paying me four dollars per day?"

"Sall right. 'Sworth it."

"I don't think this kind of advertising is much of a idea," I hinted. "Why don't you try the afternoon without me in the window? Maybe you could do just as good business, besides saving four dollars a day on advertising."

"Never mind," Herman answered. "I know how to do it."

I could see he was satisfied, and was going to stick to his bargain.

"How about paying me my four dollars now?" I asked next, thinking he would refuse, which would give me something to get mad about and quit.

(Continued on page 111)

They jumped out of the taxi and rushed up to the window, where Long-nose got out his watch again, and while he held it in his hand, they both kept their eyes on me close.

By this time I had already had enough waffles to last me for life and was sure eating them pretty slow, but as soon as these two got there with their watch and started checking up on me, I decided to give them their money's worth of high-pressure waffle-eating, and the way I put them down, one plate after another, made them open their eyes wide.

After a few minutes they started figuring in their notebook, and when they had figured something out and looked at the answer, they both jerked off their hats and began talking to each other with excitement, at the same time waving their hands. I could

made his nose so long. About an hour later he came back.

This time he had with him a short man with black whiskers and a doctor's satchel.



# Mated

By

Wallace Irwin

The great motion-picture companies keep their eyes fixed pretty continuously on this magazine, with the result that the known appeal of Red Book Magazine fiction is capitalized whenever possible by the magnates of the celluloid world. For instance, immediately after its conclusion in these pages, Mr. Irwin's great novel will be reborn on the screen. So if you like the films—be prepared! Read "Mated" here; you'll like the film all the better for a previous acquaintance.

Illustrated by  
Henry Raleigh

## The Story So Far:

LUCINDA was twelve when the first blow fell. She lived on Cynthea Court in a Southern city, with her well-loved father Ike Shelby, and her beautiful mother Matala; and though Matala made scenes because of Ike's passion for amateur theatricals, and spent a good deal of time in the society of a Mr. Nash—to the child, life in the main had seemed good. Now, however, she learned that Mr. Weaver, not Ike Shelby, was her real father—and that she was to spend the ensuing six months with the Weavers in New Jersey.

While Lucinda was still a baby, Matala had divorced Weaver. According to the decree, the child was to spend half the year with each parent. Shortly afterward Matala had married Ike Shelby. Mr. Weaver had never before claimed Lucinda, but he had now remarried, and was claiming his "share" in the child.

To Lucinda the sojourn with the Weavers was a nightmare visit to Vulgaria. Her stepbrother Eddie proved a genius in persecution; and the parents compelled Lucinda to pour at their garish parties—from the cocktail-shaker, as a sort of *jeune fille* bartender. Finally when they routed her out of bed one night to assist at a particularly inebriate function, she slipped out and made her way (after an adventure in New York which was made easier for her by a chance-met boy named Martin Cole) back to Cynthea Court—only to find that Ike and Matala were about to separate.

Directly after the divorce Mrs. Shelby hurried to Philadelphia. Everybody, even the confused Lucinda, knew why she went East so suddenly. Ezra Nash had arranged to cast away his wife at the hour of convenience; soon there would be another wedding.

Matala chose the Greenbriar-Pelham for her strategic headquarters, and there Lucinda became a very wise, very mature and somewhat bored young person. Life at the hotel seemed likely to



endure indefinitely, though they moved now and then, to progressively smaller quarters—for Ezra Nash made up with his wife instead of divorcing her.

And at length Matala showed signs of desperation—was seen at the horse-show with Colonel Harbison, a notorious old racing-man. Lucinda began looking at help-wanted advertisements—and unknown to her mother did find employment in the mornings as a sort of personal attendant to a too-beautiful Miss Owsley, who lived at their hotel. Then a *contratempo* showed Lucinda the sort of person her employer was, and that association ended. It was the next day that Colonel Harbison met with a serious accident in a steeplechase—and Matala married the apparently dying man at the hospital. (*The story continues in detail:*)

TWO old men were buzzing, buzzing before an oak-wood fire; except for an occasional short, hiccuping laugh, the sound was not unlike that of a confessional—as it was, in its way, a wicked, sprightly, mutual and unremorseful one. Buzz-buzz-buzz went Colonel T. G. B. Fair's glutinous voice, punctuated now and then by Colonel Pelig Harbison's appreciative *hic-hee*.

It was a January evening, and Colonel Fair had come in to interview his Man Friday while the womenfolk were at the opera.



Matalea turned to Colonel Fair and rippled on: "Oh, Colonel, we did bless you tonight."

The flickering embers, under a high, ornate imitation Spanish mantel (artificially smoked to give the patina of age), lighted their wise old eyes, cast deep shadows in the gullies of their sagging cheeks. They were in the living-room of one of those Park Avenue apartments which an interior decorator had finished in the baronial manner, with intent to deceive. The walls were plaster composition, squared to resemble smooth dressed stone; the room was lighted with Venetian carnival lanterns; the andirons and fender were of wrought-iron filigree. In the fiercely medieval hall outside, a flight of stairs led up to something—a blank wall, possibly. Another vain deception, for the instant you set foot in the dwelling-place of Mr. and Mrs. Pelig Harbison, you knew you were in an apartment.

*Buzz-buzz-buzz*, said Colonel Fair. *Hic-hee*, said Colonel Harbison. The untidy giant from whom the Harbisons fed so well had taken off his coat and, to make comfort more complete, his shoes. He smoked a cigar which gave forth poisonous fumes as he thrust it tenderly between his heavy lips and tenderly removed it. In spite of his bulk, his Caliban profile, his liver-stained eyes, his ill-kept hands, there was a certain daintiness about the celebrated Colonel T. G. B. Fair. His voice, his manner, were so gentle that, had you come upon the two, you

would have mistaken Fair for Harbison's Man Friday; and Fair would have preferred it so.

Their business talk was over. Pelig had complained that the newspapers would beat him up again; they were already referring to him in connection with the Mayville Watershed Scandal, as they chose to call it. Tom Fair crooned softly, spilled a finger-length of cigar-ash along his bulging waistcoat, and agreed that maybe they *would* be a little unpleasant. Should Harbison go ahead? O-oh, yes, droned Fair; quite an impersonal opinion, one would suppose. Then that was decided.

So the two settled comfortably back, Fair with his sock-feet against the mantel, Harbison with his game leg across a chair, and began buzzing about their women.

"Well, Tom!" Pelig's cheeks turned withered red with his furtive titter. "You've beat my score, all right. I never had a divorce suit *and* a breach-of-promise suit going on at the same time. Of course, if Mabel Turner hadn't run wild with a horse-whip, I shouldn't wonder if Nellie Flanigan and I would have been at it yet."

"Yes, you would!" said Tom Fair, his great, dark, seamy face wrinkling like a geological fault. "Why didn't you marry Mabel and shut her up?"

"Cheaper to pay blackmail," said Harbison, speaking as one expert to another.

"It sometimes is," agreed Fair dispassionately. "Last week I paid a little bill—"

"Another one!" Harbison looked at his chieftain, and true admiration came into his watery eyes.

"She's an Italian girl named Estelle Bruno. Very pretty." He smacked his lips reflectively. "I don't know how she got into my house. I really don't."

"Hic-hee!" said Colonel Harbison.

"She said she carved portrait cameos. I found her in my office upstairs. She was rather an unusual sort of girl,"—another reflective stare into the fire,—"*but you know I'm gun-shy.* I was very short with her—what are you laughing at, you old swine? I don't like cameos. I showed her out. Then she brought suit for breach of promise. Fifty thousand."

"A three-ring circus!" gloried Harbison.

"Only two. This Bruno case is small stuff. I've already told Levi to settle for ten thousand."

COLONEL HARBISON slowly put his good leg up beside his bad one. "Women," said he, "are certainly a lot of trouble. The domestic kind nags you to death; the other kind drives you crazy. They're like horses, take all your time, all your money, cripple you for life. Yet you go right on making the same sort of damn fool of yourself."

"I've found them a little inconvenient at times," said Tom Fair's mild, thick voice. "But with patience—"

"You didn't show such an all-fired lot of patience in that Portia Stoddard business."

"Well," admitted Tom, "it's hard to be philosophical when a two-hundred-pound lady comes at you with a sword—you remember—she pulled it off the wall."

Pelig Harbison tittered again at the old joke on his friend and protector. Then he settled down into his soft cushions, folded his knotty hands and sighed: "Yes, women certainly are a lot of trouble."

"You've done pretty well with this one," said Fair, gesturing about the room, as though the artificial grandeurs included Matalea.

"Oh, so so." Pelig glanced reflectively into the fire.

"I had a bet on that you'd either die or divorce in a year. And the day you married her—"

"I didn't marry her." Fierceness came back into the filmy eyes. "She married me." It was Tom Fair's turn to laugh, flabby chuckles. "Yes sir! The newspapers were right—the ones that dared come out and tell my middle name. She thought I was rich as Henry Ford, at least, and that I'd bump off in a week. Well, I've managed to hang on for five years. Hic-hee!"

"She's still a very handsome woman," said Tom Fair.

"Yes, she's holding out fairly well," agreed Pelig.

"Very handsome. Nice-looking girl of hers, too. What do you call her?"

"Lucinda." Harbison still studied the fire. "First marriage. She calls herself Shelby, but her real name's Weaver. Her father was some sort of a real-estate man over in Jersey—died last year. They'd been kicking around boarding-houses and hotels God knows how long when I found 'em. Her mother's been sending her to Miss Fleet's school." That much for Lucinda.

"A mighty handsome girl," droned Tom Fair. He spoke of her exactly as he had spoken of Miss Estelle Bruno, who had cost him ten thousand dollars.

"Her mother says it's time for her to get married," grumbled Pelig. "It certainly is. She's twenty. And of course Matalea is going to make it expensive as possible. Wants to give her a debutante party at the Ritz. And now this old bloodsucker Vera Cromwell has got after her—"

"Look out," advised Tom Fair, "or Vera'll hold all the chips before she gets through with it. She always does. But what does your wife want a debutante party for?"

"The girl's got to get married, I suppose," said Pelig Harbison, and yawned until his false teeth rattled.

IT was nearing twelve o'clock; and Shimba, the Japanese butler, was laying the dining-room table for a late supper when a click of the latchkey and sprightly voices without caused Colonel Fair to shuffle nervously into his shoes and coat. The ladies were returning from the opera.

Matalea Harbison, in one of the full-skirted, barebacked gowns which Paris had just sent up to supplant the calf-revealing style of war-time days, stood deferentially aside to admit Miss Vera Cromwell, a lady whose neck and arms swelled like inflated rub-

ber, whose hips rolled like casks when she walked; shapeless as some wallowing sea mammal, her rose-colored gown hung around her like the folds of a tent. Yet she managed to wear it with a certain distinction. Lucinda Shelby, a tall young lady in a rather girlish frock, came next, and after her a straw-colored youth.

Mrs. Harbison peered into the drawing-room. She found Colonel Fair tying his shoe-lace; he scrambled to his feet, but Pelig saved himself the trouble of moving his stiff joints. After kissing her husband on a corner of his brownish wig, she asked gushingly: "What have you bad boys been doing here, all alone?"

"Making mud pies, Mrs. Harbison," replied Colonel Fair.

"Well, you were awfully still about it. I thought Pelig had given us up and gone to bed."

"I don't see where you got that idea," creaked Pelig, and gave her an inimical glare. Used to this, Matalea turned to Colonel Fair and rippled on: "Oh, Colonel, we *did* bless you tonight. Your box is so lovely. And Chaliapin was heavenly. I don't know how to thank you."

"Pshaw!" smiled the rich man, laying one of his grimy hands on her bare arm. "I'm glad to have somebody using it. I hate opera."

"Oh, I can't believe *that*, Colonel Fair. A man of *your* appreciation!" Her eyes caressed him while his, old and bilious, held the look of eyes which have learned everything about women except how to resist them.

"Suppose you take my box Wednesdays for the season." His suggestion savored of a command.

"Oh, Colonel Fair! How adorable of you! Lucinda's mad about opera—and really—"

"Are we going to have something to eat?" broke in Pelig, who had brought his stiff leg down from the tabouret.

"Wont you stay, Colonel Fair?" she begged, for he was examining his heavy gold watch.

"No thanks," he replied soothingly. "Time for an old vet like me to be in bed." Nevertheless he strolled over to the dining-room door and gazed curiously in. His yellowish, watchful old eyes took in the company. The useful Vera was mixing something in a chafing-dish. Lucinda sat dreaming, her round chin resting on folded hands, her dark eyes vague, her slim, ivory neck bent forward a little to show blue-black ringlets, garlanded around her ears; she had bobbed her hair, and it gave to her head the wild grace of a faun's.

"By gosh," declared Colonel Fair, "you're cooking something in there that smells powerful good. It'll probably kill me, but I guess I'll stay."

"Splendid!" cooed Matalea, and led him into the dining-room, followed by the stumping Pelig.

THAT evening Lucinda's mind was concerned with the debutante party which Matalea was determined to give her, a Greek gift, to be feared. There were a thousand things she would rather have than a debutante party. She had finished at Miss Fleet's school, one of the oldest girls there. She was beyond the age to go to college, her mother said, but the dream of education, of self-reliance, was always with her. Miss Fleet's diploma would have admitted her to Bryn Mawr or Radcliffe; this was rather surprising, because she had always despised Miss Fleet's as an institution of learning. Girls went there for the benefit of their parents' social position; most of the New Yorkers avoided Lucinda because they knew too much about Pelig Harbison and the bedside marriage; there were three Western girls, in somewhat her own position, whom she had grown fond of; two of them had gone home, the other to Radcliffe.

New York seemed very lonely to Lucinda that winter; the rather limited pomp of the Harbison apartment bored her like prison walls. In little fits of desperation she caught herself wondering if she had not made a mistake in quitting the Weavers so brusquely; once she had seen Eddie on Fifth Avenue, a loose-jointed, pimply Yale freshman, very much tamed and humbled. She had learned from him that her father was dead, and the news had meant so little to her that she was somehow ashamed.

The girl, long since arrived at the thinking age, sat at table that night and wondered what they were going to do with her next. She would knuckle down to her mother again, of course, for an unquestioning obedience had been ingrained in her. She wondered about that obedience, wondered how fair it was, and how long it would last. Matalea wanted to "bring her out," for she was old enough to marry—and of that she was afraid.

The supper party went gayly on, with Miss Cromwell mixing a mess of lobster and talking with that inexhaustible air which



had won for her a peculiar place in society. Rich people were Miss Cromwell's business. She devoted her remarkably active life to inventing new needs for them, and promoting those needs with her genius for salesmanship: interior decoration, cigarettes, Russian ballets, charity drives, bootlegging, were all included in Vera's accommodating list. During the war she had lent herself to the relief of a remote Polish province, since proved nonexistent. And now she had attached herself to the Harbisons.

"You mustn't *spill* paprika like that!" she was clacking on. "Just a dash—just a dash. This is exactly the way they do it at Ciro's. I'll teach you how some day. Matalea, that Queen Anne sideboard won't do with all this Sheraton. Sheraton's the thing now, you know. A little salt, Ken—there, there! Don't go in for Italian, either. It's dead as Lincoln. I've thought of the most amusing arrangement for your drawing-room—" She gestured with her spoon, describing curves in the air: "Oval door-frames, marbled in copper



Lucinda looked up appealingly. "Do you want to dance?" she asked desperately.

green and geranium color—for the floor I know of a tessellated composition in black and white squares—"

"I know of a broken-down circus up in Bridgeport," creaked Pelig Harbison. "They'll sell a secondhand tent cheap and throw in the side-show pictures. Tattooed man, snake-charmer, fat lady!"—with a glare at the whalelike Vera.

"Now this lobster's *just* right!" cried Vera, unmoved. "Do try it while it's hot, Colonel Harbison."

Lucinda found it delicious; the astonishing Vera was a remarkable cook, and while she helped herself to a large portion, she explained how the Duc de Richelieu—all his friends called him Toto—had taken her into Ciro's kitchen, introduced her to the

hotel people who will try to foist the regular cut-and-dried things on you. Don't you let them. Leave it to me, and I'll introduce a Russian color-scheme, absolutely new in this country."

"The beer's lukewarm. Where's Shimba?" Pelig cut in.

"I think he's gone to bed, dear," said Matalea in that gentle voice with which she always addressed him in public. "Lucinda, darling, will you look in the refrigerator?"

Rather relieved to be doing something other than listening to Vera, Lucinda went through the swinging door into the neat blue pantry. That night her mind was filled with vague little schemes for herself, fantasies of what she would like to be, to do. The dishes in neat rows, the turquoise-colored wood, the primly

chef, initiated her in the mysteries of *Ecrevisse Faubourg*. She was a walking Almanach de Gotha. Matalea hung on her fast-flying words. Like Pelig, Lucinda regarded Miss Cromwell as a side-show exhibit. Yet the enormous spinster had a flair for success; Lucinda wondered what she thought when she was alone, if ever.

"Now, if you're going to give a dance for her—" continued Vera, again serving herself. Lucinda's ears quickened. They were talking about her. "The Ritz is the only place this year—for dances, I mean. I wish you'd let me help. Prince and Princess Olivetti are in town. You haven't met them? They're charming. You must meet them. You must ask them. And the Baroness Obolski. She's very brilliant. About the decorations: the

painted chairs, struck her with their cottage orderliness. She envied little Shimba, living in this pretty, narrow domain, his arms and legs always too busy to permit of dreams or discontent. It must be fine to work. . . .

A shuffle of feet on the linoleum caused her to turn, just as she had opened the ice-box and begun taking out bottles. Colonel Fair, tall, ugly and loose-skinned as a dead codfish, had come quietly through the swinging door.

"Oh!" She straightened up.

"Want any help?" he asked, awkwardly brushing cigar-ashes from his spotted waistcoat.

"Thank you," she said, with a matter-of-fact smile. She had always regarded him with the friendly indifference which the amiable young show to the amiable old. "You might carry two or three—if they aren't too heavy—" She was afraid that, in his decrepitude, he might drop a bottle.

"Too heavy!" He laughed a soft, clicking laugh, then came over to the ice-box and reached out as if to take his share of the bottles. But instead one of his long arms went rapidly, skillfully, around her waist. She stood very still and wanted to laugh, as we do in some impossible situations.

"You aren't so very heavy," he began in a sticky sweet voice. "You're a mighty nice little girl. How would you like to have something to keep, all for yourself? A diamond bracelet. I know one that wouldn't be so hard to get—"

She had lost her desire to laugh. The old man's large, baggy, yellowish eyes were within an inch of hers. She could smell his smoky breath. Then suddenly he put his hand on the back of her neck, pressed her head forward and kissed her mouth.

In the most primitive possible way she answered by slapping his face; her hand stung with the blow, which she feared might be heard in the other room. A bottle dropped and broke. She was confused, frightened, ashamed; but Colonel Fair stood his ground, his expression absolutely unchanged. Slowly, very slowly, he took a soiled cotton handkerchief from his pocket and rubbed the burning spot on his cheek. Why should he resent it? Women had treated him far worse than that in his day. As for Lucinda, she took up her bottles and went back into the dining-room. Why should she tell? Whom could she tell? Who was there that would care?

#### Chapter Twenty-four

PELIG HARBISON had long since passed the time when morning sleep is a pleasure; Matalea, on the other hand, still loved her bed. Pelig liked eight o'clock breakfast and demanded that his family share his preference. Lucinda was always there, often to stand as a buffer between her mother and the difficult old man.

The morning after her encounter with Colonel Fair, the young Lucinda came into the dining-room and saw Pelig, at his usual place, glaring crookedly over a corner of his newspaper and snarling at the attentive Shimba. "Eight o'clock! All dead?"

"No, sair. I sink not," Shimba smiled.

Pelig Harbison put up his paper again, feigning not to see Lucinda take her chair. Then he jerked down the sheet, peeped filmy eyes through glasses that sat awry on his trumpet nose.

"Ho! So you've come to! And where's your mother?"

"She'll be here in a minute," replied the girl.

"Lost something, hasn't she?" he barked. "Why's she always losing things, hey? I don't lose things. Southern women haven't got any more sense of order than a rat's nest. And they'd sleep all day, if you'd let 'em."

"She might be looking for something," faintly agreed Lucinda, who knew what her mother and her mother's maid were in search of—one of the pearl earrings without which Matalea dared not appear. Then she said inadequately: "She has a headache, I think."

"I'll bet she has. A woman can get a headache on a minute's notice. Turn 'em off and on like water. I never lived with a woman yet but what she had a headache when she wanted to loaf in the morning."

The usual breakfast. Old Pelig would complain, at least twice, about the perfidy of women, at least once about his coffee being cold. The eight o'clock breakfast would be mentioned *ad lib*. Then, when Matalea came in, Pelig would rely on inspiration for a quarrel. Sometimes Lucinda could regard him impersonally, as a picture, look on him as a funny, bad old man; but forced to live in his house, he seemed, for the most part, a devilish oppressor.



"Shimba!" his voice creaked from behind the newspaper. "This coffee is stone cold." Shimba took it away.

Then Pelig threw down his newspaper, glared at his plate, his bacon and eggs, his knife and fork, Lucinda.

"What's all this nonsense about giving you a ball? What do you want a ball for?"

"I don't," said she, rather glad that the morning scolding had taken this turn.

"You don't? That's funny. I never saw a woman yet that didn't glory in pouring money down a rat-hole." Then, cunningly observing that she was inclined to agree with him, he changed his trap and asked: "What on earth do you want to do with yourself?"

"I want to go to work."

"Work!" Pelig Harbison opened his mouth; his throat vented strange sounds. He was laughing. "Gar-hoo! What—what in the world would you work at? Farming? Bricklaying? Maybe you could work in the chorus. Needn't be ashamed of yourself in a bathing-suit."

"I think I could find something to do," she replied, looking away, but clinging to her point.

"Aren't you satisfied here?" Strangely his old voice had become pathetic.

"Yes," she lied.

"Don't get sensitive," he creaked. "You don't think I object to having a pretty girl around the house, do you? You'll get married pretty soon, what?"

"No."

"Why not? It's the next move. I should say."

"I don't think I'd like that," said Lucinda quietly.

"Like it!" Again he showed symptoms of coming down with a laugh. "Like it! Probably not. Nobody does. But everybody does it—the damn fools."



"It's so decadent." His fist went under his chin. "Look at the crazy colors of those dingbats along the walls—"

When Matala came in, wearing both her pearl earrings, he had broken into another fit of laughter, an unusual sound in that house at breakfast time. She was at once frightened and relieved. "*Hic-hee! Who!*" Lucinda says she wants to go to work. Wow! All right. Let her get married. She can work then, you bet—work 'er husband."

After breakfast Pelig Harbison called for his car, his overcoat, his storm shoes. Then he stumped away on his Malacca stick, throwing back at his wife that he was going to Southampton to build a spite fence against a neighbor whose new garage spoiled his view. It was a sleety day, unsuitable for motoring, but Matala made only the faintest protest. Even had she dared cross Pelig, it was not her policy to interfere with any adventure which, by a lucky blow, might shorten his life and brighten hers.

When her mother came into her room that morning Lucinda saw a woman whose age was accentuated by her effort to conceal it. A face and body which had been rubbed, anointed, painted to the limit of human skill seemed to cry out through their concealment: "We are shopworn. We have seen our time."

Had Matala married a younger man, she might have retained some of the sparkle which prolongs youth; but there is a chameleonlike quality in women. They glow or gray with their surrounding colors. Men, on the other hand, are of a more uncompromising dye. At seventy they break into old age; after that they may live to be a hundred and change very little in external appearance. And Pelig Harbison gave promise of going on indefinitely.

"Darling," began Matala crisply that morning, "what was it you said to Pelig about going to work?"

"I just told him," said the slim girl, rising from her desk, "that I'd rather be doing something."

"But what could you do?" Exactly what Pelig had asked, what Miss Owsley had asked years before.

Lucinda's objective was confused. She had thought so much about it, and come to no satisfactory point. Miss Fleet's school had been an intensive training in idleness, a constant reminder that feminine hands are made for rings, for pretty gestures, for the swinging of a mashie, for the beckoning of potential husbands.



"I could learn to type and be a secretary—" she fished out of one of her romantic dreams.

"Don't be silly," begged her mother. "This is no time for theorizing. I should think you could do better than bring up such a thing before Pelig, just when I'm doing my utmost to interest him in your party."

Lucinda settled on the edge of the bed and folded her useless hands. "But I don't want a party," she was going to say. "All I want is to be something that I am that's never been given a thought by you, never been recognized."

"Don't give him notions," her mother was saying on. "He's glad enough to put a stumblingblock in my way. You must think what you're saying. And you ought to be more grateful. Most girls would be proud to have so much done for them."

Lucinda was not proud. She was depressed and a little unhappy.

"When you marry, you'll be thankful for the chance Pelig and I gave you," Matalea insisted. "No man will ever look at you if you hide yourself away like this—like a nun. There. Vera Cromwell's here to talk about the arrangements. Do go in and try to be polite to her."

IN the stony drawing-room sat Miss Cromwell, crowned with a coquettish hat, her little mouth obscured in blubber, blowing wreaths of cigarette smoke.

"Lucinda, my dear!" she cried with the greatest familiarity. "How well you look in that pinkish brown! You should never wear anything else." She perked her head critically. Lucinda had become a decorative effect. "How adorable you'd be in a *Cinquecento* costume. With a horned wimple and gold mesh on your hair. Very amusing. I'm arranging a pageant for the Bulgarian Relief—Mrs. Gordon Merriman's at the head of it. Darling, could you find me a cigarette? Thanks. I left my case somewhere."

Lighting, puffing and talking at the same time, Vera went on: "Haven't we been fortunate in getting the Ritz ballroom for you! Nobody *thinks* of giving a large dance anywhere else. I want to give the party an effect—a tone. Not one of those dreadfully tedious hotel affairs. My word!" With a nimbleness which her vast body belied, she vaulted from subject to subject. "What adorable old velour! The very Venetian pink I've—" Mrs. Harbison came in. "Good morning, Matalea," chimed Vera with her usual disregard for honorifics, and fingered the curtains. "What charming Venetian velours! Where did you get it?"

"Baumgarten's. I thought the room needed color."

"Oh, you're right." Her hungry little eyes swept the room, condemning it. Vera Cromwell was selling Sheraton and so made it a business to underrate the Italian style. "Of course, they're all wrong in this room."

"I'd love to change it," said Matalea dubiously. "But Pelig didn't like it in the first place, and now he simply won't have it changed."

"Well, I've been to the Ritz and arranged everything," proclaimed Vera, a smile showing dimly through her fat.

"You wonderful person!" Matalea clapped her hands. "Don't you ever sleep?"

"Hardly ever. But there's a remarkable Viennese specialist, a Dr. Kobalt, who has invented something he calls Elixir Hypnotique. It makes you sleep like a baby—no after-effects of any kind. I wish you'd let me send you a case. . . . About the Ritz: I coaxed Mr. Friedman to let us have the ballroom for the nineteenth of January."

"That gives us nearly a month," mused Matalea.

"That's the peak of the season," exulted Vera. "Everybody'll be in town. And there will be enough time before Lent for Lucinda to go everywhere. She'll be deluged with beaux. She'll be a sensation. Now, about publicity: Of course the Ritz has its own press-agent. He's very good, but the regular newspaper type. We want this to be different. If you'll leave the press to me—"

THERE sat Lucinda, faintly wondering. Like a motion-picture star, she was to have publicity, press-agents. She was to be the pre-Lenten sensation. Leave it to Vera.

"I've been going over my lists," said Matalea, taking from her desk a Social Register, stuffed with notes. "But some of these people we scarcely know."

"That shouldn't make any difference," said Vera easily. "And you mustn't forget Prince and Princess Olivetti and Baroness Oblinski. They'll add just the tone your party needs. How about the others?"

Matalea was, for her, strangely undecided. She had aimed high. New York's social peaks were to be stormed with invitations, Philadelphia's heights showered. Names of people with whom she had barely touched elbows at Piping Rock, Meadowbrook, Southampton, were jotted down with desperate wistfulness. This was for Matalea the great chance of redemption; it only remained for her to shake a little more from Pelig's adhesive grasp. "Suppose they should *all* fail me!" she moaned. "Don't be afraid," urged Vera, helping herself to another cigarette. "There's no such thing as an empty ballroom any more. Then—just supposing all the real people don't come. You'll always have the floaters." At the unusual word Lucinda, who had been dreaming again, came to with renewed attention. "Oh, you know," explained the experienced Vera almost contemptuously, "college boys in borrowed evening clothes. Cheeky young clerks who know the ropes. They're floating around New York every night, looking for a dance—anything suits them. If they can't get in at the Ritz, why, Cinderella Hall goes just as well. Last winter when Gertrude van Laerens gave her party for Gladys, I counted thirty-six floaters on the floor at the same time. . . . Invited? They had the best invitations in the world—their own. My dear, you can't imagine how easy it is to walk into a hotel dance. No, Matalea, you needn't worry about not having a crowd."

Mrs. Harbison's brow began to cloud again as she said: "I've asked the Cornelius Bagleys and the Astor Harbingers. I know them very slightly."

"Don't weaken," said Vera. "They'll come."

"And the Plantaganet van Laerens?"

"Count on 'em."

"What makes you think they'll come?" Matalea looked up sharply. "Such people are very hard to get."

"If you give a big enough party, you needn't worry about people coming. Mercy, no! Even in New York there isn't a spectacular ball like this one every night. When you buy the Ritz ballroom, it means you're out for blood. You'll be surprised to find how many people will flock to it. Look at the way the Grossbergs pulled 'em in last year when Adèle came out. It was so vulgar that everybody howled. But they were all there, skipping about, drinking the Grossberg champagne. The Grossbergs fairly smothered 'em with orchids, poured wine down their throats. . . . By the way, you'd better ask the Carlo Maebries—she was Adèle Grossberg, you know. Married a month after she came out. I made the match!"

Lucinda shuffled in her chair, anxious to be gone.

"And you really think the Bagleys and the Harbingers and the Van Laerens will come?" asked Mrs. Harbison hopefully.

"Don't give it another thought," reassured the resourceful Vera. "They'll come and have a perfectly corking time. That doesn't mean, of course, that you'll ever see them again. Paying social debts has rather gone out, you know." Silence fell, but Vera enlivened it with the reassurance: "You must leave that to me."

Lucinda slipped from the room, leaving the two women with their heads over the Social Register. For once in her life she put her faith in Pelig Harbison. He wouldn't give Matalea the money. Lucinda had sensed a limit to his fortune which Matalea had chosen to regard as infinite. Her mother would be defeated this time! They wouldn't have the ball.

## Chapter Twenty-five

BUT they did have the ball.

Lucinda, its ostensible aim and object, was in the full blaze of it before she realized how completely Matalea had had her way, how incontinently Pelig had knuckled under. A costumed orchestra occupied a great booth, reminiscent of the Chauve-Souris, and blared out the same tunes that orchestras were blaring everywhere from New York to Calcutta. Colors wove into colors, swirled, intermingled, disintegrated. . . . Lucinda had an impression of orchids, flaring like torches on high pillars, of violent streamers of queer orange and crazy red, proclaiming Vera Cromwell's taste in carnival decoration; of Vera herself, wallowing from place to place like a porpoise in green silk; of Matalea, busy, triumphant, laughing publicly, scolding privately; of débutantes who came boisterously, as to a Coney Island frolic; of dowagers who chose to treat her as an exhibit at a side-show.

By three o'clock she had danced to the point of exhaustion. Matalea and Vera in turns had annoyed her with popularity, twitching her here, pulling her there, hurling her from one pair of arms to another. It was her party. (Continued on page 124)

**MISS DALE'S** first short story was published in this magazine, and since its appearance she has succeeded again and again. That first story was written in South America. The present one was written in Paris, where its author now is, taking special courses at the Sorbonne, and as she says, "happier in my writing than ever before."

Illustrated by  
Addison  
Burbank



# The Gay Old Bird

By

Virginia Dale

**MR. WILLIAMS** made indefinite yet patent movements behind his napkin. His hand, in its shroud of crumpled linen, presently emerged to deposit something at his feet. Four tall glasses, tinkling with ice and looking innocently like ginger ale, appeared. Mr. Williams pushed three in as many directions across the table, and succeeded in looking as unselfconscious as a plump Buddha.

"At's the stuff!" he appraised after a satisfying draught. "Best I've had this side of Pittsburgh. Wish I could get a case of it. Well, here's to crime!" He hoisted again.

The pretty red-headed girl on his right accorded him the complimentary giggle his heart craved. "You tell 'em, Big Bill," she advised merrily. "Say, listen, do you really have to leave town tomorrow?"

Mr. Williams rose.  
"Come on, Reddy,"  
he sang out. "Let Pa-  
pa show you how they  
shake 'em in Frisco."

Mr. Williams patted the hand so close to his own. "Important deal on," he drawled. "Yep. This is the last and only party we'll be throwing till I come again."

The very morose gentleman opposite sighed heavily. "That's the way with you big business men," he confided with resignation. "Always involved in some million-dollar confab that can't wait." He brightened as his glass found his lips.

Mr. Williams threw him a look of genuine liking. This Chicago representative of Dr. Rainer's Remedy was One Regular Fellow, he decided. "Oh, well," he said, trying to look as though million-dollar confabs came regularly with his daily dozen, "that's the way it goes, you know. Can't complain, though. It's been a good trip so far. After all, there's no place like li'l ol' N'York, you know." He had been born in Iowa.

The pretty Redhead sighed, "Gosh, I've always wanted to go there!" and Mr. Williams became carefully alert. He liked a good time, he would have told you, but he always watched his step. These dolls couldn't put anything over on him! No sir. He winked at the morose representative of Dr. Rainer. The wink was meant to indicate a freemasonry of understanding between them which eliminated the two girls. His expansive joviality increased with his persiflage. "You'd ought to get next to my friend there." Mr. Williams was sociably serious. "He's one of the biggest men in motion pictures today. Hasn't he told you?" He was immensely tickled with himself. "If you're good li'l girls,"—his voice sank,—"he might get you into the movies. You gave Gloria Swanson her chance, didn't you, Mac?"

The Redhead and her friend in the Dutch bob exchanged glances on their own account. Afterward they would wonder in conference and bedraggled kimonos why these old birds didn't get a new line. But they knew what was expected of them; so, "Yeah?" they chorused. They cast admiring glances, for the dinner had been abundant, and girls have to put up with a lot these days. "Yeah?"

"S'truth," said Mr. Williams. "You're not traveling incog, are you, Mac? Have I spilled the beans?" He was having a lovely time. His wife often said he should have gone on the stage.

The very morose gentleman shrugged. Then he took up his end of the badinage. "How much was it your uncle left you, a million, or a million and a half?" he queried earnestly.

"Oh, go on!" Mr. Williams reached down for the bottle he imagined was concealed. "Go on." He forgot caution in the rôle of millionaire, and tipped unctuously.

"That boy," pursued the morose man on a tangent of his own, "has gone through two fortunes that I know of." He gazed fondly at Mr. Williams, and by a flicker of an eyelash intimated farce. The girls sat mute. After all, there might be something in it. You couldn't always tell. "And he's the lucky guy; always more kale coming in for him, too. He don't have to work a day if he don't want to." The morose man took up his glass with the comfortable feeling that he had contributed his bit to the evening's gayety.

The Redhead leaned toward Mr. Williams. "Honest, what is your line?" she asked.

"Steel." Dr. Rainer's representative came to life again. "He's one of the best-known steel men in the country."

Mr. Williams, whose business moments—like the Regular Fellow's—were filled with pride at his bottled amendments to the human constitution, glowed. He felt that he looked like a steel magnate. Anyhow, didn't do to let these dames know too much about you. And wasn't ol' Mac putting it over? Darned if these girls didn't believe him! It was certainly some party.

The music started on a slither of good intentions and fearful noise, and Mr. Williams rose just a little unsteadily. "Come on, Reddy," he sang out. "Let Papa show you how they shake 'em in Frisco."

**B**ACK in his hotel room later that night Mr. Williams pondered on the length and breadth of his htest party, whistling softly. Good scout, Mac! Nice girls, too, and they sure had them going. Lucky they didn't know his N'York address, though. "Always watch my step—that's my motto," he said to his shaving mirror. He wasn't a bit sleepy. Get through packing and dash off a letter to the wife. Let's see: two days in Philly, a day and a night in Newark—he'd be back at the family fireside by the end of the week.

"Home three solid months," thought Mr. Williams, a shade disconsolately. "No more parties, no more gin, ginger and joy. Oh, well—" He tried to be philosophical about it. "Be nice to see Josephine and the kids again. Good for a man to feel responsible and substantial, I suppose—make the best of it, anyhow." He was, indeed, such a philosophical soul that he worked himself into the rôle of Good Provider and Happy Family Man with real gusto. As he proceeded with his letter to Josephine, he began really to believe he ached to be at home again.

It was cozy, yes, downright inspiring, to get home at night and tell her all the intimate little things that made up his business day. Sometimes, certainly, as he was giving her the advantage of an account of some cunning deal, of some courageous affair wherein he had made an unsuspecting pharmacist purchase a gross of Dr. Rainer when he had only wanted a half, Mr. Williams would experience the chill sensation of not being listened to. "I said to him, I said, 'Listen,' I said, 'think I don't know what you need in this shebang better than you do? Listen,' I said to him, 'I'll tell you—'" He would be brought up with a start to perceive the unintentional disinterest in Josephine's face. Twenty-five years of life with her had taught him to know she would presently communicate: "Rice—let me see: I must order rice tomorrow, and coffee. We're out of coffee again, and—"

"Josephine," he would shout accusingly, "you're not listening to me!"

Her placid eyes would fix on him apologetically. "Oh, yes, dear, I am. I was only thinking."

"Why do you have to think when I'm talking?" he would demand. She never told him why, and so, of course, he never knew. From the center table would come Junior's wail: "Say, Pop, listen to this: help me out with this, will you? This darn algebra, no good in it! Listen: 'If  $X$  equals the distance between  $C$  and  $D$ , what will—'"

"Now, your teacher don't expect me to do your home-work for you, son. You better dig it out for yourself. No sir, do you no good if I go helping you." Mr. Williams would shunt smoothly into security.

JOSEPHINE: "You might just put him on the right road, Father."

MR. WILLIAMS (turning a page of his newspaper): "No sir. Course, I could set him right in a second. It's the principle. It's for his own good, I don't, I tell you."

Josephine would peer at him with her placid, uneventful eyes. "Well—" Sometimes he half suspected she thought he couldn't help Junior if he wanted to. He sighed pathetically in his room a thousand miles away from Josephine now. She didn't understand him. He knew she never found him heroic. Other women, especially the darling young things, found him wholly wonderful. He took a sort of self-pitying pride in the life he led. He salved his conscience by remembering a man must lead his own life.

His elder daughter, Mary Ellen, had the same tormenting way of intimating she didn't believe him a marvel.

"Thinks I'm just a good meal-ticket," Mr. Williams observed to himself bitterly. "She'd be tickled to death to get as good a husband as her mother did! But she never will, by George! She'll never get any kind of a husband a-tall." Mary Ellen, dragging the evenings away with infinitesimal stitching by the lamp, jabbing her fabric with quick little stabs as if she took out upon it her puny rancor on the life that passed her by!

Upstairs Maronica would be dressing to go out. Maronica, whose name had been Josephine's last feeble gesture—like the Bonheur horses framed on the wall—toward the artistic. Maronica's voice would trail down angrily from her room: "Mother, where's the white collar to my crêpe de chine? Well, didn't you say you'd do it up for me today? Did you? Well, I should think you or Ma' Ellen



His daughter, waiting on a street-corner for—for what?





Mary Ellen: "Where you going tonight, Maronica?" "Oh, just to Betty's, I told you."

might of. What time do I get to do things like that, working down at that old Christian Helpers' thing all day?"

Maronica would appear, a crushed, silly-looking little hat on her head. "Honestly, Mother, seems as if you might of when you promised."

"Snowy totalktoyourmother," Mr. Williams would sigh. What a home!

MARY ELLEN (bitterly): "Where you going tonight, Maronica?"

"Oh, just to Betty's. I told you."

Mr. Williams would rouse. He was fondest of this brisk daughter of his, liking to imagine she took after him—up to a point. "Now, you get in early," he would admonish. "Don't forget you have to get up early."

"Maybe Betty'll ask me to stay all night with her. Can I, Mother, if she asks me?"

"Ask your father."

No harm in that. Good for the girl to have her innocent fun. So, "All right."

Maronica was gay enough, but in fleeting moments Mr. Williams was troubled because she too never had young men come to call. Impossible to think she would ever become a Mary Ellen. What was the matter with his daughters? There was young Bradish at his office, who had seen him on the street with Maronica, and who had made tentative suggestions ever since that he be introduced. Well, he must take young Bradish home with him some evening. . . .

"... looking forward to seeing you all. Love, Father."

Mr. Williams concluded his letter. He sat before the desk (he always stopped at the Best Hotel) in the uncomfortable straight chair, thinking deeply. Well, he'd be home for three months, then on the road for another three. . . . He cheered considerably. He dived into a pocket, frisking out a small memorandum book. It had been Josephine's Christmas gift two years before. The entries were neat, if obscure hieroglyphics, the only distinguishing mark being that most of the names had a distinct "Mr." before

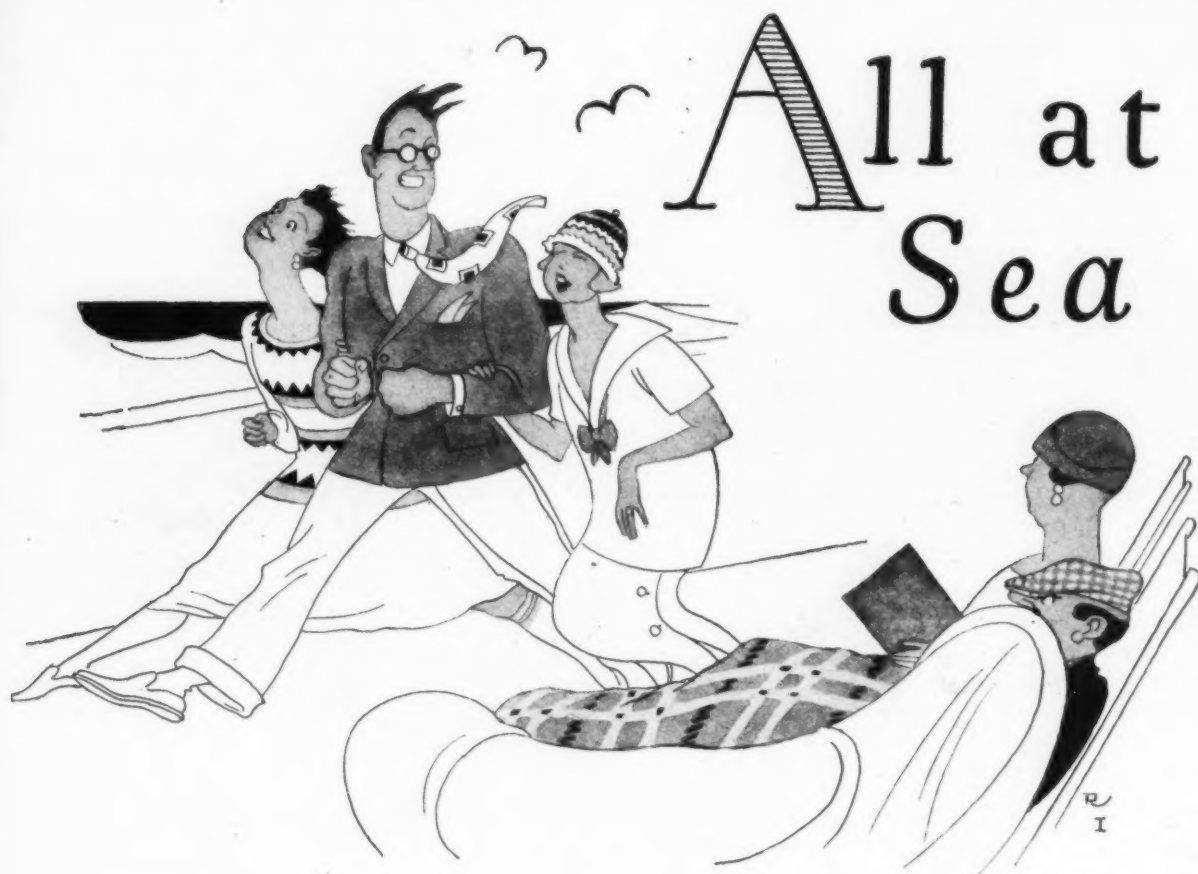
them. Those without were really men whom Mr. Williams desired to keep tabulated. The rest were girls, girls masquerading thus for the sake of the occasionally prying eyes of Mrs. Williams. Once she had said: "You must know such a lot of interesting men. Look! All the way from San Francisco to Boston and Albany. My, it must be interesting to know so many people."

"Um-hum," Mr. Williams had said, congratulating himself on his farsightedness. If he had been a great man of affairs interviewed for the Sunday supplements upon the secret of success, he would have said, "Always outthink the other fellow," and he would have added under his breath: "And always including the Missus."

So now he flipped the pages of his little book, pausing in contemplation of Mabel in Boston and Grace in Kansas City and Babe in Philly; must have a good party with li'l ol' Babe in Philly this time. Should he send her a wire? No, better not risk it. Best never to put anything, unless legitimate, in writing, even on a telegraph blank. He wagged his head in admiration of the smart fellow he was. Anyhow, if Babe was busy, plenty of others. He'd never had a better time in his life than in St. Louis, where he hadn't known a soul when he stepped off the train and had picked up the hat-check girl at his hotel immediately after dinner. And right here in Chicago Mac had merely stepped to the telephone to conjure out the Redhead and her Dutch bobbed friend.

He recalled again the pleasant admiration for himself he had had from the pretty Redhead, and sighed again because he wasn't a hero at home. Were a wife's kisses always without enterprise, he wondered. Not that he wanted to kiss these obliging girls he met—no; the unsuspected Puritan within him rebelled at that. He was "true" to Josephine! He just liked being adored for the feeling of devilishness it gave him.

When, two days later, Mr. Williams concluded his business of the day in Philadelphia and let fall to the second assistant manager, "Know any girls?" the second (Continued on page 138)



MR. AND MRS. WALTER PETERS stood on the deck of the *Tullonia* waiting for her to sail. They had been waiting since ten o'clock, and it was now nearly noon. Mr. Peters had twice suggested that they go ashore and go back to Dyke, Ohio. "I've lost interest," he said.

But their bags and things were down in their stateroom, and if they were going to have as much trouble finding their stateroom again as they had the first time, the boat would surely have sailed before they got off. Both Mr. and Mrs. Peters had cried out of sheer hopelessness when they were trying to find Stateroom 312. Mrs. Peters had never seen Mr. Peters cry before, and it was a wretched experience for her. They had finally asked a steward to find it for them, and he, being new on the ship, had got lost too, and all three of them had ended up in the second-class kitchen, crying as if their hearts would break.

So it seemed hardly feasible to go back to Stateroom 312 for the bags, much as Mr. Peters wanted to leave the ship and never see it again. They were, in effect, trapped.

On the deck with the Peters' were several hundred others, all standing by the gangplank waiting for the ship to start. Each of the several hundred passengers had three friends on the dock, and each was trying to communicate some last-minute message to them.

"Tell Bessie to write just as soon as she hears from Uncle Fred . . . in the upper left-hand drawer of my bureau and send them. . . . There's Eddie! Hoo-hoo, Eddie! . . . Be sure to have Father take care of that cough . . . care of the American Express Company . . . seasick already. . . . There's George! Hoo-hoo, George! He doesn't see us. . . . Here we are, George! Hoo-hoo! . . . Don't do anything I wouldn't do. . . . Look, Alice's crying. . . . Tell the milkman not to deliver any more milk until you let him know—and stop the Sunday papers. . . . I guess we're off. . . . What's he saying? . . . What did you say? . . . No, I won't. . . . There's Mabel! Hoo-hoo, Mabel!"

"Who are all these people?" asked Mr. Peters. "Aren't they terrible?"

Mr. Peters was just discovering for himself the first fact that every ocean traveler realizes, and that is that, before the ship

sails, not one of the passengers looks socially possible. It would be difficult to assemble in one place a less prepossessing group of people than those who seem to be sailing with you. And before the trip has ended, you are engaged to be married to three of them, have sworn lifelong friendship with eighteen, and exchanged addresses for daily correspondence with the rest.

With Mr. Peters' homicidal proclivities, however, this initial dislike for his fellow-passengers was discouraging to his wife. She had felt that, after his killings in New York and Dyke, Ohio, the sea air would bring back some of his old-time tolerance and nerve-control. But here the boat had not yet sailed, and Mr. Peters was already looking about him with that light in his eye which Mrs. Peters knew so well. Things looked pretty black for the voyage.

At any rate, the tension eased up a bit as soon as they had set sail, for the mob at the rail dispersed and went to their respective cabins and chairs. Mr. and Mrs. Peters went inside to write postcards. Not that Mr. Peters had anyone to whom he wanted to send a postcard—he simply wanted to get inside, away from it all.

In the afternoon he felt more gregarious. He and Mrs. Peters took their places in their steamer-chairs and sat watching the horizon over the top of the rail. It was rather restful. Mr. Peters settled back with a feeling of calm such as he had not experienced for months. After all, perhaps things were going to be all right. Perhaps the population of the world had not been such a mistake as he had begun to believe it. There certainly was something soothing about that horizon gliding along the top of the rail. After several half-hearted attempts to keep his eyes open, Mr. Peters gave in and dozed.

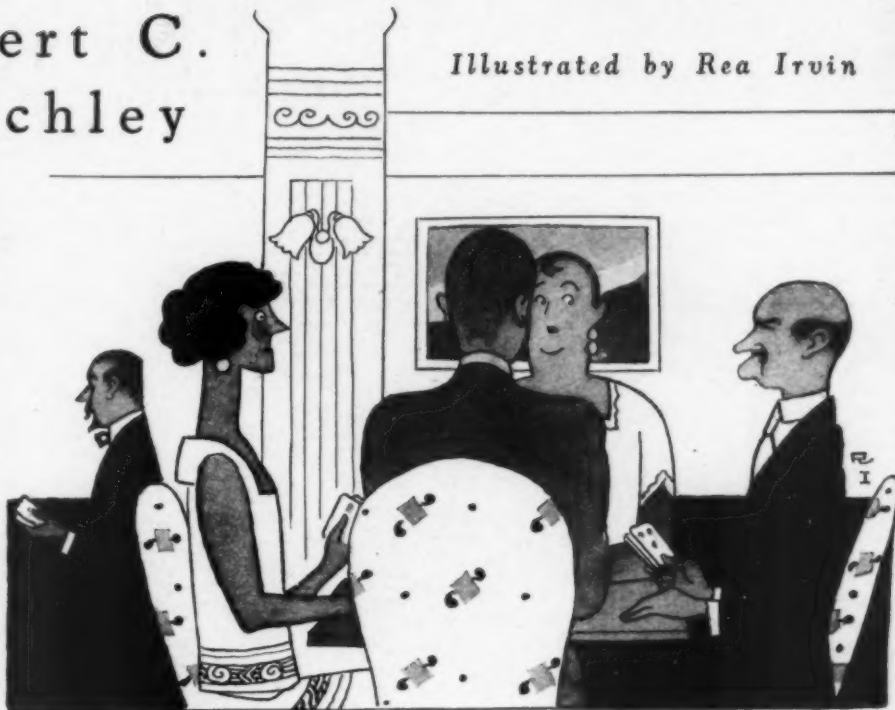
Suddenly down the deck came a great tramping and laughing. Mr. Peters' feet, which protruded ever so slightly over the edge of his steamer-chair, were brushed off by the passage of some terrific force, which unwrapped his legs from the steamer-rug and brought him to an upright position with his eyes wide open. He saw the backs of three stalwarts, one man and two women, walking abreast with great, long strides down the deck. The exercise-hounds had begun!

Picking up his feet, he rewrapped them in the rug, and lay

By **Robert C.  
Benchley**

Illustrated by **Rea Irvin**

**IT** is hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Peters and Mr. Benchley will, ultimately, reach Paris. They will if Mr. Benchley has his way, for Paris is a familiar hunting-ground to him, which is one reason the Peters' were so anxious to have him accompany them. Since the receipt of the present account of the voyage nothing has been heard from the party, but all hope is by no means lost.



back again. He had been so near asleep that it all was rather hazy to him, and while he was irritated, he was not quite aroused. Again the sliding horizon hypnotized him into shutting his eyes. Again he dozed.

*Buckety-buckety!* The walkers had completed their first lap and were back. Off went Mr. Peters' feet again, and unwound came his rug. With something as near an oath as he ever got (swearing was something that Mr. Peters seldom sought refuge in, for he had other resources—perhaps if he had allowed himself to swear at times, he would have killed fewer people) he moved his chair back out of range and sat waiting for the third lap. He could almost hear the heavy footsteps as they passed on the other side of the deck. At any rate, he heard them as they turned the corner and came down the stretch again. *Tramp-tramp-tramp!*

This time as they passed by they did not hit him. He was too

far back. But they radiated health. They glowed with their exercise to a point where they were positively offensive. And they called out to friends as they went by: "Come on, you lazy old things! Get up your circulation! Twenty times around the deck before dinner!"

That gave them seventeen times more to go. Seventeen times more to stride along, heads back, letting the wind blow through their hair, laughing gayly and throwing themselves into their play with a vigor that threw Mr. Peters in a white heat of rage. If there was one thing that he hated, it was people who walked for the sake of walking. And when, in addition, they impressed the fact of their energy on him with a regularity such as this, the strain threatened to break him down.

Here they came again! Heigh-ho! Now another group, goaded on by the pioneers, had taken up the march and started around the other way. The two groups met each time right in front of Mr. Peters' chair, necessitating a re-routing of the course and much colliding and laughter. If they came around once more, Mr. Peters decided to scream.

Instead, however, he said to Mrs. Peters: "I guess I'll go up forward and see the ocean."

Picking a moment when the track was clear, he left his chair and went up to a secluded corner under the bridge. From here he could stand with his back to the rest of the ship and watch the prow push the water back with a sound which was strangely satisfying to Mr. Peters. He could even dream a bit. Mr. Peters hadn't daydreamed for many years, but there was something about the sight of the white foam rushing away from the bows which induced a dreamy contemplation of his old romances, long-forgotten.

"Well, neighbor, pretty big ocean, isn't it?"

Mr. Peters was gently elbowed over, and a large man with a golf-cap on the top of his head took his place beside him.





Mr. Peters said nothing but continued his dreamy contemplation of the sea.

"First trip across?" queried the large man.

"Yes," said Mr. Peters.

"This is my third."

"Third, eh?"

"Yes sir, my third. I have business over in Marseilles. Cordage business. We do a big export business, and I have to run over to Marseilles every so often to see that things are running properly. Combine business with pleasure, you know." This seemed to please the large man, for he laughed heartily.

"Our works are up in Massachusetts," he went on. "Got a big plant there, covering several acres. And another smaller plant up in New Hampshire. Keeps me pretty busy running back and forth between the two places. But I like it, though. Keeps you young, I always say. You in the manufacturing business?"

"No," said Mr. Peters, although God knows that he was.

"Literary?"

"No."

"Retired, perhaps?"

"No."

"Well, that's fine. Traveling alone?"

"No."

The large man pulled his cap down an eighth of an inch so that it now covered the very top of his forehead. Then he looked at Mr. Peters knowingly.

"Wife?" he asked.

"No."

"I see." Then, with a broad-minded smile: "Well, that's fine. We all have our fun in one way or another, I guess. Mine's fishing. A great fisher. Every spring you see me packing up the old boots and rods and getting up to Maine just as soon as the fish begin to run. Ever do any fishing?"

Mr. Peters turned.

"Yes," he said. "I've got some lines out now over the stern. I have to go and look at them. Good-by."

The large man seemed incredulous but accepted the statement without a murmur, and Mr. Peters hurried to the smoking-room.

Here he found a group of gentlemen who were celebrating the emergence of the ship from the three-mile limit. One of them had begun celebrating the night before the ship sailed and hardly noticed the difference when the ship's bar was opened. As a matter of fact, he had never felt the pinch of Prohibition, even in New York, but there was something about being able to get his alcoholic food legally and at less expense that stirred him to great emotional demonstration.

"Here's another member!" he hailed Mr. Peters as he entered. "Come on, Buster! Come on and join the Freemen's Club! A dry Martini for fifteen cents is the initiation fee. Come on, you old rounder, you!"

And Mr. Peters found himself dragged to a table where the others members of the club were initiating themselves over and over again.

"Nothing for me, thanks," said Mr. Peters, pulling away.

"Nothing for him, thanks," cried the Prince of Good Fellows. "Listen to the kid! Nothing for him, thanks! Why, you old tramp, you, don't you try to josh me. Here, steward, a dry Martini for Mr. Goofis, here!"

With something very much like a snarl, Mr. Peters wrenched himself away from his tormentor and stumbled over the doorsill out onto the deck. Pushing aside a platoon of deck-walkers, he made his way back to his steamer-chair. There he found Mrs. Peters in conversation with a strange lady and gentleman who seemed to be occupying the neighboring seats.

"Here he is now," said Mrs. Peters. "Walter, I want you to meet,—I don't think I caught your name," she said to the lady, who informed her that it was Roscoe, "—Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe. They are from St. Louis, and know the Jepsens."

"I see," said Mr. Peters.

"We wondered if we couldn't get you to make a fourth at bridge, Mr. Peters," said Mrs. Roscoe brightly. "Mrs. Peters, here, is willing if you are."

"I don't play bridge well," objected Mr. Peters, backing away.

"Oh, none of us do," said Mrs. Roscoe. "At least I'm sure that I don't, and Henry, here, is worse than I am."

At any rate, it would keep him out of the way of the celebrants and the talker and the walkers; so Mr. Peters gave in, although playing bridge was not one of his major sports.

In the card-room several groups had already taken the seats they were to occupy all the rest of the voyage when they weren't eating, but there was still a table left for the Peters group. This, as it turned out later, was unfortunate.

The game started much as other games start, Mrs. Roscoe and Mr. Peters against Mrs. Peters and Mr. Roscoe. Mr. Peters didn't notice that anything was out of the way until the end of the third hand. His mind was on other things. At the end of the third hand, he caught his partner's eye. It was icy.

"Did I do something wrong?" he asked.

"Oh, no! Just lost the game for us, that's all." Mrs. Roscoe tossed this off with a shrill little laugh.

"You knew that I held the queen of diamonds," she explained.

"I don't know it even now," replied Mr. Peters.

"Oh, well, it doesn't make any great difference," said his partner, implying by her tone that it did make a great deal of difference. So the game went on.

At the end of the next hand, the glance that Mr. Peters got was even more devastating.

"Really, Mr. Peters, I don't like to be critical, but you *did* signal me that you wanted clubs, didn't you?"

"I wouldn't know how to signal for clubs if I were starving," said Mr. Peters.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Roscoe, drawing herself in behind her cards. Mr. Peters looked up just in time to catch her making a grimace of despair at her husband, who smiled sympathetically back at her. Mr. Peters grew very red.

Out through the window in the back of the card-room he could see the stern of the boat. It was almost dusk, but he could make out the heavy bulk against the gray sky. Suddenly he noticed that it was swelling. Very slowly the flagpole on the stern rose, and then very slowly it fell. The whole stern seemed to be rising and falling with it. It had a peculiar sideways motion which bothered Mr. Peters. He said nothing, but looked back at his cards.

"That was *my* king that you trumped," Mrs. Roscoe was saying to him.

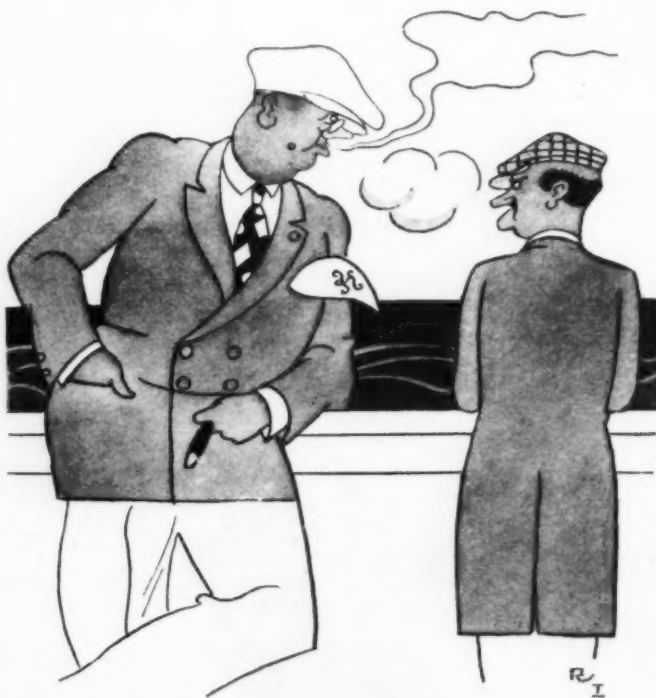
"I'm sorry," said Mr. Peters. He remembered that he had had kippered herring for luncheon.

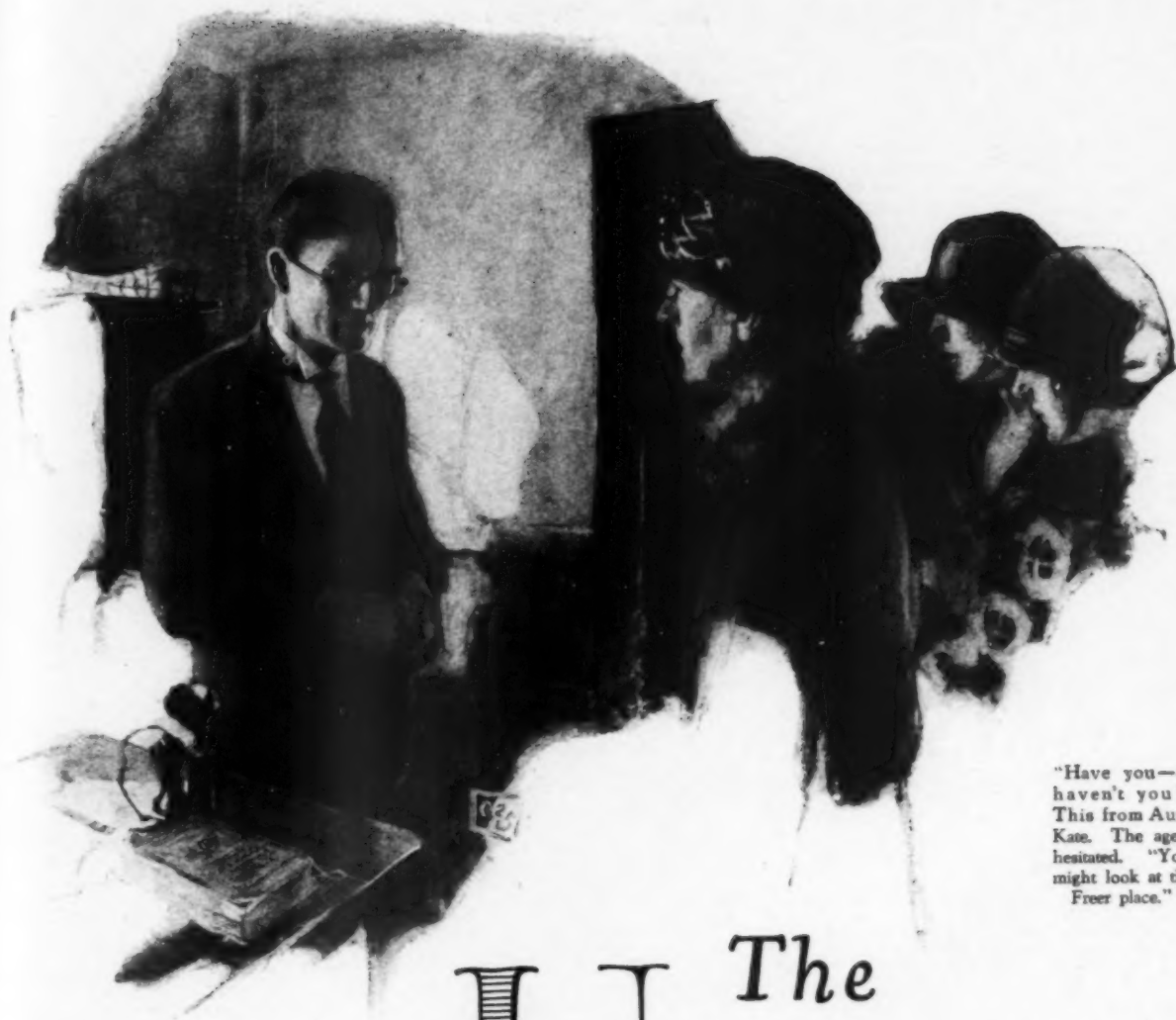
Another glance at the window caught the stern this time halfway between a rise and fall. It hung there for a second, then trembled and sank. A glass fell over on the sideboard.

"Roughing up a bit," said Mr. Roscoe genially. "I bid two spades."

"If you don't mind, I think I'll stop after this rubber," said Mr. Peters. There was no opposition to this proposal, and so five minutes saw Mr. Peters on deck again.

(Continued on page 118)





"Have you—or  
haven't you?"  
This from Aunt  
Kate. The agent  
hesitated. "You  
might look at the  
Freer place."

# The Unseen Owner

By

Elsa Barker

Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks

It is curious that while most women will flee from the mysterious, it is often the woman writer who tells the best tales of mystery—for instance, Elsa Barker, who in this story of her native New England hills somewhat recalls Anna Katharine Green at that great mystery writer's best. And Elsa Barker brings to her task not only a fine talent for plot-construction and a mind thoroughly trained in modern psychology, but the fine spirit of the poetess who wrote "The Frozen Grail" and "Songs of a Vagrom Angel."

**W**HENEVER I think of that house, I shudder. Unlike most horrors, the horror of the Freer place grows more intense—not less—by thinking of it afterward.

It was Aunt Kate who got us into it, suggesting that motor-drive through the Berkshires. Of course Peggy was keen to go; but a girl of twenty is always ready to start off on a pleasure trip. Peggy was visiting us in our New York apartment, and it was hot, even for June.

We took Madge along—our middle-aged maid-of-all-work—because she was afraid to stay alone in the apartment for two nights. We had no idea then of spending the summer out there.

If you know the Berkshires, you will see the artfulness of my aunt, getting us into the midst of their beauty before she disclosed her real plan.

In the forenoon of the second day she called out to the chauffeur we had hired with the car: "Stop for a moment." The scene around us was something to enjoy from a stationary point—green hills on one side, on the other a deep ravine with a

"Horrible!" I echoed. "It's the face of a murderer." Behind us we heard a stifled cry. Wheeling, we saw a strange girl. She turned and fled.

river whispering down there somewhere, before us other hills with the sunlight on them, behind us more hills—shadowy, mysterious.

"Girls,"—being seventy herself, Aunt Kate calls me and my friends of all ages "girls,"—"why don't we find a furnished cottage, farmhouse or something, and take it for the whole summer?"

Her keen, lean old face with the sharp blue eyes turned suddenly to me, sitting there beside her in the car. I glanced across at Peggy; in her brown young eyes was a leaping gladness. But it was our faithful old Madge who spoke first:

"All alone, ma'am, without even a man in the house?"

"What do four able-bodied women need of a man in the house?"

Aunt Kate had been a militant widow for forty-five years.

As our car swung round the next hill and came into a little village, "Look," she said, "there's a real-estate sign. I'm going to get out and inquire."

Peggy and I got out too, and followed her through the door of a little frame building, painted a horrible green.

A man rose from behind a desk and came toward us—a tall, yellowish, bony man in gray, with gray, shifting eyes.

When Aunt Kate asked him, in what we call her royal manner, if he had furnished houses to let, the man just stood there, silent, looking us over. There was something disconcerting in his glance.

"Have you—or haven't you?" This frigidly from Aunt Kate.

"Well—" The agent hesitated. "I don't know—you might have a look at the Freer place. The family wont ever go back there, I guess. The daughter—she lives over at Canaan—asked me to let it, if I could, to some city folks. It's a mile out of the village—kind of lonesome. One neighbor, though, quite near. There's good water from a mountain spring, piped right into the kitchen. But—I don't know—"

What was the matter with that shifting agent? Didn't he want to let the place?

"If you have the keys," said Aunt Kate, "we'll drive you out there now, Mr.—"

"Sawyer, madam." He fumbled in a drawer of his desk, brought out some keys, then followed us to the car.

He had mentioned a very low figure as rent for the season; but when, after a short drive, he turned around from his seat beside the chauffeur and pointed out the Freer place, I was astonished. So much—for so little money?

It was a long white house, one story and a half, as they say, with a shed at the south end. So *innocent* the place seemed, with its roses and blossoming shrubs! But I noticed the grass was uncut—long neglected.

"There are four bedrooms, all on the ground floor," the agent said, as he opened a door in the middle of the long front. Then he led us into the parlor, at the right of a little entry. There was bright chintz in the parlor, and good old mahogany furniture.

But when we went upstairs,—the boxed-in stairway was off another small entry between the south side-door and the kitchen,—we found only a large open attic. Peggy says now that her first glance at that attic gave her the shivers. There must have been up there every barrel and box that had come to the house for fifty years. But near the stairway stood two brand-new trunks, locked and strapped, as if for a journey.

Looking around, I noticed a framed picture standing on the floor with its face to the wall. I have often thought that if we had turned that picture around *then*, we might not have taken the house.

We even visited the cellar. Mr. Sawyer drew an electric torch from his pocket, and threw a strong shaft of light round that



musty cavern. All down one side of it were broad shelves.

"Looks like the steerage of a ship," Aunt Kate said. "A small army could sleep on those shelves."

"There's an outside door to the cellar," the agent explained, going ahead of us down a long walk made of loose planks which protected our feet from the dampness of the earth floor.

Madge was pulling at my hand.

"Miss Mary," she whispered, "I don't—like this place."

Mr. Sawyer unlocked and threw open the door then, and the kind north light streamed in—also fresh air. As we followed him out, I noticed that the house was built on a ridge, and the foundation wall at the back was some fifteen feet below the level of the house front. That was why the cellar could have an independent entrance in its north wall.

"It's an oddly built house," the agent said, as we went up a steep flight of outside stairs to a platform level with the north pantry door.

"Shall we take the place, girls?" Aunt Kate laughed, and Peggy and I cried: "Yes, yes!" Poor Madge, with her truer instinct, was overruled.

The agent asked for the full season's rent in advance—made sure of us then and there, before village gossip could reach us. He directed Aunt Kate to make out the check to Miss Josephine Freer. . . .

A few days later we returned to the Freer place—the four of us—for the rest of the summer, as we thought! There was only one drawback, we told each other: the house had no telephone.





But the village grocer and butcher would send every day for our orders.

I had better give you a rough description of the ground floor, and then you can see us running about—for we ran about a good deal, and in our night-clothes.

Between Aunt Kate's large front bedroom in the southeast corner of the house, and my bedroom in the northeast corner, we had to traverse the front entry and the parlor. Though there was only a wall between my bedroom and Peggy's, which was in the middle of the north end, there was no door in the wall, and to get to her, I had to go through the parlor and the dining-room behind it. In the southwest corner of the house, off the kitchen, was Madge's room, and between her and Aunt Kate was the

south entry, and the boxed-in stairway to the attic with the cellar stairs beneath it.

"Away off there by myself," Madge complained, "and right next to that dark shed!"

It was an oddly built house, and it had four outside doors—five, if you count that cellar entrance. There was even an outside door in Peggy's north room.

The front lawn, now mowed, sloped gently down to the main road; but behind the long back of the house was a sheer drop of fifteen feet, so there was no entrance on that side.

Down there behind the house was an abandoned road, half-overgrown with grass, and behind that road was the cleft between two splendid Berkshire hills.

Peggy laughed when she discovered our water-pipe, going out of a hole in the kitchen wall, resting some yards away against the limb of a tree; then crossing high in the air that abandoned road, and losing itself in that cleft between the hills. We didn't know then how common such devices are, in that region of springs.

"What ingenious people the Freers must be!" Peggy said. "I'm really curious about them."

So was I. But Mr. Sawyer had evaded my questions. Was there really something—not quite nice about the Freers?

Still looking at that water-pipe, Peggy said: "It's as if the Titan of these hills had our house attached to the end of a string—a play-toy. If he should yank the string suddenly—flip, we'd go."

That first night we slept as people should sleep in the country. But the next morning I heard Peggy come tearing through the parlor to my room. She was in her nightdress and barefooted.

"Mary!" she gasped. "Come into my room—quick!"

I pulled on my slippers and followed her, through parlor and dining-room. She had thrown herself straight across the bed, and was pointing to something on the wall-paper.

I ran round the foot of the bed and leaned over to look. Some one had written there with a pencil:

"Get out of this house quick."

I first thought of that outside door, and glanced round at it.

"Why, Peggy! You went to bed without bolting that door!"

I shot the bolt then, as if it had been midnight.

We decided to tell Aunt Kate, but not Madge—decidedly not Madge, who had been afraid of the house from the beginning.

Leaving Peggy there, I swung round through dining-room, parlor and front entry, to Aunt Kate's room. How isolated we were from one another! I had not thought of that before.

Aunt Kate brought the large magnifying-glass that she uses for reading, threw her slim length across Peggy's bed, and examined the writing on the wall. When she got to her feet again, she said with dignity:

"How silly you girls are! Of course it's some old writing, probably done by a child. I remember being slapped, about sixty-five years ago, for writing on the wall-paper. Haven't you an eraser? Rub it out, of course, and think nothing more about it." With that she sailed out of the room.

Peggy found an eraser and rubbed at the writing, but still the scratch of the pencil showed on the glazed paper. So she covered the place with a photograph.

"We mustn't frighten your aunt," she said, "but I'm sure those words were written by an excited grown person."

I went back to my room to dress. In a few minutes Aunt Kate came in, closing the door carefully behind her.

"Mary! We mustn't have Peggy frightened, but of course that writing was not done by a child."

So there they were, already—old age and youth, trying to protect each other from some unformulated apprehension. "Get out of this house quick." It was so direct—so peremptory!

After breakfast I asked Peggy—chestnut-haired, laughing-eyed Peggy—to go with me to the attic. Why is it that a picture, with its face turned to the wall, just *has* to be examined?

Madge had been nervously telling us about creaking noises and strange raps in the night. Of course one hears sounds like that in all old houses—settling down in their joints, I suppose, as old folks settle down on their spines.

But Madge's story of night noises made the attic seem more eerie. All those old barrels and boxes up there were imaginary hiding-places. I had brought a cloth, and was dusting the back of that picture, when I heard a step on the stairs.

"Aunt Kate's coming too," I whispered to Peggy.

We turned the picture around, and stood back to look at it.

A man's portrait—a crude crayon portrait of a burly middle-aged man, enlarged from a photograph, no doubt. But the expression of that black-bearded face was more horrible than the art of it. The small eyes were looking straight at us—leering, malicious, and every fold of the sagging, aging muscles made a curve of sinister meaning. Some member of the Freer family, I suggested.

"But, Mary," Peggy cried, "isn't he perfectly horrible!"

"Horrible," I echoed. "It's the face of a murderer."

Behind us we heard a stifled cry. Instantly wheeling around, we saw—not Aunt Kate, but a pale blonde girl, a strange girl. She was staring with wide gray eyes at that picture.

Then without a word she turned and fled from us, down the attic stairs.

Peggy and I sank down on those two locked trunks, gaping at each other—as if we had seen an apparition.

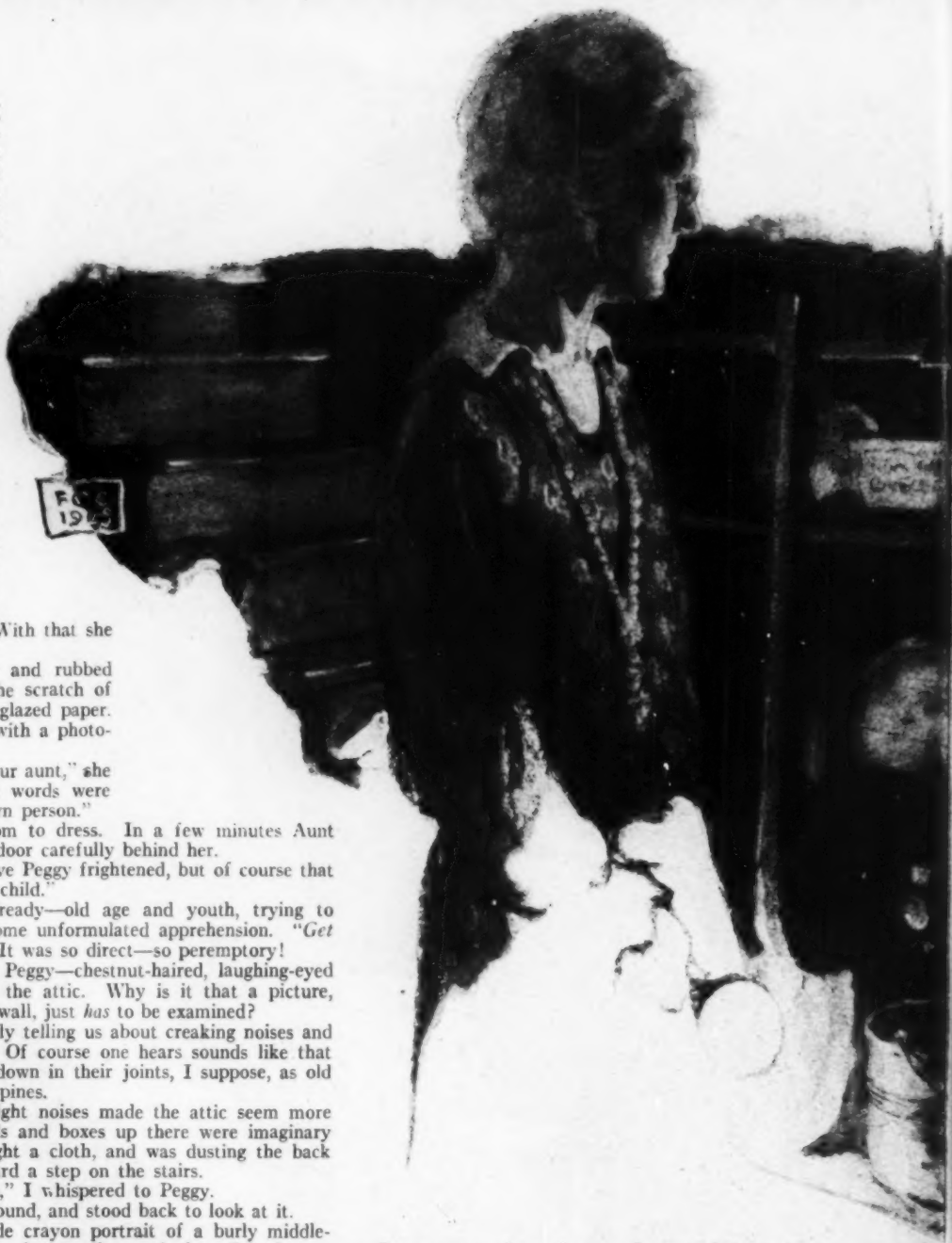
We heard another step, a heavier step on the stairs. Then we saw the expressman who had brought our trunks out from the station the day before. I stood up, pointing to the picture.

"Who is that man?" I asked in a whisper.

"Why, that's her father—Miss Josephine Freer's father."

I looked toward the stairs. "Was that girl—she?"

The expressman nodded. "She wants them two trunks."



Peggy got up from the one she was sitting on, and we walked away down the length of the attic. I was trembling with grief and shame for what that girl had heard us say. Of course it wasn't our fault, but—

After five minutes, maybe, we heard Aunt Kate calling us from the foot of the stairs, and we went down to her room.

"What did you do to Miss Freer?" Aunt Kate demanded. "She bolted out of the house."

We told her. Peggy had tears in her eyes.

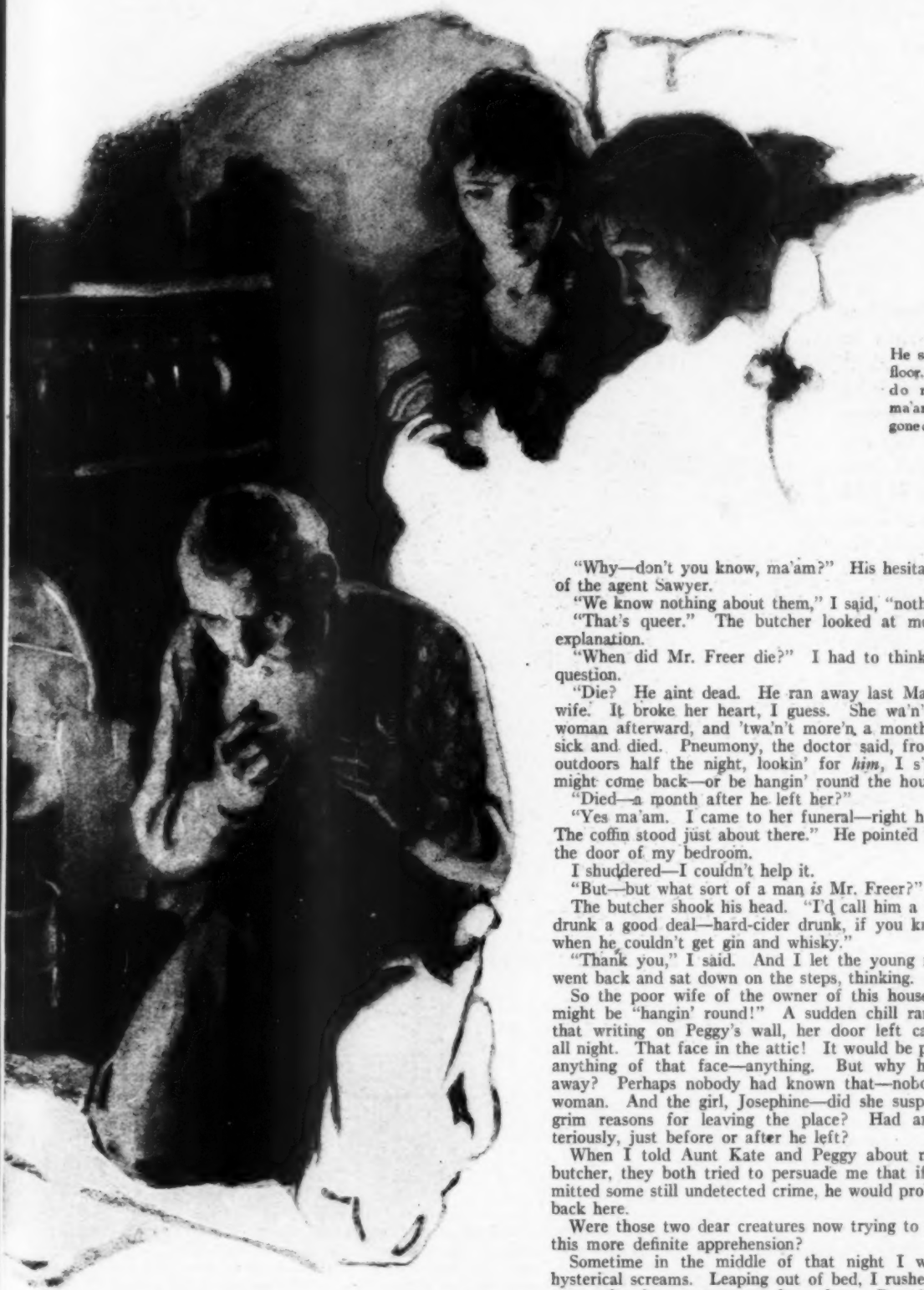
After a thoughtful silence, Aunt Kate said:

"Miss Freer came to me first, quiet and gracious, saying she wanted her mother's trunks. She hoped we were pleased with the house. I told her we were enchanted with it. She went upstairs—you know the rest."

"But where is her mother?" I asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea, Mary, and I mean to find out," said Aunt Kate.

But it was I who found out. That afternoon she and Peggy had gone for a long walk, while I sat on the front steps writing letters. We had no veranda. About three o'clock I saw the



He sank down on the floor. "Oh, I tried to do right by you, ma'am! I've nearly gone crazy with worry."

"Why—don't you know, ma'am?" His hesitation reminded me of the agent Sawyer.

"We know nothing about them," I said, "nothing at all."

"That's queer." The butcher looked at me, but offered no explanation.

"When did Mr. Freer die?" I had to think of some leading question.

"Die? He aint dead. He ran away last March—deserted his wife. It broke her heart, I guess. She wa'n't never the same woman afterward, and 'twa'n't more'n a month before she took sick and died. Pneumony, the doctor said, from runnin' around outdoors half the night, lookin' for him, I s'pose—thinkin' he might come back—or be hangin' round the house."

"Died—a month after he left her?"

"Yes ma'am. I came to her funeral—right here in this parlor. The coffin stood just about there." He pointed to the wall beside the door of my bedroom.

I shuddered—I couldn't help it.

"But—but what sort of a man is Mr. Freer?"

The butcher shook his head. "I'd call him a tough customer—drunk a good deal—hard-cider drunk, if you know what that is, when he couldn't get gin and whisky."

"Thank you," I said. And I let the young man go. Then I went back and sat down on the steps, thinking.

So the poor wife of the owner of this house had thought he might be "hangin' round!" A sudden chill ran up my spine—that writing on Peggy's wall, her door left carelessly unbolted all night. That face in the attic! It would be possible to believe anything of that face—anything. But why had the man run away? Perhaps nobody had known that—nobody but the dead woman. And the girl, Josephine—did she suspect her father of grim reasons for leaving the place? Had anyone died mysteriously, just before or after he left?

When I told Aunt Kate and Peggy about my talk with the butcher, they both tried to persuade me that if Freer had committed some still undetected crime, he would probably never come back here.

Were those two dear creatures now trying to protect me, from this more definite apprehension?

Sometime in the middle of that night I was awakened by hysterical screams. Leaping out of bed, I rushed to Aunt Kate's room—for the screams came from there. Bursting open her door, I saw Aunt Kate in her nightgown, lighting the kerosene lamp.

"Be still, Madge!" she muttered. "Stop screaming. You've only had a nightmare."

Madge stood there, a picture of terror in the flickering lamp-light—her iron-gray hair streaming loose, her eyes wildly staring.

"But I heard it," she cried through her chattering teeth. "I wasn't asleep. Somebody was trying a key in the south door, and when I screamed, they ran away. They were carrying something heavy—I heard it knock against (Continued on page 98)

butcher's wagon stop at the gate, and the young butcher walked up the drive to the south door with our package of meat. Now was my chance—I got up and went into the house. Even Aunt Kate, a pattern of decorum, would not have hesitated. As the parlor was farthest from the kitchen and from Madge, I asked the young butcher to come into the parlor for a moment.

"Where are the Freers—the father and mother of Miss Josephine?" I asked him.

He seemed surprised—then remembered to pull off his cap.



Illustrated  
by  
Lester Ralph

NOTHING inspires Harold MacGrath to write like travel. And of all the world he knows,—and he knows most of it,—Italy exerts the strongest lure. He withstands it just about so long, then gives in, as he did the first of last month again, after a few months in his Syracuse home. He's at Bellagio on Lake Como at the moment, writing a new group of short tales for you, the first of which is to make its appearance in an early issue.



#### The Story So Far:

"MR. THORNDEN," said young Wyncote to his father's old lawyer, "my father is dead; so I shall not add to the dishonor of his ashes by letting the public know I have repudiated my inheritance. He left me three millions in trust. At my death, this income goes to certain orphan asylums. I wish to deed this income to the asylums forthwith."

For Wyncote had only now after his father's death learned that their wealth had come from certain bucket-shops and other dishonest activities conducted under the name of Jarvis. And now that the world knew it too, he faced ostracism.

Thornden urged the young man to reconsider, and to go abroad for a time, but could arouse little interest.

And meanwhile Wyncote's case was being discussed elsewhere by two very different people—a beautiful girl and a dark Sicilian.

"I know you, Joseph," she said. "You would creep up behind him in the dark. No, no! Kill him, yes; but a little at a time, for years. To break his courage, to break his heart—as mine is broken."

"To kill him a little at a time," mused the man. "Brava! I begin to see. But you, singing in a restaurant!"

"It is all a part of my plans. He will come to that restaurant. I let him see my face this afternoon, and he will remember."

She spoke truly, this girl who was singing in a cabaret under the name of Belinda White. She had already caught Wyncote's interest. And skillfully she made his acquaintance.

And now two threats struck at Wyncote: first came a stiletto sent him by Joseph, impatient of Belinda's slow method. And when the lawyer Thornden heard of that, a black-hand letter followed it—sent by Thornden, who was fond of the boy and de-

# Bitter

By Harold

termined to get him out of town. This threat, Thornden persuaded Wyncote, meant danger to Belinda White also if he stayed; and so influenced, Wyncote took passage on *The Four Winds*—a yacht once owned by his father as *The Petrel*, now in the tourist trade—for a trip around the world. . . . He was hardly well at sea before he encountered—Belinda White.

She professed an astonishment equal to his own, but her treatment of him during the days that followed, alternately cruel and kind, was puzzling—as was the apparent acquaintance of Belinda with a deck-hand called Stefani. Much later, in mid-Pacific, came catastrophe. A tidal wave threw the ship on a reef and she was abandoned—by all save Belinda, who was accidentally left locked in her cabin; and by Wyncote, who had been struck down by Stefani under cover of the rush for the boats, and left for



"Oh, you can't!" said Belinda. "It wouldn't be human to let the little thing die alone here."

of his senses. She got a pillow and put it under his head. In her dressing-case was a small bottle of lavender salts. She knelt and applied this to his nose, but ineffectually. Next she saturated a towel with precious water and bathed his face. She alternated these endeavors.

Sometimes he stirred a leg or an arm or partly turned away from the powerful restorative, but would not rouse. So there was nothing for her to do but play the game—stand by till he recovered. It was a long and tedious job. She sat beside him patiently; and as she worked over him, she fell to studying his face. At first glance, it resembled that of the man she had known as Jarvis; but little by little the likeness receded. The boy's forehead was finer, and the shape of the head; the jaw and chin had a different angle; the nose was more vigorous. In the end she saw that it was the color and the blond hair; beyond that there was no re-

semblance to the man who had destroyed her father and wrecked her life.

She began to compare him with the young men she had known in the old days, when money had been something to spend rather than to earn. What if she had met him in those days, with his love of poetry and music, his pleasant manners, his strong and comely body? It was very strange: she saw John Wyncote for the first time with perfectly human eyes.

Of course it was utterly impossible; they could not be friends if ever they reached land; there was a dreadful grave between them. But till this adventure was at an end, one way or the other, she would play the game.

She saw the automatic near by, and shuddered. It magically transformed itself into a rose-smothered bier—candlelight flickering over the marbled face of her father; the grim Joseph holding her hand aloft as she took the oath. She shut her eyes. She must never again recall that picture.

It was growing dark outside. Would he never come to his senses? Once more she attacked him and failed. She could do no more; she was wearied beyond expression. She got up slowly, walked over to the divan, and lay down. . . .

It was dawn when she awoke. Wyncote was gone. She dressed hurriedly and stepped outside in time to see him coming up the ladder from an early swim. He saw her and waved his hand.

By sunup he knocked on the door, announcing that he had brought her her breakfast.

"Come in." He obeyed. "Have you had yours?" she asked. "Yes."

# Apples

MacGrath

dead at the foot of the companionway. Marooned together on the wreck, with supplies running low—finally then Belinda, out of what she believed her hatred for Wyncote, told him the truth: her father had been one of those ruined by Jarvis, and had shot himself before her eyes. She had sought revenge by breaking Wyncote's heart. Under the shock of this Wyncote drank heavily of the wine in the ship's bar. He took his automatic to Belinda, saying he was afraid of it—then tried to provoke her to kill him with it—then collapsed upon the floor. *(The story continues in detail:)*

**BELINDA** ran to Wyncote, at first a terror upon her that he was dead; but after calling to him and shaking him, understanding came. It was the wine. While in his tragic frame of mind, it had not even fuddled his tongue; now it had robbed him

"Then sit by till I finish mine. What woke you up?"

"The dog. He was licking my face."

Laughter—the first honest laughter either of them had heard in many days. She was twenty, and he was twenty-four.

AT various times during the day they met, discussed the possibility of rescue, commented upon the patience of the shark, but at no time referred to what had happened the day before. They had picked up their companionship where Nature had violently forced them to drop it, only it was now clothed in a pitiable pretense which each maintained for the sole purpose of jacking up the other's drooping faith in the future.

That night they sat together on the bridge. To Belinda there was the illusion of moving, the effect of the slow roll passing the wreck, the roll that had not broken in all these silent, menacing days. Death by starvation and thirst, or death by drowning? She would like a storm, a typhoon; it seemed to her that it would be easier to die in the midst of something tremendously elemental. To sit still and die, to watch him die beside her!

"What is it?" he asked, for she had put her hands over her face.

"I was thinking."

"Of that?"—gesturing toward the sea. He was almost happy. The Jarvis was gone; he was quite sure now that he had been fighting a chimera.

"Yes."

"Then don't. No use imagining what's to come. We don't know. Yet I've got a hunch that we're going to get out of this. I don't believe God would give us back our sanity—just for that." He waved his hand toward the implacable sea. "In the daytime it does look bad; but somehow in the night—"

"It's more like a dream."

"That's the way it hits me."

"How much water is there?"

"Well, if we're careful, it'll run about ten days longer. Half a pint a day for the dog. You know, when I found him, I broke down and cried. And you might have died if he hadn't kept barking down the companion."

Belinda pressed Nanky to her throat. "If we get away, he's mine?"

"Sure he is. How Mrs. Channing loved him!"

"How I love him!"

A chill touched Wyncote. She still hated him, naturally; but from now on she would play the game. To die a little at a time—but she would never know. He would never again speak to her of love. Care for him—how could she possibly care for him? She wouldn't be human. But she'd play out the hand. His father—well, that was that.

"Funny world. And we sticking on top of the middle of it. By this time the rest of them are on dry land. The location of the wreck will be reported, and soon a British gunboat will come nosing around here. Blow her up, so she won't become a drifting derelict. Seems kind of wonderful, though, that we understand each other now."

"And the innocent shall eat of bitter apples," she quoted.

"You remembered that? I say, I heard Mrs. Channing call you Linda. Would you mind if I called you that?"

CALL her Linda, her father's pet diminutive? Even when Mrs. Channing, whom she liked, used it, she had always wanted to scream out "*Don't!*" Intolerable then, it would be sacrilege now.

"It was my father's name for me. When I hear it, everything comes back."

"I didn't know."

"Call me Belinda. Your name is John; but they don't call you that, do they?"

"No—Johnny." He laughed. "At college they got to calling me Boo-hoo."

"Why?"

"I cried when I lost my first game, I was so darn mad."

"You played football?"

"Yes. Toughens up a chap, all around. 'Tisn't all piling on top of another man; you have to think quick. . . . Sicilian—you know, when I first saw you, I thought you were foreign."

"But I'm not. I'm an American; I was born near New York. My mother was an American, and all her people. My father became an American too. They met one winter in Taormina."

"Let's keep away from all that," he interrupted. "Let's try to think of nothing but now and tomorrow. I've got a good scheme for keeping us busy for a while."

"How?" Talk like this, she thought—casual, as though they were on the veranda of a summer hotel!

"Get all the valuables together, make packets of them and ticket them. When we get home, we'll pass 'em around to the owners."

How persistent he was that they were going to be saved! Yet in face of the absolute, the tonic of his optimism invaded her.

"How can I help?"

"You can do up the stuff and label it."

"Can't I hunt with you?"

"Better not. It would depress you below; and I'm used to it, going to the cook's galley three times a day. Got enough candles?"

"Yes."

"Toddle to bed, then. I'm going to sleep up here."

She rose, the dog in her arm. "Good night."

She did not offer her hand, and he did not expect it. "Good night," he said. "I say, I can give you a little condensed milk in water. How'd that do?"

"Anything for a change!"—as she began the descent of the ladder.

He watched her till she appeared to melt into the night. He filled and lit his pipe—for he had gathered a plentiful supply of tobacco out of the officers' chests—and smoked, strangely at peace. Trusted him. He did not blame her in the least. Sicilian. Of course she'd have a bit of that savage slant in her. Perhaps that was what made her so wonderful—the suppressed fire.

Crazy as loons, both of them; eating out their hearts over something that could not be recalled and made over—life. Why, he would have done the same thing, in a less spectacular way, if his father— He laid his forehead upon the cool rail. He must keep his thoughts off that, absolutely.

THE other passengers had been picked up by now and the position of the wreck reported. His hope was that either a gunboat or some rover prowling around for loot would come for a look-see. There was plenty of loot, lawful loot, since the ship had been abandoned—that is to say, left to her fate. But the cold fact that the nearest civilized port was a thousand miles away gave this hope a tenuous quality.

Rover or gunboat, they would have to hurry. The old *Petrel* was beginning to go. The action of sun and water was cracking her up. It was as if the wreck were a focal point under a glass. The paint was peeling from the deckhouses; tar blisters were all over the promenade. Below was the odor of rotting things. The ship was preparing herself for the inevitable storm. He had a notion that when the storm finally came, it would be something gigantic.

Association with the thought of death: at first a kind of numb terror laid hold of one, paralyzing the faculties; but as death came no nearer, was in fact only imminent, the mind and body resumed their normal functions, and death was accepted as something inescapable. Wyncote no longer thought of the fact, but of the manner in which the fact was to be performed. It was going to be a terrible moment—he knew that. Every instinct in him would be directed toward saving Belinda, holding her up so long as his strength lasted, in the end dying twice, once for himself and once for her. In no sense was he bitter; rather he was astonished; for he had never previously thought of death as something personal. Astonished, too, at the fact that it had taken him only twenty-four years to reach this spot where he must die.

He gazed heavenward. What was going on Up There, that he and this girl should suffer so? Why must they pay the score? It wasn't a square deal.

There was no use denying it; the thing persisted: this warm pity for the man who had gone crooked, when God had given him the wherewithal to go straight. He had cursed his father dreadfully yesterday for a deed he had not committed, and he was sorry. He recalled his father's letter to him, now endued with pathos. His father had confessed his sins; he hadn't hedged or whined that he couldn't help himself; he had gone into the Presence without hypocrisy. But the havoc he had left behind!

There was one immutable fact: the Jarvis taint would never now react in the blood of John Wyncote; it would never get the chance.

He wasn't so lonely now; he and Belinda understood each other. It was possible that she was thinking about him, for he was the only other human being in their world. How absolutely certain he had been of dying yesterday afternoon!

A new thought: The race on both sides had gone up, not down. Her father hadn't had the courage to face ruin, and had killed himself before her eyes, upsetting her mind with horror. Indeed, that was far more cruel than anything his father had done to him. There was a wide difference between stigma and horror.





Belinda fired. The Captain stiffened, reached for the rail, missed it and slumped to the deck.

Certainly she was not of suicidal bent, or she would have made away with herself ere now, with the best excuse in the world. Every act of hers pointed to the finest quality of courage. Oh, he wasn't endowing her fancifully because he loved her. Her present conduct was proof of the stuff she was made of. It had taken courage to accompany him halfway around the world, even though this courage had been shot with madness.

He sat down and adjusted his body for sleep, a rug over him. In the morning he would do a bit of foraging in the doctor's cabin and dig up some kind of salve—and shave. . . .

There was a catch in her throat when she saw him the next morning. His beard was gone, his hair brushed, and he wore a jacket. So that she might forget the terrible creature she had looked upon the day before—which wasn't his thought at all. His old pride in his personal appearance had returned.

Rather a silly kind of shame invaded her thought. Daily toward evening she had taken a salt bath in the officers' tub. The shame arose from the fact that he had to fill the tub from buckets drawn up from the side, and had to bail out the tub after she had used it, since the drain was plugged. A bath-steward had practically done the same for her every day for weeks, and she had not been the least concerned; he was a servant. But Wyncote wasn't a servant; he was her companion in misfortune; he was the man who had declared that he loved her. What were his thoughts when he filled or emptied the tub? Queer, that her sense of modesty should be stirred simply because he had shaved himself! The thought was so ridiculous that it nearly provoked laughter.

"I'm going below now to pick up odds and ends of valuables," he announced.

"Isn't it a bit—well, sacrilegious? We don't know whether they are alive or dead."

"It'll be something to do."

"I couldn't do it."

"I'm not doing it out of curiosity. I'm pretty certain they've landed somewhere or been picked up. They'll be glad to get something back. Most of the women had fine jewels."

"Won't it save you a few steps to go down this companionway?"

"If you don't mind. I say, you take the pup to the bridge and keep a lookout. I'll be down below a couple of hours. If anything should turn up, strike the bell a few times."

"Please, the truth! I want to know if you honestly believe a ship will come along. I don't want any false hopes; I've been dashed enough. What is it that makes you believe that a ship will come?"

"Well, you and I haven't had a square deal, for one thing. And then, I'll hope till I can't crawl around on deck, till my eyes give out and I can't see. So long as there's a breath in my body, I'll hope. Honestly, that's all there is—hope. It's a mental impossibility to give up. Even when the water gets over my shoulders, I'll still hope. And you will too, because we cannot help it. Life is hope."

"I see." A pause. "You really want to go back to the world?"

"Don't you?"

"I honestly don't know."

"I certainly don't want to see New York again; but there's many a place I can slip into and begin all over again. I wish I weren't such a dub at mechanics. According to books, I ought to know how to get to the water-tanks, how to put the wireless into commission—whereas, I don't know a blame thing about wireless."

"I've often wondered if the wireless man didn't send out the S. O. S."

"Evidently he didn't. It is possible that the spark died before he could give the exact latitude and longitude. We were settling fast."

"All right; I'll hope."

"That's the way to talk."

"Where did you leave the rifle? I might try my luck at that shark."

"You can handle a gun?"

"Yes."

"It's in the chart-room. I say, you've got lots of pluck."

"Have I?"

"Don't you remember helping me get that poor beggar overboard?"

"Vaguely. I was in kind of a dream then; nothing was quite real."

"Don't forget to ring the bell if you sight anything."

He ran forward to get the rifle.

BELOW, he found that he had entered upon a rather uncanny adventure: a bit ghoulish, this pawing about the intimate possessions of those who had once been his companions, especially the feminine things. Till now he had not gone into any cabin but his own—meaning, of course, that he had not entered any inquisitively. Awe and pity alternated. The cabins were as their late occupants had left them, never more to return. Everywhere signs of character. Here was disorderliness, there immaculateness—here simplicity, there gorgeousness. It seemed to him that he would know these people, if ever he met them again, better than they knew themselves.

Nearly all the luggage was locked, and he had to break into each with knife or hatchet. An odd thought: had the wreck been one he had found, his delicacy of feeling would have been negligible. But as it was, whichever way he turned, he encountered pathos.

But there was treasure, real treasure, precious stones and bank-notes, which he reckoned would run into thousands. And there was the purser's safe, with still more treasure; but he could not get into that.

In his search he came across many photographs of home-folks who might never again see their loved ones. In Mrs. Channing's cabin he found a beautiful photograph of Nanky. Poor woman! No matter how long she lived, she would always be seeing her little comrade dying all alone. He decided to take the photo to Belinda.

What a chance to write, he mused. To put on paper what he thought, what he did, up to the last moment. But the archive for such a work would be in all probability the sea. The zest for such labor died immediately. Why labor over something the

world would never have the chance to read? Why waste his time? And at once there came into his mind a novel supposition: but for the vanity of men who wrote, the world would still be in its stone-age period. . . .

What was that? He looked up and listened. It was the ship's bell—the bell!

## Chapter Eighteen

IN his mad haste to reach the upper deck, Wyncote bruised his shins and cut his bare feet; but in the excitement he was impervious to pain. Belinda had sighted a ship; in a few hours civilization would pick them up again. The square deal had come.

She cried out for him to hurry when she saw him, making a gesture southward. He stared at the horizon as he ran for the ladder, but could see nothing from the deck level. Once at her side, however, his heart leaped. Above the southern rim of the world there rose a thin fan of smoke.

"I can't hold the glass," she said; "my hands tremble so! A ship, a ship!"

"Hang onto yourself, now!" he warned.

He took the glass. For a while he could not tell which way the smoke trailed. Certainly it had come over the southern rim. Of course the wreck would be all down from the stranger's bridge, since he could see nothing but the stranger's smoke. He watched, for how long he could not say. Ah! It was as if the stranger had pulled down the smudge, mockingly, for it suddenly vanished. Still, he did not lower the glass. A ship's smoke was not always black, he knew; it alternated from black to thin light brown: sometimes from *The Petrel's* stack there had been hardly any smoke to be seen, even from the promenade deck.

"Gone!" whispered Belinda.

It was then he became aware that she was gripping his bare arm tensely with both hands.

"Kind o' missed us, I guess." He lowered the glass. "Cruising around, probably. Haven't got our exact position."

"She's gone! She will never come back!"

"Buck up, now! You didn't believe there'd be any boat. That's one. We haven't seen the last of her—don't you worry. Come on down to the lounge, while I empty my pockets. I picked up a lot of stuff."

"I can't! I can't! God has forsaken us!"

"No, He hasn't. I've got all kinds of hope yet. Of course it knocks you out. It's a whale of a jolt. But you take it from me, she'll dig us out; she's nosing around for us."

"You are not human to take it that way!" she cried passionately.

"What would you say if I began to cry and tear my hair and all that?"

"If I were only a man!" she said.

He understood the meaning of the wish, and it hurt him quite as much as the vanishing ship. He was a man and could adapt himself to the inconveniences of such an adventure; and she could not. To him the horror lay at the end; to her the horror would march along beside her till the end, because she was a woman. And he couldn't wrap his arms around her and console her; he had even to speak sharply to her lest she collapse. But he did take her hands in his.

"Belinda, this won't do. We've food and water for more than ten days. We've got more hope now than we ever had, for we have seen the smoke of a ship."

In the face of such optimism she could do no less than strive to imitate it, for his sake. "I'll buck up," she said. "The disappointment—"

"You're a thoroughbred. Come on. Want me to help you down the ladder?"

"No."

She made the promenade deck, and he followed. Suddenly he laughed. She turned upon him furiously.

"You laugh?"

"At a fool thought that came poking into my head. The thought was, if you could learn to smoke, you wouldn't have hysterics. A smoker seldom has 'nerves.' You miss a lot. I wouldn't swap my pipe for all the pearls in the Pacific. I can drive off more trouble with a few puffs of smoke than you'd suspect. What you want is a cup of tea."

"And all I have to do is to wish for it!"—sarcastically.

The bite in her words pleased him; she was getting hold of herself. "I found a patent alcohol-lamp below. There's tea in the galley and spirits in the doctor's cabin. All you've got to do is to wish."


(Continued on page 161)

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By

Mildred Cram

Illustrated  
by  
Leslie L.  
Benson



# Sadie of the Desert

Ethel touched a fox  
skin with shuddering  
fingertips. "I can't  
bear to handle 'em.  
Poor little things!"

WHEN a manuscript by Mildred Cram drops upon an editorial desk, it's an event—on infrequent event, and therefore her name does not appear in print so often as those of less painstaking writers. Yet few are her equals as writers of the sort of short stories that have given high literary distinction to America. The wife of a commander in the Navy, she now lives at Mare Island, but at the time of this story's writing she lived in the neighborhood she so vividly pictures.

SADIE HERMANN used to say: "I'm in love with New York. There aint a man on earth I'd marry." But this was before she saw "God's country," or Herbert, for that matter.

Sadie Hermann was a shopgirl. She worked in Forty-second Street and lived near Mount Morris Park in the far Hundreds. She was fresh-cheeked, slim, with gray eyes, and hair that would have been brown. "I add just a little henna. It takes the curse off. Gives such pretty lights. Who wants brown hair?"

Seeing her in the morning, wriggling her way into a subway express with little twists and thrusts of her shoulders, you would have said that she had been born and brought up on a farm. She had the look of dawn about her.

She rose from a narrow iron bed, promptly at six, summoned by the brazen hysterics of a tin alarm-clock, yawned, said, "Oh, gee!" and got up. Her window gave access to a fire-escape, and from it, by craning her neck, she could see the trees in Mount Morris Park. All



"God's country! I hate it. I've spent a year in hell. I want to go back. You might as well know."

about her window there was a crowding of walls, the uninspired skyline of a district built in a hurry, for convenience.

Sadie would open the window and shiver. "Gee! Cold!" She hated, shrank from fresh air. Groping in the wooden box which did duty as a refrigerator, she produced a pint bottle of milk, a slab of butter, two eggs. And then, with that sleight-of-hand which is developed by flat-dwellers, she prepared breakfast, ate hurriedly, achieved a coiffeur, glanced at her hands, shut the window, snatched her hat and flew down the dark, uncarpeted stairs to the street.

Sadie's job, which she held because of something tenacious and stubborn within herself, took her to a department-store near Fifth Avenue. The soft-carpeted fur-department on the tenth floor satisfied Sadie Hermann's craving for the beautiful. Beauty and luxury were synonymous. Sadie's eyes had had their training within the city walls. Her senses were attuned, not to the sound of wind in the trees, the passage of cloud-shadows, the odor of flowers, but to the clatter of traffic, the glare of electric lights, the pungent aroma of gasoline, dust and crowding humanity. Beauty was comfort—the gratifying depth of velvet beneath her feet, warmth, a perpetual pink twilight of shaded lamps.

If she had any dreams, they were practical, since she had learned in childhood the folly of illusion. She might, with luck, become a designer, or one of those crisp, sexless, supernaturally smart "foreign buyers." With luck! She must keep her eyes open, lest the goddess sidle by and be lost.

Sadie studied the manners, the clothes and the bearing of these buyers, women whose salaries spelled present affluence and future security. Well-tailored suits; small hats, sleek hair; clipped speech with a dash of French; level eyes that had no trace of feminine consciousness, eyes that bought and sold and asked no quarter.

"Eight-thirty!"

The day had begun. A thin stream of customers filtered out of the elevators. Sadie, no longer a tenement-dweller, no longer a little city minnow, but a woman of the world, would glide forward.

"Baume marten, madam? We have some very good sable skins. Yes, madam. Russian. You can tell by the white hairs. Absolutely. Now, the marten has a yellow look—there's no comparison. . . . Wont you try it on? This way. Aw-full-y smart! Miss Highland, doesn't Madam look smart in the little sable? Only a hundred and twenty-five. Because, you see, our buyers buy direct. Absolutely."

Sadie Hermann never thought of furs as having been, at one time or another, living animals. Furs were furs. The supply, like the demand, was endless. She had heard of trappers. With Ethel Highland, she had once heard a lecturer speak about the dual cruelty of the game—the agony of the trapped and of the trapper. Sadie had listened with the sort of abstracted attention she gave to an educational movie. Snow—frozen faces—bleeding animals—dog-sleds—ice—hardship. . . . Shutter flashes—pictures. . . . These things were too removed from reality, from common experience, to have substance. It was not that she did not believe; she simply did not, could not, accept.

In the department again, Ethel Highland had touched a fox skin with shuddering finger-tips. "I can't bear to handle 'em! Poor things! Starved—scared—shiverin'. And women wear 'em!"

"Why not?" Sadie demanded.

Furs were furs. The great, glittering show-cases were full of beautiful pelts—opossum, silver squirrel, ermine, astrachan, the velvety blackness of unborn lamb, baby lamb, curly, soft, flexible; lynx, raccoon, skunk, the royal sable, the delicate, perishable chinchilla.

"Oncet I had a little cat," Ethel Highland said. "Gee, it was cute. Used to go round and round my feet. And all the time hummin'. Z-z-z-z-z like that—inside, somewhere. Gee! As cute—"



She looked up. "I'm going to shift over to the dress-goods, Sadie. I can't stand it."

Sadie laughed. "You're nuts, Ethel."

Sadie was not without pity. But these things were beyond her experience. Her knowledge of the animal kingdom was limited to truck horses and spoiled lapdogs, glimpsed, but not comprehended, in passing.

"You're nuts, Ethel. What if everybody felt like you do—there wouldn't be any fur coats on Fifth. When I get ahead, I'm goin' to wear mink from my neck to my heels."

Ethel Highland turned back to the counter, fingered the scarf, stroking the silver pelt with fingers that were tempted. "Well—I suppose you're right. Only I wish they wouldn't tell us things. If you don't know, you don't care, do you? Knowing takes all the joy out of life."

Sadie remembered what Ethel Highland had said, when she met Herbert: "Knowing takes all the joy out of life."

For now, it seems, she was to know what it is to love, not a city but a man.

Herbert was a guard on the Bronx Express. Every evening, between five and seven o'clock, the long, jointed steel train screeched into Times Square, thrusting its nose between the crowded platforms, cleaving the mob, jerking, stopping. The



guards, all the way back to the rear car, braced themselves to meet the rush.

Sadie Hermann found herself catapulted from the platform into the shelter of Herbert's arm.

"Here, you! Watch your step! Who're you shovin'?"

His arm went around her, held the crowd back. He was a big, lean, stooping fellow with white teeth. So much Sadie knew as she huddled there, in the first, blurred recognition of him, and of the miracle. She had never seen him before; yet 'ne was the man she had been living toward, and she knew it. She thought: "Gee! A subway guard! If that aint my luck."

He protected her. His arm was like a steel bow, and his big hand, where it clutched the door and steadied him, showed white on the knuckles.

An Irish face, Sadie decided, and the maternal Irish within her responded with an Irish smile—a bit of the gum showing, and a row of fine teeth. Sadie's smile stood between Sadie and the realization of her dream. Buyers and designers don't show even a bit of gum. How was she going to see him again? She must see him again!

He could say a lot with his eyes, snapping brown eyes with little white points of light in them. His hair was gray on the temples. Not good-looking—a sort of a sad guy. His clothes

were shiny; his shoes, a pair of old tan oxfords, were split over the toes.

The train hurled itself along a vanishing archway of steel pillars, boring its way through a darkness starred with red and green lights, gulping the rails, voracious, implacable.

"Gettin' out?"

"Twenty-fifth."

He shifted his arm, released her.

"Like the park?"

"You betcha."

"Sundays?"

"You betcha."

"I'll meet you at the Obelisk, noon."

He did not ask a favor. He wasn't that sort. Herbert McCarthy was very simple. Life was something to be lived, not to be postponed.

Sunday morning Sadie Hermann woke with that curious leap of the heart which means that either something very nice is going to happen, or else that you have a dentist appointment. Something—what was it?

Sadie ran to the window.

The geometrically exact sky-line of upper New York cut squares against a gentian-blue sky.

"I didn't promise him. I only said 'Mebbe.' Mebbe don't mean a thing."

At eleven, wearing her new coat and the baume marten choker she was buying on the installment plan, she walked across town and boarded a bus. "I'd just like to see if he's going to turn up."

Something warned her that if she were late, Herbert McCarthy would not be there. She hurried. Patches of snow lay in the shadow of the Museum walls, gray-white, melting. Children on roller skates, children with balloons. Couples—girls. A row of motors, purring. The Needle of Cleopatra. . . . There he was!

"Hello."

"Hello yourself."

This was the beginning.

A month later Sadie was crying in her heart: "But if I fall in love with him, it's the end of me! A four-room flat—kids—" The vision of a mink coat receded. When she was with him, she was helpless. She wanted to



touch his hands, his shoulder, the point of his cheek where there was a little brown mole. When she was away from him, she could convince herself that he was a "poor boob." A subway guard, at his age! Why, most fellows of thirty had cars of their own; they could take care of a girl. But Herbert McCarthy neither apologized nor explained. "I like an out-of-door job," he remarked, with his crooked smile, which made him look for all the world like a humorous dog. "I'd choke to death in an office."

Sadie risked kissing him one day.

"It can't do any harm. I'll just see—"

They were crossing the park, taking the long way around the reservoir. Their feet crunched pleasantly in the gravel; their arms touched; their faces tingled in the sharp wind that came across the dark water in gusts. Sadie shivered.

"Cold?"

"No. Scared."

"Scared? What of?"

She shook her head. How could she explain what was so vague and nameless—a terror of dark, empty, wind-swept places like this, a dread of loneliness, silence. "I like streets. I feel more natural. Honest, I do."

"When we're married," he asked her unexpectedly, "how'd you like to farm?"

"You're joking."

"I aint. I've got some money. Not much—three thousand. I thought, if you'd like it, we'd go West."

"West?"

"Arizona, California—" The syllables, on Herbert's tongue, were musical. "California—Arizona—"

Sadie had a mental picture of cowboys, Mexicans, cactus and sand—a motion-picture composite. She saw herself riding into the sunset, hand in hand with Herbert, who wore a sombrero. . . .

Suddenly Herbert drew her close. "You gotta kiss me. I've waited long enough."

"No."

But the perverse idea had already crossed her mind: "I'll just see—"

"No. Let's not start anything."

He kissed her. Pressed against him, pushing him away with

both hands, yielding, she was both afraid and exalted.

"I suppose you kiss every girl you meet," she whispered suddenly, frantically jealous of imaginary women. She hated the laughing, triumphant face of him.

"No matter how many girls I've kissed! You're the girl I'm going to marry." His arm tightened again. "The minute I set eyes on you,

I said to myself: 'There she is. The little wife.'"

Hypnotized by the sound of those words, fascinated by the possibility of surrender, the imminence of that sweet and terrible giving, Sadie whispered: "Yes. I know. It's funny, how it hits you."

A giggle. Crunching footsteps in the gravel. Some one was watching, making fun. . . .

They sprang apart, went on, and the magic was lost. Sadie thought: "I'm engaged. To a subway guard!" And the vision of her lost future assailed her—herself, in Paris, crisp, decisive, weaving her way in and out of the traffic streams, a minnow no longer, a goldfish. Sadie had a wistful mental picture of an expensive goldfish trailing gauze wings. If she had kept her word about falling in love, she might have traveled far along the road to success. She knew where, in the end, it led—to old age spent in an apartment hotel, old age clothed in black crêpe-de-chine and Oriental pearls, old age surrounded by bellboys, waiters, chambermaids, clerks, Pomeranians and other black crêpe-de-chine retired business women harping on their "independence."

"What you thinking about?" Herbert asked.

"Life," Sadie answered.

"Don't let it worry you. I need you. That's all you've got to know."

But Sadie was not satisfied to let it go at that. She was troubled by a desire for things—things that she had glimpsed but never possessed.

Herbert gave her an engagement ring, a little hoop of chip diamonds set in white gold. "Looks just like platinum," Sadie cried. She let him put it on her engagement finger, with a feeling that a chain had been forged.

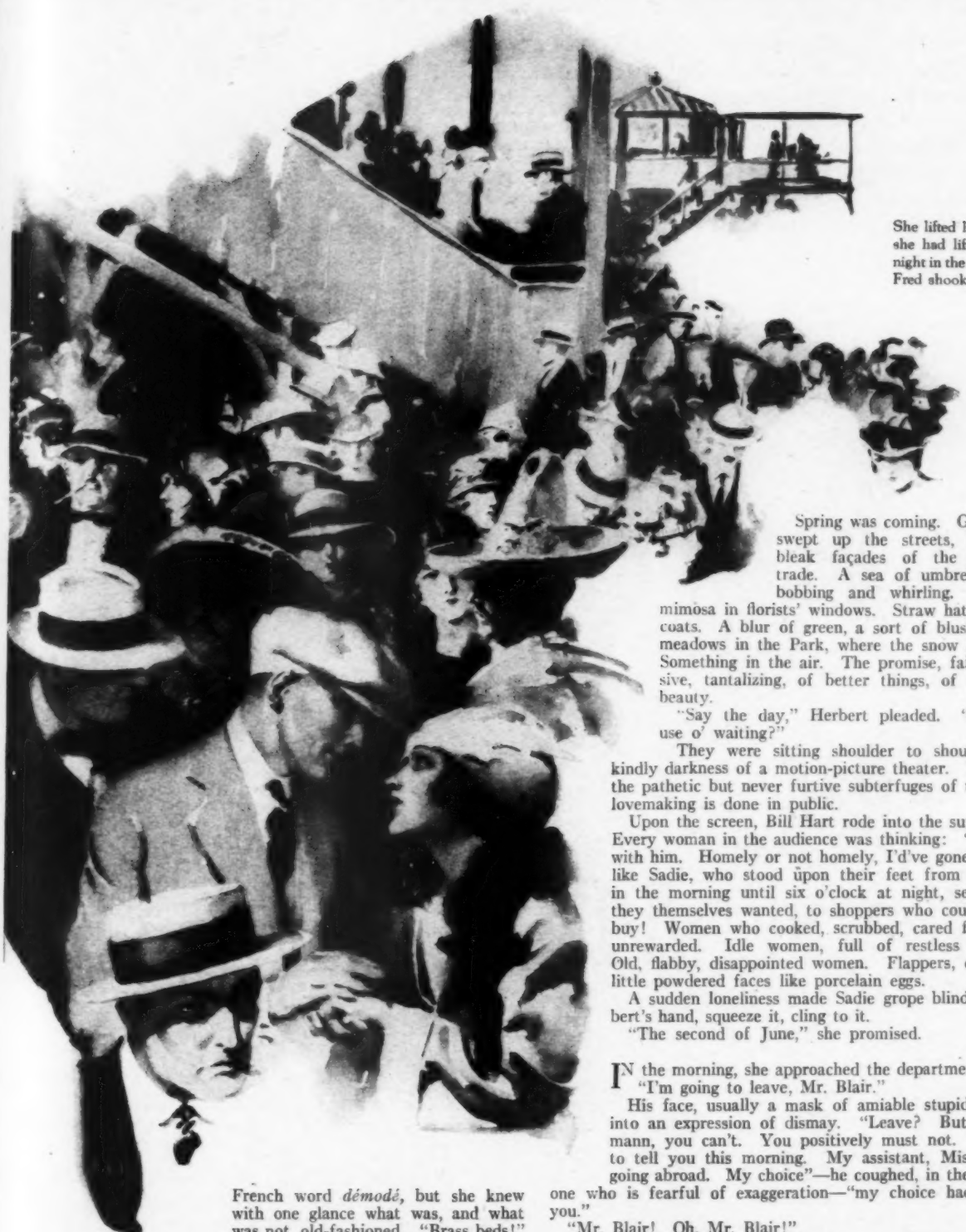
Saturday and Sunday evenings they would meet and stroll up and down Sixth Avenue, beneath the roaring "L," pausing at every shop-window to stare in and furnish an imaginary home. "Oh, lookit the bedroom suite. Herb! Satinwood."

"I like brass beds better. Cleaner."

Herbert's taste was primitive-American. He liked Mission furniture upholstered in leather, hand-painted glass lamp-shades, red carpets with a "nice design" in blue and yellow, flowered wall-paper, cut-glass cruets, chenille curtains and "one of those nice bead things for the parlor door. We used to have one at home, and when I was a kid, I liked to run through and hear all the beads rattle. Gee!"

Sadie's taste was modern. She had never heard the expressive





She lifted her face as she had lifted it that night in the cab. But Fred shook his head.

Spring was coming. Gusts of rain swept up the streets, lashing the bleak façades of the palaces of trade. A sea of umbrellas, awash, bobbing and whirling. Sprays of mimosa in florists' windows. Straw hats above fur coats. A blur of green, a sort of blush, upon the meadows in the Park, where the snow had melted. Something in the air. The promise, faint and elusive, tantalizing, of better things, of renewal, of beauty.

"Say the day," Herbert pleaded. "What's the use o' waiting?"

They were sitting shoulder to shoulder in the kindly darkness of a motion-picture theater. Theirs were the pathetic but never furtive subterfuges of those whose lovemaking is done in public.

Upon the screen, Bill Hart rode into the sunset—alone. Every woman in the audience was thinking: "I'd've gone with him. Homely or not homely, I'd've gone." Women like Sadie, who stood upon their feet from eight-thirty in the morning until six o'clock at night, selling things they themselves wanted, to shoppers who could afford to buy! Women who cooked, scrubbed, cared for children, unrewarded. Idle women, full of restless imaginings. Old, flabby, disappointed women. Flappers, empty, with little powdered faces like porcelain eggs.

A sudden loneliness made Sadie grope blindly for Herbert's hand, squeeze it, cling to it.

"The second of June," she promised.

**I**N the morning, she approached the department manager. "I'm going to leave, Mr. Blair."

His face, usually a mask of amiable stupidity, slipped into an expression of dismay. "Leave? But Miss Hermann, you can't. You positively must not. I intended to tell you this morning. My assistant, Miss Bauer, is going abroad. My choice"—he coughed, in the manner of

one who is fearful of exaggeration—"my choice had fallen on you."

"Mr. Blair! Oh, Mr. Blair!"

"A very decided advancement for you. The first step"—he brightened—"toward—Paris."

"But I was going to be married."

"In that case—"

"But I'm not sure—"

The department manager reassumed his mask. "There is always time for marriage. Don't jump into matrimony, Miss Hermann. A clever, good-looking girl like you can go a long way. The world isn't what it was. Marriage—just marriage—isn't enough. You'd better think it over, and let me know about it in the morning."

She felt like one of those animals the lecturer had talked about—trapped.

(Continued on page 130)

French word *démodé*, but she knew with one glance what was, and what was not, old-fashioned. "Brass beds!"

Her upper lip would curl. "Herbert!"

They're absolutely out of style these days. No one has brass beds any more."

She would draw him away from the glittering Sixth Avenue furniture display, across town, to the sacred asphalt of upper Fifth. And there, framed in a satin-draped window, as carefully and artfully lighted as a famous beauty in a photographic close-up, she would point out twin beds, saffron yellow beds, beds from a Spanish peasant's hut offered here, with a gesture of condescension, for the sum of one thousand dollars and a few odd cents each.

Herbert would stare, blinking, unconvinced. "Mebbe. Mebbe. But give me brass every time, Sadie."

THERE probably comes a time in the life of every girl when the same questions that preoccupied pretty Morna Wayne rise in her mind. And perhaps the answer that Mr. Maury ponders from his eyrie out in Montana is the best, after all. His is another of those brief but none the less poignant stories that have won fame for this magazine—stories that seem brilliantly to illuminate the dark corners of life

Illustrated  
by  
W. B. King



"Just you let me tell you this, girls: Once you get your hands on a good man, you keep him."

# You Fool, Morna Wayne!

By Reuben Maury

TO the office of the Register of Deeds in one of those—as we are told—so unromantic Western cities, the morning's mail brought a manila envelope which bore a steamship line's name in the upper left corner. One of Morna Wayne's duties was to sort such chaff from the correspondence and lay the wheat on the Register's desk in the record-room. That done, she opened the big flabby envelope in the front office, simply because she had nothing else to do at the moment.

"Winter Cruises," announced the pebbled-paper cover of the booklet.

But that did not matter. What did matter was the picture beneath the printed words. There was a blue-green bay with an electric sky flung over; little foreign-looking blobs for people on a mauve beach; palm trees, outlandish houses; boats streaking into deep water toward a sleek liner whose hull said *Uruguay* in far-away lettering.

A glowing, shimmering outlay of printer's inks and "Ben-Day," altogether: she could not put the thing aside at once, for the sight of it had set vibrating sundry chords in her chest and was punching her brain into a blind stagger. Faces, names, snatches of dreams and memories, swirled like blown smoke-

wreaths through her mind: Bland Marsden—then Walter Calcott, instantly. And then:

"And in my heart  
Some late lark singing—"

She'd read that somewhere. It must have been written by a person who was keeping his heart where a late lark could find space for singing.

Bland Marsden again. After Bland, inevitably, Walter Calcott. Nothing new about that sequence of thought.

Rolling in from high-school assembly years ago, the deep alto of a pigeon-chested lady speaking to the girls only: "And just you let me tell you this, girls: Once you get your hands on a good man, who works hard and saves his money and doesn't go chasing out nights—you keep him! Understand? Until—I'm gonta say it—until Ha-Hades freezes over. Ha-ha-ha!"

How they had laughed at that, each girl gazing into her best friend's eyes and nodding exaltedly.

But Bland Marsden was a good man, wasn't he? Just a manual-training teacher in that same old high-school, while Cal-

cott was a teller at the Cruse National. Why couldn't she ever think of Calcott by his first name? She felt guilty about that chronic balk in her mind.

One knew that Bland would not chase out nights. He had chased up and down the world, which the pigeon-chested lady would probably have called even worse than the other. He had lawless black hair striking straight across his forehead, not blond and widow's-peaked and eternally smooth like Cal—Walter's. His chin was lean and square—wistful, somehow. He wore loose-cut clothes that made his shoulders look droopy from the side and brave from behind.

This booklet picture, now—something in those living colors: Bland Marsden was like that. Or rather, Bland often made her feel as the picture was making her feel.

"That time I was on the beach in Winnipeg," he would say ("on the beach" meant, with him, jobless and penniless anywhere); or there would be a side-glimpse of a hard, fine jaw; and instantly Morna Wayne would be sniffing the winds of distant shores, sensing the glare of unfamiliar suns.

Five months, wasn't it, that she'd known him? They'd met at the Winter Garden, last New Year's Eve. She had met Walter Calcott the same night. Ever since, she had known it would be one of these two. There was no third possibility anywhere.

"Look like you had the D-T's and was seeing angels," Pat Kelly offered from his bookkeeper's stool across the front office from her desk.

Automatically she gave him the smile she had long ago developed for the repelling of familiarities as a stone wall gives back a rubber ball.

A man's face floated into view beyond the bars of Window Two. As Morna started toward the grating, booklet and envelope slid into the wastebasket beside her desk.

"Be sure you register the deed first, ahead of this here mortgage," the appearance begged earnestly.

It was good to set brain and muscles to the familiar motions of thumping the smudged documents with the clock-stamp, making the day-book entries, scribbling over the faces of the fresh green revenue stamps. Taking pains with all this, one could almost not hear that picture shouting from the wastebasket about far places and bold living and lean Bland Marsden.

She knew perfectly, though, that the task meant only a grateful interlude. Time for thinking had come.

The man went away with his change. Morna walked, on legs that weren't entirely steady, into the rear office. Among stooping clerks, delving title-abstractors and impatient lawyers, through county records marshaled like gray battalions of Doomsday Books, she picked her way to the desk of Tim Kiley, the Register.

"These ready?" she said. "I'll copy some for you."

She laid stiff fingers

on a sheaf of papers lying in a wire tray beside Kiley. From Book 209 of "Real Estate, Miscellaneous," she snapped out a half-dozen blank leaves. In the forward office again, there was a settling in her typists' chair, a racking-up of the documents for copying, a turning of one of the record sheets into her swollen-jowled typewriter.

Her hands were smooth and capable-looking. From their prop under the desk, the trig gray oxfords—bought last week—satisfied her eyes. For seconds on end she stared at hands and shoes. She didn't want to think. Why couldn't the affair move indefinitely as it had these five months past? Why not go on saving memories of Bland Marsden, simply pushing always to one side the knowledge that it must be Walter Calcott in the end? That picture in the wastebasket was saying that she had to think.

Finally she threw back her head and clicked into "Know All Men by These Presents." Her mind, excepting a very small segment, became disconnected from her flying fingers and trailing eyes. Somewhere far removed from the spring-back typist's chair and the Register of Deeds office, Morna Wayne wrestled, for a little time, on a mountain of decision.

Cold and calculating she was resolved to be, like the women one read about in advanced magazines or in studies of femininity by men. This was no time for sentimentality.

There arose a memory-photograph of Bland Marsden, on one of



The quiet letterhead of a New York legal firm. Her eyes skipped down the page.



those winter Sunday afternoons in his cheap little coupé. Bland and a fellow-teacher owned the car together. A jack-rabbit had been sitting in the middle of the snow-packed road as they rounded a curve. Watching their approach, his ears stood up in mild, beautiful unconcern.

"Oh, grab this wheel!" Bland had gasped, tramping on brake and clutch.

A tangle of hands and arms followed, hers bullying the wheel, his twisting and tearing at a pocket camera. The coupé shuddered to a halt, while Bland's fingers pecked and pawed at the film-key. As he aimed the lens at last, the jack laid back his ears and sailed into the pines with a single blasé leap.

"Dam-nation!" Bland had said. "These piffling little keys—person oughtn't to be bothered—pictures I've missed on account of 'em in my time—"

That was one of the occasions when headwinds off a never-never shore had seemed to sting her nostrils with their steely savor. There was no explaining the feeling. Simply it came at odd, unexpected moments like that one, when she was with Bland. He had been curiously silent during the rest of that drive, she remembered, only fuming occasionally about the camera key.

But this was not calculating; it was simply mooning. She had set out to appraise Bland Marsden.

Well, for one thing, he was a graduate engineer—from Carnegie Tech. He was about thirty, perhaps a year or two beyond. He'd taught school in up-State New York and rural Iowa, been mining in Tennessee and Sonora and Nicaragua. After college, he'd gone to France as a buck private, infantry. Had turned the crank of a news-reel movie camera through every big coast city in South America. "On the beach" at Casper, he had run into a Government surveying job that saw him to California and the Philippines before it stood from under. For seven months before coming to this place he had clapped right front wheels on small autos in Detroit, day in and day out. This was his second year on the manual-training staff; he was teaching in summer-school at present. He'd been "on the beach" many times, by his own unblushing admission.

"Don't you ever expect to settle down, Bland?" she had asked him once.

"Get too much kick out of the world," he'd said swiftly, seeming to resent any hint of liberties taken away. He had qualified the statement, though, with a wildly fantastic remark: "Too bad a person can't scout around and settle down both!"

As she phrased it to herself, he had not yet "said anything." There had been no passionate embraces; young petting days were long gone for both of them. But she knew. Courage came to her when Bland was by. He had eyes that were brave and loyal. She believed she could go to the world's ends with him and never be tired. They were so made that together they might exult through life.

The thing that terrified was that frequent phrase of his. Choose Bland, and life would be a long adventure of change, chance, laughter, and a late lark to sing at a sundown splendid and serene—she'd read that somewhere too. But also there would be chill, desperate periods on the beach. Bland got too glorious a kick out of the world to devote himself to making money out of it.

"In Witness Whereof, the parties aforesaid have hereunto—"

The first deed was copied into the records. She changed papers in rack and roller and was off again on "Know All Men—" The clock above the wall-map of the county spat a vicious ping. It was eleven already. She would think this thing out by noon. She wanted to go on thinking about Bland Marsden; but that would not be shrewd, because he seemed no subject for cold analyzing of merits and drawbacks. His face, those shoulders, the bright memories, intruded too devastatingly.

**N**OW for Calcott. She anticipated rather less difficulty in reasoning coldly concerning him.

He was a teller, whether paying or receiving, she didn't know, but a teller anyway, at the Cruse National. He had a little inherited money when he started; friends said he was making it grow remarkably well. Bound to make good, would be somebody in the community—so Morna's father and brother said, eyes carefully missing hers. Her father and brother were good, solid business men. Choose Calcott, and both of them would feel she had done credit to the family. Her mother would be calmly uplifted over the achievement.

His chest and shoulders filled his tasteful coats snugly, always. He had peaked, light, clean hair, a round, firm chin that never

publicly needed a shave as Bland's sometimes undeniably did, steady brown eyes. The coats would broaden with the years; they would always look reassuring. The eyes didn't gleam often, as Bland's were forever doing; but they were calm and commonsensible and kindly. There would be children. A heathenish notion flashed: Walter Calcott would take on a new baby for each advance in his salary at the bank.

She dredged her mind for memories connected with Walter of the kind she had of Bland. There had been a dinner-dance at the Snohomish club, with the oldsters fox-trotting frantically and the youngsters boredly draped on all the available chairs, and everyone more or less under synthetic influences. In a between-dance flux of five or six, Walter had remarked that some day he would like to go in for mountain-climbing. He had added, "—for my health," and her momentary excitement had died. He was unable to think of anything under the sun without estimating benefits contributing to his welfare. Beyond that quenched gleam, she could recall no sign that Calcott relished life.

**S**TILL, the first child would run about a good residential neighborhood in blue overalls, and the fourth and fifth would be reared in whatever should then correspond to the Paxton Arms apartments. Mrs. Walter Calcott would begin with a fifteen-hundred-dollar coupé and excellent department-store linen, and all that went with them. She would end with a sedan and real Irish linen and all that went with those. Her future was written on Walter's face. She would move serenely down the years—provided she were a woman who could be endlessly serene.

Morna Wayne could become Mrs. Walter Calcott. Walter had not "said anything," either, but here too she knew. And she could fill the position as capably as—well, as she filled this office position for Tim Kiley, Register of Deeds. There was will-power enough in her to drive back, whenever needful, remembrance of a square, lean chin and black eyes snapping with the kick they got out of the world.

After this point, Morna Wayne's thoughts could not have been put in words. Her fingers galloped on over the keys; her eyes lifted occasionally to the clock; her face remained a mask for the confounding of Pat Kelly. And fire crackled through her.

At eleven-fifty she hooded her machine and rose. She looked for a second into the wastebasket, for courage. All the while, a set of words jangled in her head like bells out of tune.

The words were: "You fool, Morna Wayne! Oh, you blind, dumb fool!"

She powdered her nose in the coat-room and jerked her taupe silk sweater-jacket snug over her shoulders, all to that mocking inner discord of: "You fool, you fool, you blind, dumb fool!"

The noon whistles were braying under the sun as she hurried down the courthouse steps. She knew his daily route at this hour: he would be making along Tacoma Street for the boarding-house where he took breakfast and lunch. The notched snows on the mountains south of town were fading; there was a bitter sweetness in the wind that came down from them.

She spied him from a block's distance. He was swinging along the sunny side. His loose blue suit, hat tilted over one eyebrow, that gay gait he had—The instant she saw him, something else in her struck up another refrain, contradicting her brain.

"You're a fool, Morna Wayne," the latter still insisted; but, "You're right, Morna Wayne—right, right!" said the new voice.

His pace quickened when he saw her. He all but ran the last half-dozen steps, hat in hand, wind ruffling his hair.

"Morning!" he said. "Lunch? Over at Sepoff's? You will?"

An excitement was radiating from him, as if he generated a field of electricity. She was too much preoccupied to wonder why this was so, merely sensing it as a fact. She was backtracking over the thoughts of the morning. There would never be much money. There'd be work; there'd be goings and comings endlessly; hardships. That was the seamy side of the matter. The rest was good, and she had no regrets.

The waiter gone from the curtained booth at Sepoff's and black eyes glowing at her across a plain of tablecloth, Morna had a barbaric impulse. She wanted to say, quite calmly and as a matter of course:

"By the way, Bland Marsden, will you marry me?"

She thought that would be funny and brave, and quite sensible. Her choice was made. Really, why not? But Bland was talking.

"By the way," he was saying, "Morna Wayne, will you marry me?"

She would not have wished it to happen in any other way. But

# Good soup -

It almost goes without saying that people eat soup because they like it. But don't overlook the fact that you really want soup because you need soup.

Soup quickens the appetite and strengthens the digestion. Eat soup every day if you wish to get the most enjoyment and the most benefit from all your food.

See how a delicious plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup gives a new sparkle to your dinner tonight!

The pure tomato juices and rich tomato "meat" strained to a fine puree, blended with fresh country butter, seasoned with delicate nicety by Campbell's chefs.

What a wonderfully appetizing start-off for the meal!

21 kinds  
12 cents a can



# Good appetite -



Here's a happy exhibition—  
Campbell's Kids in competition.  
Ribbon winners in nutrition—  
"Soup for you" is their ambition!

# Good health !

Bland spoiled things unwittingly for the moment, by blushing and exclaiming: "Oh, I wasn't planning to say that so soon. Don't answer yet. Got something else on my mind."

Morna brought back her wild joy at being an idiot by cutting him off with: "There's nothing more needs to be said. Yes, I will, Bland."

Her brain uttered one last despairing shriek. The other voice roared that there were no regrets, no regrets—would be none, whatever happened, beach or no beach.

"You know, don't you," Bland was saying, "that I've not got the—the prospects that some have? You realize that?"

"I do. Yes," she answered.

"And you don't care? You're game?"

"I'm game."

Every muscle in her face was loosening and warming into a smile, though her eyes smarted and blurred over.

She had dim sight of a lean, big-knuckled hand moving upward across his chest. It vanished beneath his coat lapel—came out again, bringing with it a white oblong.

"Read this, dear," he said.

As her fingers grasped the envelope, the curtains swished apart, and the waiter loomed above them, tray held high. She had opened another envelope today, somewhere. . . . Oh, yes, that picture. There was nothing colorful about this sheet of bond paper, the quiet letterhead of a New York legal firm. Her eyes skipped down the fateful page to the muted tangle of dishes being set out.

" . . . beg to advise . . . your automatic film-winding device for cheap cameras . . .

validity of the patents sustained . . . U. S. Supreme Court in a decision rendered . . . accordance with agreement . . . am authorized to make you an offer . . . choice between royalty and cash payment. . . following terms respectively. . . ."

After the "terms," Morna saw no more than the words "General Counsel" in capitals, bolstering up an undecipherable but most impressive signature.

"A person," Bland began to mumble, "oughtn't to be bothered with turning a key when he's taking pictures that may mean something to him. I used to think about that, nights down in Mexico years ago. Notion sort of got me."

A person oughtn't to be bothered. . . . He loved the panorama of life. Here he was, trying to help people to snatch their own lovely bits out of the flying tapestry more swiftly, more surely. How right that was! She must, though, do him the courtesy of listening to what he was saying.

"The camera people have been backing the lawsuits, since I got the patents. Four-five years now. They seemed to think pretty well of the thing. I didn't want to say anything about it before. Afraid it mightn't go through. Almost let it out to you one time—remember that jack-rabbit we lost that day just on account of that little key? Lord, how I've loved you, Morna!"

"Don't you still?" she asked him, and both laughed.

"Pretty crude to be talking about money matters already," he said, "but don't you think the cash payment is the thing to take? And put it all, practically, in bonds? Because I know I'll never have another idea like that. I'm no money-maker."

"I shouldn't want you to be," said Morna Wayne. "And I think that's exactly what you ought to do."

"Finish up this term at the summer school," he went on planning aloud. "You give the boss notice up at the courthouse. Object to an August wedding? Neither do I! And then—you'd like to scout around a bit, wouldn't you, Morna?"

"Would I?"—tensely. "With you, I mean."

"Thought so. I've seemed, odd times, to feel you just aching. . . . Where'll we go first?"

"Oh—Kyoto. I always liked the name. Where is it?"

"All right—whatever you say. Of course, this amount of money won't mean I can quit working for life."

"I know it," said Morna. "That's what makes it so perfect."

"What I was thinking, too. It just means we'll not starve if we manage well; yet there'll always be a—spur."

"Oh," Morna sighed, "I wish everyone in the world could be the same way."

They said nothing for several seconds.

"Money won't spoil you?" she asked at length.

She was faintly embarrassed as soon as the words were spoken. She had drifted into such a variety of thoughts, having to do with keeping your heart open for late larks, fairy-tales coming true once in ten thousand times, and rough-seeming trails turning smooth if you only tackled them bravely, that she had asked the question without reflecting that it was really useless. She could have found the answer by simply looking into Bland Marsden's face.

## GERALDINE

(Continued from page 37)

I didn't know that, as a matter of fact; Joe hadn't mentioned it to me, and I hadn't heard of it; but I saw that Bella knew what she was talking about and it must be true. "Queer he'd do that," I said. "Last night he was arguing for a postponement of taking up Cameron's name at the club."

"Yes," she told me. "It's because of something that's turned up lately."

"Did Joe tell you what it was, Bella?"

"No," she said. "He didn't need to. Cameron's in a terrible mess over that loud girl you see all over the place in a red car, Una Crispwell, and her father's going to have her sue him for breach-of-promise. Mrs. Thomas R. Cloop heard about it yesterday, so it's all over town, today."

"It must be," I said, because I recognized that as accurate. If Mrs. Thomas R. Cloop heard a piece of news one day, it would certainly be all over town by the next afternoon. "You don't suppose anybody will think Geraldine ought to be—"

"Oh, yes, I do!" Bella interrupted. "There are too many kind souls excited about how she'll take it. They want all to be able to resist the temptation to feel that it's somebody's duty to tell her. Besides, her father would hear of it, if she didn't."

"Murder!" I said. "How will she take it?"

Bella shook her head, and there was some compassion in her expression. "Poor thing!" she said. "If I were in her place, I believe about the hardest thing of all would be to know that everybody was watching me—staring, with all their mouths open, ready to begin the gabble!—to see how I stood up under it. You and Joe will probably be the first to know, I suspect. She regards you as her two best friends, and she'll probably send for you both, if she sends for anybody. For my part, I admit I'm as base as my neighbor and just as curious to know how Geraldine takes it. Joe won't

tell me—he'll consider it too heroic or sacred, or something, to be talked about—so I'll have to find out from you."

But Bella didn't have to wait to find out from me. As it happened, she didn't have to wait five minutes. Aunt Sallie came in just then, and she knew all about it and was full of it.

"People are just buzzing!" she said. "I mean over this scandal about that relative of the Camerons. It seems the Cameron family are hurrying around to everybody, explaining that he's only their third cousin once or twice removed, and that they really hardly knew him until he came here, and they intend to have nothing to do with him from now on. Mrs. Tom Cloop tells me she decided last night that Geraldine Wygate had a right to know what was being said, so she went over there and started to tell her; but Geraldine already knew all about it, and took a very high hand with her. She told Mrs. Cloop that it was the most absolute slander and persecution; but that it was going to be stopped at once and wouldn't amount to anything. Mrs. Cloop says she's just demented to talk that way—with poor old Mr. Wygate lying at the point of death on account of it!"

"What?" Bella cried. "Why, he only goes around doing what Geraldine tells him to."

"Not in this case, it seems," her mother said. "Mrs. Cloop told me he had a terrible scene with Geraldine after lunch—not two hours ago—and the end of it was that he fell on the floor, and Geraldine had to call the servants in and get him to bed and send for the doctor. Mrs. Cloop's cook has a sister who's housemaid at the Wygates—a nice way for me to be passing on information! But anyhow, the housemaid said they could hear the old man shouting something about Cameron and telling Geraldine she was crazy. They could hear him clear out in the kitchen—and the last thing he said was

'Never!' They heard him just screaming, 'Never! Never! Never!' He must have fallen down then, because he was still mumbling 'Never!' when Geraldine called for help and they came running in. That's all they know about it; but my own belief is that Geraldine had been telling him she was going right ahead and marry this Cameron in spite of the scandal."

Bella shook her head. "No," she said. "It must have been something else."

"Why must it?"

"Because it would be so much a matter-of-course with Geraldine that she's going to marry him anyhow, it wouldn't occur to her to say so. It was something else."

"Well, whatever it was," Aunt Sallie said, "it's just about killed that poor old man. The doctor's car is still standing in front of their house, I noticed, as I came by."

Aunt Sallie didn't exaggerate when she said the trouble between Geraldine and her father had 'just about killed that poor old man'—it did more than that. The doctor's car was still in front of the Wygates' when I left Bella and Aunt Sallie, half an hour later, and went home. By eight o'clock that evening, though, the doctor's car had gone—but there was another one standing there in place of it. This one was the undertaker's.

It was Geraldine herself who called me up the next day and asked me to be one of the pallbearers. Her voice was a little tremulous and sorrowful, but she seemed to be perfectly self-possessed, and not at all in the tragic condition that might have been expected. She was the same way at the funeral, too; and this was the more remarkable because it was in the strange arrangements for the ceremony that she reached the climax of her queerness and gave every gossip in town a thrill that would never be forgotten.

She and her father had been almost alone





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in the world, so far as kinsfolk were concerned—the only relatives present at the funeral were some cousins on her mother's side, and they were sitting in the front row of chairs near the coffin. There were two vacant chairs in front of them, and just before the minister was ready to begin, there was a rustle on the stairs, and I heard Joe Buell, who was sitting next to me, with the pallbearers, say something to himself that sounded awe-stricken.

Geraldine came down the stairs leaning on the arm of Bellworthy Cameron, and they went to the two chairs nearest the coffin and sat there.

Even in that place and in that hour, you could almost hear the people thinking, their thoughts were so loud. Geraldine was as calm as if she and Bellworthy Cameron were sitting in the Wygate pew in church on any Sunday morning; she touched her eyes with her handkerchief once or twice, toward the close of the minister's remarks, but that was all. As for the beautiful Cameron, he was solemnly imperturbable; no one could have guessed a thought of his, except that he was not dissatisfied.

Geraldine took his arm again when the ceremony at the house was over; they went out and got into the carriage next behind the hearse; they drove to the cemetery together as chief mourners; he stood with her beside the grave; and when that final part of the funeral was over, he got into the carriage to go back to the house with her. Just then she beckoned to me. "Will you please come to see me in about half an hour?"

I told her I would, and when I got there, Cameron had gone. She'd taken off her black veil, and she was pale, but not downcast. She smiled as she invited me to sit down.

"I've got to ask somebody's advice," she said. "I did ask your cousin Joe's—I sent for him last night—but he refused to give it to me. It's about raising quite a large sum of money on property and securities in a quiet way. Mr. Cameron could do it for me, but we both feel it would be better if he didn't appear in the matter."

"Why?" I asked her.

She frowned a little, but not as if in great distress. "I shall have to explain it to you. You've heard something of this—this,"—she hesitated,—"of this talk about him?"

"Yes," I said. "Something."

She looked at me sharply. "Do you know the truth about it?"

I was embarrassed. "I don't know that I do," I told her. "I understand you don't think it amounts to anything—"

"I didn't say that," she interrupted. "I said it *wouldn't* amount to anything. I

meant it wouldn't because I intend taking measures to see that it doesn't."

I was confused, not following her thought exactly. "But I understood you said it was a persecution, and slander and—"

"Yes," she said. "The truth is often slander in the mouths of those who don't understand it. It's quite true that Mr. Cameron has become involved with the Crispwell girl; but just to say that, isn't to tell the truth about it."

"Wait a minute," I said. "I'm getting mixed up. You say he's involved. Do you mean—"

"I mean the girl pestered him to death," Geraldine said calmly. "She fell violently in love with him, of course, as soon as she saw him; she managed to get herself introduced to him. After that she sought him continuously; she put herself in his way a dozen times a day. Women simply besiege him, of course, and naturally he can't prevent them from making love to him. In this case it's resulted in his becoming seriously involved with Una Crispwell."

I stared at her. "And you—you don't resent it, Geraldine?"

"Resent it?" she cried, speaking loudly all of a sudden. "Who am I to expect to be given every single look and thought of a man like that? Do you think a great musician would be allowed to play all his life for nobody except his wife? Here's a man all women can't help adoring; every woman who ever sees him will struggle to make him care for her; and if he isn't actually harsh or unkind to her, she may believe she's succeeded. Well, it isn't his nature to be harsh, and at times his kindness is certain to be taken advantage of, to entrap him. That's what's happened now."

"He's asked you to help him?" I said.

"No. He told me all about it—everything—and I am proud that he came to me, proud that I can help, and that I'm the only one who can. He didn't ask me; he simply told me that he was worried on my account because he didn't see how to avoid a great deal of notoriety for himself, and he knew it would hurt me. The girl's father has asked a large sum of money; otherwise he'd bring this suit, and Bellworthy had no way to raise such a sum."

"How much is it?" I asked her.

"A hundred thousand dollars," she said. "But he told me they would accept ninety, he was sure."

"He told you that, Geraldine? When?"

"Just before I spoke to poor Papa about it." Her eyes began to wink a little, and she touched them with her handkerchief. "Papa had been very kind in other matters; I didn't dream he'd refuse me in this. I told him it was something I simply *must* do—and he got terribly upset. I couldn't quiet him." She winked harder then, and had to stop and cry a little before she could go on. "Poor man!" she said. "He oughtn't to have let himself get so excited; it wasn't good for him."

"No," I told her. "I suppose not."

I WAS just sitting there, looking at her, and wondering if anybody could believe me if I ever related the facts about this interview—about how she had said it hadn't been "good" for poor old Mr. Wygate to "get so excited!" And I wondered if anybody who didn't know her could believe the truth about Geraldine generally. Most people are pretty queer, I suppose, when we get right down to the bedrock truth about them; but that doesn't often happen, and we fall into the way of believing that most of us are rational. Probably we are, part of the time; but it's my belief that pretty few of us are that way all the time.

Geraldine wiped her eyes and quit crying; she even smiled a little. "Of course, everything's different now," she said. "It's all mine now, to do as I please with; Papa's

will left it to me without any restrictions, and the first thing I want to do is to raise this money. That's what I want you to help me about."

I got up. "I'm sorry," I told her.

"You want?" she said, and she sat looking up at me solemnly. "That's just what your cousin Joe said—I'm sorry!—and he walked out of the house. It doesn't seem very kind."

"Yet Joe Buell would do more for you than he would for anybody else in the world," I told her, looking at her pretty seriously.

"I know it," she said. "But he won't do this, and so I'm asking you. Want you?"

"Not in a thousand years, Geraldine," I told her. "What's more, I'd do anything I could to stop you. If I could manage it, I'd get a guardian appointed for you. Look here! Do you know how much of your estate would have to be put up to raise ninety thousand dollars? And aside from that, how are you going to feel about it a few years from now? Do you want to marry a man who's cost you—"

But there she stopped me, and stopped me pretty sharply, too. She jumped up, red and angry. "Please do what your cousin did!" she said; and I obeyed her. I bowed to her, and I walked out of the house.

I wasn't angry, of course; I was too sorry for her; and naturally I knew I'd wasted my breath. She intended to raise that money—I think she felt that such a great sacrificial generosity was the one thing to bind Cameron to her and keep him from playing fast and loose with any more Una Crispwells—and it wasn't difficult for her to get somebody else to do the job for her. In fact, it was only a few days afterward that I heard the thing had been done.

A BANKER friend of mine told me confidentially at lunch that the money had been turned over to Miss Una Crispwell in the form of certified checks, that morning, in his own bank. "We couldn't do anything about it," he said. "There was no ground on which we could interfere, though I'd have liked to. Of course the Crispwell girl is only camouflage for that dirty, fat old man of hers. He'll make her deposit the money to his credit in some other bank, and maybe let Una have enough to buy a fur coat. He put the whole thing over, and probably he's laughing his head off right now, to think how easily it worked!"

But this was a mistake. My banker friend was shrewd; but he didn't know Una Crispwell, or how much she really cared for Bellworthy Cameron. In her way, I think she was as desperate about him as Geraldine was; and the reason she'd let her father use her to annoy him was her belief that it might be the only way to keep Bellworthy for herself. Old Crispwell wasn't laughing, as my friend guessed; he was cursing, and he had a black eye. Una wouldn't give him a cent! What's more, before they were through with the argument, she manhandled him pretty severely, for he was nothing but fat, and she was a big, powerful girl.

Then she went straight to Cameron. "Why won't you marry me now?" she said. "I've got more than your other girl has."

Crispwell went raving around town, cursing them both and telling the whole story. Of course, by that time, almost everybody believed that the whole thing was a mere ordinary swindle, and that Bellworthy Cameron had actually been in it, and had played a part from the start, like any professional crook. But that was a mistake. I don't mean he ever really cared anything in particular about Geraldine; he was much more taken with Una—she was really "his style of girl;" but he did mean to marry Geraldine until Una came up in his office and captured him with that bold bit of drama: "Why won't you marry me now?"

I imagine she must have looked pretty handsome when she said it, and there cer-

## G. B. Stern

Pretty nearly everyone in America who keeps up with the best of the new fiction has read "Matriarch." Well, here comes another story by the young author of that novel—a story that is about as smartly clever as this magazine has ever published. It is to appear in an early issue under the title—

"Lords and Ladies"

# Why Mrs. William E. Borah believes in this care for her skin

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"THE Pond's method keeps the skin in the pink of condition, rejuvenating it from the strain of entertaining. Just as surely, too, do Pond's Two Creams protect the complexions of women who ride the sage-brush-covered prairies of our great West. These two excellent Creams, in which I firmly believe, are made to serve women of all pursuits, in all climates, everywhere."

*Thy M. Emmet Borah*

**D**AUGHTER of the late William J. McConnell, former Governor of Idaho, and wife of its present Senator to the United States Congress, Mary McConnell Borah was destined from the first for public life.

The young man who was her father's private secretary fell in love with this golden-haired slip of a girl who rode her own ponies over the sage-brush plains so fearlessly and well. After they were married the Senatorial toga fell upon this young man's shoulders.

And then came the test of formal officialdom at Washington! Mrs. Borah met it with complete success and has ever since responded to the countless official and social demands of Washington life.

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Mrs. Borah believes in a rounded life, in a woman's looking after the details of her appearance. Not long ago I asked her what she considered the best way of caring for the skin. "A good cream," she answered, "for cleansing and keeping it firm and fine. And another for protecting it." Then she told me how the women who live on the great western plains of our country must protect their skin as they ride or drive over the prairies. "The alkaline dust of the desert ruins their complex-



MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH

*wife of the Senator from Idaho who is  
Chairman-elect of the Senate Foreign Relations  
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ions unless they guard them carefully. This is just where Pond's Creams are such a help. They keep the skin from becoming parched in this dry atmosphere."

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*Every single day cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always at night, and on returning from an outing, pat it over your skin. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores and bring to the surface the dust and dirt which clog them. Wipe off all the cream and dirt and repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water.*

*Over your newly cleansed skin, before you powder, smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a positively damask smoothness and over it your powder goes on beautifully and stays smoothly and ever so long. Moreover, this thin veil of Vanishing Cream acts as a protection, guarding your skin against drying, chapping, and burning from sun, cold and wind. So always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out.*

**W**HEN you buy Pond's Creams ask for the new generous jar of the Cold Cream. The Vanishing Cream, of which you use less, comes in smaller jars only.

Other women of distinguished position who approve the Pond's Method are:

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tainly was something magnificent in the size of her nerve and her unscrupulousness. Anyway, it captured him, because they left that night for San Francisco. Cameron wanted plenty of space between him and his father-in-law.

SO there was a doctor's car in front of the old Wygate house again, pretty soon after it had been there before; for Geraldine took her tragedy about as hard as any woman could take anything and survive. Bella told me the trained nurse thought Geraldine was out of her head most of the time, but that she really wasn't. The nurse thought so because she wouldn't lie quiet unless she had a picture of St. George on her breast; and she'd talk to it and call it her saint—and

say how sorry she was her saint had been "trapped!" She was always talking about her saint's having been "trapped," the nurse told Bella.

Of course when Geraldine got up and began going about again, nobody ever spoke of Cameron in her presence; and for my part I never heard her refer to him again except once—but the way she did it that once almost knocked me off my feet. It wasn't so long ago; it was at Aunt Sallie's seventieth-birthday dinner, and Geraldine had been married to Joe Buell for ten years. Somebody mentioned that old Judge Cameron had spent the winter in California; and before Bella thought, she said impulsively: "Yes, and he says Bellworthy Cameron has become a moving-picture actor. He says—"

oh!" She broke off, staring around the table; everybody was looking at her agonizingly.

"Oh, dear!" Bella mumbled. "Oh, dear me!" But Geraldine wasn't even embarrassed. "Bellworthy Cameron?" she said inquiringly, as if she didn't immediately identify that name with a person. Then she laughed with the reminiscent kind of amusement we feel when we remember some absurdity of long ago. "The silly thing," she said.

And she turned to her eight-year-old son, sitting beside her. "You eat that drumstick!" she told him.

To my way of thinking, this was the most mystifying thing she ever did; but I know that if I'd had the bad taste to tell her so, Geraldine wouldn't have had the faintest idea what I meant.

## THE UNSEEN OWNER

(Continued from page 79)

the shed as they ran." She began to whimper weakly, clutching at the sleeves of her coarse cotton nightdress.

Carrying something heavy that knocked against the shed! It was that realistic touch, you know, that convinced me. And I knew Aunt Kate believed Madge's story, though she pretended otherwise.

It was a long time before we got our frightened servant back to bed. We had to let her barricade that south door with chairs and tables. When we finally got rid of Madge, I threw a wrapper of Aunt Kate's over my nightdress and sat on the edge of her bed. We had blown out the lamp.

"Mary,"—her cold, thin old hand closed over mine,—"*it's possible, of course, that Freer—wherever he may be—doesn't even know that his wife is dead.*"

"You mean that he—might come back here to—to scare her?"

"Well—but why with something heavy?"

We were silent for a little while—listening to raps and creaking noises in the old walls of the house.

"In the morning," I said, "I'll walk down to the village and get bolts for all those outside doors."

"Yes, child. Now, you'd better go back to bed."

We could hear Madge snoring already—a comforting sound. Perhaps it made my return to my bedroom in the dark, past that place in the parlor where Mrs. Freer's coffin had stood, a little easier.

BEFORE breakfast the next morning I went out by the front door and around the south end of the house, where I found Aunt Kate standing close to the wall, with her back to me.

"No tracks, of course," I said. "The ground is dry as a bone."

She turned and looked at me. Her eyes were puzzled, but there was no fear in them. She pointed to one of the white clapboards.

"Your eyes are better than mine, Mary. There's something written here, I think."

There was. It was so fantastic I could hardly believe my own eyes, but I whispered the words to Aunt Kate:

"*'God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.'*"

"Well!" she exclaimed. Then I saw her square chin go up, and a fighting look came into her blue eyes.

### "The Parsons Case"

It was one of the most remarkable ever undertaken by Detective Duff. The full story of it will appear in an early issue from the distinguished pen of—

Harvey O'Higgins

"I don't think, Mary, that I shall be scared away. We have paid the rent of this house; the surroundings are utterly lovely; and I mean to remain here."

But that was quite what I should have expected of her. That she was moved to make the assertion—to put it in words so soon, after only a few days' sojourn in the Freer place, made me wonder if perhaps she doubted my own stability.

Of course Madge was demoralized that morning, sulky and threatening to leave us. But we knew she wouldn't go.

After breakfast Peggy and I walked down to the village and bought a lot of strong bolts. On the way home, Peggy said:

"If you ever hear me rapping on our partition wall in the night, will you come right into my room?"

"Of course. And you're to do the same, if I rap."

As we turned up the drive to the house, we saw Aunt Kate in a little rocking-chair, under a tree on the lawn. She was smiling.

"Well, girls, I have met a rural philosopher this morning. You remember the agent told us we had one near neighbor, in that small unpainted house beyond the north orchard. I went out there half an hour ago, pretending to examine the green apples on the trees. A little old farmer in a wide straw hat was hoeing in a garden, just beyond the fence. I leaned on the fence and said, 'Good morning, neighbor.'"

I could imagine her saying it.

"He came over to me," she went on, "and we stood there quite a while, exchanging philosophical remarks."

"Did you tell him—anything?" Peggy asked.

"Of course not. Would I whine about being afraid, to the first man I meet? But if we should have to tell somebody, Mr. Dayton—that's his name—is the one I should tell, in preference to that shifty-eyed agent. Mr. Dayton was quite intimate with the Freer family. Living alone, an old widower as he calls himself, he used to come over here very often. He says Mandy—that was the late Mrs. Freer—was 'an awful good woman.' But when I mentioned him, he shook his head. Then, after a while, he observed that God had his own mysterious ways of tryin' women's souls, and he was glad that Mandy Freer was safe in the bosom of her Maker."

After luncheon we put bolts on all the outside doors, except Peggy's, which had one on it already. Aunt Kate went down cellar with me and held the lantern, while I worked away at that door.

"It isn't likely," I said, "that Freer would have carried off a duplicate cellar key, but we won't take any chances."

This was my first visit to the nether regions since the day Sawyer showed us over the place. Madge wouldn't keep food down there—she was afraid to go after it, even in the daytime.

All the windows on the ground floor had adjustable long nail fasteners—more secure, really, than the patent fasteners on city windows; so we promised ourselves a long night's rest.

"Unless somebody smashes the windows," I said, "or sets fire to the place, I think we're all right now."

JUST before noon the next day, while the three of us were outdoors admiring the last of our June roses, we were surprised by a call from the agent. He had driven out in a rusty Ford car.

"He looks yellower and bonier than ever," Peggy whispered to me as he walked across the lawn to us.

"Mr. Sawyer," Aunt Kate began, "if the real owner of this house should return and annoy us in any way—"

"Who told you that?" Sawyer snapped, his gray eyes narrowing.

"The butcher," I answered for her. "But we didn't suppose it was a secret, Mr. Sawyer. And you might have told us yourself."

His eyes wavered from one to the other of us. "It didn't seem necessary. And I don't believe he will come back. There's a little matter, anyway, between him and the sheriff."

He caught himself, as if he had said more than he intended—or was it just enough?

"You have the receipt I gave you, as agent for Miss Freer," he added. "You'd have only to show that receipt."

Aunt Kate's eyes opened wide—it was so inadequate, in the circumstances, his assurance of the *legality* of our occupation.

"Very well," she said. "If Mr. Freer presents himself at the front door, and in the daytime, I'll show him the receipt."

Mr. Sawyer ignored the veiled implication, made a remark about the weather, lifted his hat, and went back to his car.

"Why didn't we ask him what he meant about the sheriff?" I whispered.

"Because we should have learned nothing more," she answered. "But come along now. There's Madge in the doorway—which means that luncheon is ready."

At the table she told us that our neighbor, the rural philosopher, had offered to give us a peck of string-beans fresh from his garden; he was going to bring them over about two.

"He'll be more at his ease out of doors," she said, "than in the house, I fancy. Most farmers are like that. We'll be sitting on the lawn out there, I in my rocking-chair, you girls on the grass. If we can lure him into talking about the Freers—"

WE were ready in our places on the lawn, when we saw coming down the road from the north a little old fellow with a thin white beard, carrying a basket poised on his head. He had put on a coat for the occasion. Turning in at our gate, he came smilingly toward us.

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Fels-Naptha!

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Philadelphia



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

## An old-timer sets a quantity pace for pipe-smokers

Here's a remarkable letter from an old-time traveling man in Seattle, who says he has smoked five-eighths of a ton of Edgeworth during the past twenty-four years.

He tried to keep his identity a secret. But one of our scouts tracked him down, induced him to sign the letter and permit its publication, on condition that his name would not be mentioned.

Larus & Bro. Co.                      Seattle, Wash.  
Richmond, Va.  
Gentlemen:

I have smoked a pipe for about forty-four years. In 1900 I read a report issued by some Federal Bureau in which it gave a rating of pureness of nearly all the then best known smoking tobaccos. If my memory has not played me a trick Edgeworth stood at the head of the list. I was sufficiently interested to try a can of Edgeworth. Since that time I have smoked nothing but Edgeworth, and when I tell you that I buy a one pound can every week, or fifty-two pounds a year, sometimes more, you will surmise that I am some pipe fiend.

A pound of tobacco per week for twenty-four years makes twelve hundred and forty-eight pounds of Edgeworth, five-eighths of a ton.

The reasons for my loyalty to Edgeworth are these:

It is always the same. Another reason is that Edgeworth is sold everywhere. This letter is not for publication, but just intended as a notification that you have a few inveterate smokers scattered over the country who smoke Edgeworth because they believe it to be the best tobacco on the market.

I have purposely cut off the business heading of this paper and will just sign myself.  
Yours very truly,  
"A qualified judge of smoking tobacco."

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 8-J South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

**To Retail Tobacco Merchants:** If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



"You are kind, Mr. Dayton," Aunt Kate said, as he set the basket of beans on the ground. When she introduced him to Peggy and me, he took off his wide straw hat and made us two jerky bows.

"Glad to meet you, ladies."

"Wont you sit down with us, Mr. Dayton?" My aunt's manner was graciously simple. "Madge will bring us coffee in a moment."

And Madge did. Four large cups she brought, with cream and sugar. Mr. Dayton's old face flushed with pleasure, and he sat down on the ground with Peggy and me before Aunt Kate's chair. When he smiled, the little wrinkles came out in the leathery skin around his eyes, making him look like a kind old gnome.

"So many times," he said, "I've had coffee out here in this yard, with Mandy and Josephine Freer. I miss 'em, ma'am, miss 'em terribly—specially Mandy."

"I suppose Mr. Sawyer knew the Freers very well," I ventured.

He looked at me, thoughtfully, before answering. "Well, Sawyer was tryin' to pay attention to Josephine; but she wa'n't very keen, I guess, to have him. He's twenty years older than she is. I didn't know, till I first see you here a few days ago, that she'd told him to let the place. After her mother's funeral she went right back to Canaan. She works there, you know, in a store. A smart girl, Josephine, and hard-workin', like 'er mother."

Peggy smiled at him. "We don't care much for Mr. Sawyer."

Mr. Dayton drank his coffee with a whistling sound, for one of his front teeth was gone. Then he took out a red bandanna and wiped his mouth and white beard. That ceremony ended, he looked approvingly at Peggy.

"Young lady, if you're as right in all the transactions of life as you are in your judgment o' Mark Sawyer, I guess you wont go far out o' the way o' wisdom."

Aunt Kate took advantage of that auspicious opening.

"Mr. Sawyer hinted to us this morning that there was some—shall we say business with the sheriff?—in connection with Mr. Freer's long absence from home."

At the mention of the sheriff, a shadow passed over the kindly face of the old man. He drew back for a moment—then leaned forward, breathlessly peering at Aunt Kate. It came to me instantly then that Mr. Dayton was more eager for knowledge, on some point or other connected with the Freers, than we were.

"Did he say what business, ma'am?" Either his voice was unsteady, or I imagined it was. Aunt Kate shook her head. "He didn't tell us—just left the hint with us, the derogatory suggestion."

Mr. Dayton drew a long breath, and gazed off across the trees to the blue distance. Then—suddenly—his gray-blue eyes darted back to Aunt Kate's face.

"Seems to me," he said, "a most unchivalrous suggestion, if he's really the friend he pretends to be—to Josephine."

"Then you think, Mr. Dayton, there really wasn't—anything?"

"Well,"—he had now recovered his equanimity,—"I may as well tell you, ma'am, because you might hear it in the village. There was talk about illegal liquor."

"Oh!" the three of us exclaimed.

Only for a second, though, was our tension relieved by that unexpected turn of thought. No doubt the charge was true, but as an explanation of Freer's action, it was quite irrelevant. One thing was clear to us, though—very clear: whatever the motives of the man who was hanging around our house at night, our neighbor was not the person to help us hunt him down. "Unchivalrous." That was the word he had used about Sawyer's hint. So this loyal friend of the late

Mandy Freer was not to be told, at present, anyway, of the problem in our minds.

We turned the conversation to other channels, commenting on the beauty of the Berkshires.

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Dayton was obviously relieved. "And a fortnight from now we'll have the full moon."

He got to his feet then, saying: "If you ladies want to use my horse and buggy sometimes, I'll be glad to let you have them. I must get along now; it's cloudin' up in the west."

We thanked him again for the beans, and he thanked us for our kindness, and Aunt Kate promised to send him some of Madge's next baking of cakes. As he said, "Good afternoon, ladies," the little smiling wrinkles appeared again around his eyes.

We sat there, watching his quaint little figure go down the drive, then northward along the road.

"Well?" Aunt Kate glanced from one of us to the other.

"I think he's a perfect old dear!" said Peggy.

"And you, Mary?"

"I think he's more anxious than we are about that horrible creature whose picture is in the attic."

She pondered a moment. "So do I. And I think he has some suspicions of his own."

THAT night I was awakened by a sound—no louder than the ticking of a clock. But there was no clock in my room. I sat up in bed, listening. . . . Why—it was like a scratching on the wall. Peggy! Peggy was scratching on the wall—for me!

I was through the two rooms and beside her in a moment, whispering: "What is it?"

"Be still," she whispered back. Then she took my hand and motioned with it toward the open window.

I tiptoed over there, felt the wind on my face; but the night was utterly black—not a star.

Then I heard a step on the wooden platform by the pantry door, a few feet away to the left.

"Who's there?" I said aloud. "What do you want?"

Pad-pad-pad down those outside stairs went muffled footsteps, past the cellar entrance. There was a rustle of bushes as some one went through them, and down across the abandoned road behind our house.

My heart was going like a trip-hammer. Peggy was beside me now, clinging to me.

"That wasn't any nightmare of Madge's!" she said. "I think he's gone up in the hills—up that cleft where our water-pipe comes from."

Our water-pipe! I felt my way to the bed and sat down on it. Our water supply at that moment was something that just wouldn't let itself be thought about. The Titan of those hills! Peggy's poetic fancy had assumed a sinister aspect.

"He was going to try the pantry door, or the cellar," she breathed. "But those bolts are solid as rocks."

We decided not to tell Aunt Kate until morning.

When we went together to her room, we found her with her magnifying-glass, examining the flowered wall-paper.

"Good morning, girls," She laid the glass down on the bureau. "I've had an idea. In my leisure moments I'm going to inspect this house on the inside."

After breakfast we joined her in the search for more writing. We found it upstairs and downstairs—all sorts of wild messages. And on one of those old barrels in the attic, under a veil of dust, Peggy discovered another, "Get out of this house," like the one in her room.

"But if some of it is old writing," Aunt Kate said, "that doesn't prove that it's all old writing."





"ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO I was a complete wreck: could not eat or sleep, was anemic and my color had faded to a sickly green. My friends began to exchange pitying glances, and one day, an old lady insisted on giving me her seat. That was the crowning humiliation.

"I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In about six weeks found I could eat a real meal once more; in two months my natural color began to return." I kept on, and now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a well woman." MRS. F. R. CONNER, Florence, Ky.



"I BEGAN TO EAT Fleischmann's Yeast to overcome constipation. I ate it with a dash of salt and a cracker—the flavor being not unlike that of fine cheese. My improvement was steady and permanent. To make a long story short, my nervous system is normal and in excellent condition. Overwork does not bother me; my endurance is there. I eat and sleep like a he-man. The remarkable improvement in my health is a matter of record based on a competent physician's examination. Constipation? Banished forever. Fresh air, exercise and a few cakes of yeast a day did it." WALT MARSH, Belleville, Ill.

## A Story Told by Thousands

*How they corrected their ills—regained the vitality of youth—through one simple food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry

place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. M-21, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.

You will find many delicious ways of eating Fleischmann's Yeast; spread on crackers, dissolved in fruit juices or milk, with a little salt or just plain.



"THIS SPRING, just recovering from a serious illness, I asked my physician if Yeast would do me any good. He said that it was very good, so I began eating it. I certainly have never regretted doing so. I am no longer troubled with indigestion, headaches, or stomach troubles of any kind, nor do I any longer wish to hide my face on account of the pimples. Instead of the pale sallow look, I have a good rosy complexion, and indeed, I not only look better, but feel better. Before I merely toyed with my food, but now I can eat a hearty meal, and enjoy it. Fleischmann's Yeast has wrought this wonderful change, for at present I use no other remedies."

MISS JENNY CHARTRAND, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

# Indigestion vanishes ~ but digestion goes on!



**G**ASTROGEN Tablets give you prompt relief from indigestion, heartburn and gas—and without interfering with the normal digestive process.

The stomach, you see, should be slightly acid—it's the normal condition for proper digestion.

And bicarbonate of soda, good as it is for many things, leaves the stomach with an alkaline residue which interferes with digestion.

## How Gastrogen Tablets do their work

Gastrogen Tablets promptly relieve hyper-acidity. There they stop! That's their work. In a few minutes after taking, your stomach will be normal—"in neutral,"—free from alkalines, and digesting your food as it should.

Your indigestion will vanish, your heartburn and your distress will be gone and, even if you ate a hundred Gastrogen Tablets, there can be no bad effect. When they sweeten your stomach they cease to work and pass through your system unchanged.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe, effective and convenient. They combat digestive disturbance without retarding digestion. They are pleasant to taste, they purify the breath and they are prompt in the relief they give.

*Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.*

# GASTROGEN

## Tablets

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Without charge or obligation on my part,  
send me your special introductory packet of  
6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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"Could it be?"—Peggy's eyes grew wide—"some crazy person?"

The thought of old Freer as a madman had not entered our minds before. It was rather appalling—a man obsessed with "the writing on the wall," seeing the doom, the end of something, maybe this old house itself.

When we were alone I said to Aunt Kate: "If one more thing happens—just one more, we'd better go back to New York. It isn't fair to Peggy—she's beginning to be afraid."

Aunt Kate patted my hand. "It would be a wrench—leaving these beautiful hills."

She didn't say, "leaving our mystery unsolved." But I knew her!

**T**HERE followed three uneventful nights. I began to think I had scared the creature away, that night I challenged him from Peggy's window.

One afternoon Mr. Dayton came over with a letter from Josephine Freer, telling him of her marriage the day before to "the best man in the world." She and her young husband were just starting for California—to live out there.

His happiness at the news was so extreme, so—yes, almost hysterical, it should have had a deeper meaning for us. But Aunt Kate's satisfaction at Sawyer's losing the girl made us think too little about our old man's exaggerated joy. Only later we thought about it.

We were seeing Mr. Dayton every day now. He would come over with a gift of vegetables, or to thank us for a cake or a pie we had sent to him, by Madge.

"It sort of quiets my nerves," Madge said, "knowing there's a man within call."

Aunt Kate had forbidden her to tell our neighbor about that "something heavy that knocked against the shed;" and we had kept from her knowledge all the other strange happenings at the Freer place. It was lucky for us that Madge was nearsighted, for she never saw any of the writing on the walls, and we never told her about it—not even when we were safe again in our New York home.

I wonder now that we remained in that house as long as we did. It was Aunt Kate's curiosity, I think—the passionate curiosity of an old woman, that will not let her rest until she has found out something.

In the forenoon of our third day of quiet she borrowed Mr. Dayton's horse, to take Peggy for a drive, while I remained with Madge.

Just before noon I was in the dining-room, leaning out of the back window with a book in my hand, when I heard the voices of Peggy and Aunt Kate—just returned from their drive.

In suddenly turning to greet them, I dropped my book out of the window.

"Oh!" I cried. "How stupid of me!"

"I'll help you find it," Peggy said. Her cheeks were rosy from the long drive in the open air; her eyes were dancing.

We ran round behind the house to search for my book, which had fallen straight down there among the shrubs and bushes fifteen feet below. As we parted those bushes to look for the book—each of us gave a choking sound, and each of us put up a hand to stop the other's mouth.

Right there before our eyes, in the foundation wall of the cellar, was a gaping hole. It was not a large hole yet—the work was only begun, had been tested and proven easy—no doubt would be finished that night.

We just backed away from those bushes and sank down on the ground. Of course we were overcome, but we didn't imagine the truth, even then.

As soon as we could breathe slowly, we got to our feet and went to fetch Aunt Kate. We took her right down there behind the house, parted those bushes before her, and pointed.

She didn't sink down on the ground—not she! With her eyes fixed on that hole in our cellar wall, her face turned red, then white. She sniffed, as I think an old war-horse might sniff at the sound of a bugle far off.

Then she turned and faced us, whispering excitedly:

"Not a word, girls! Don't talk to me—I must think."

She turned away then and ran—actually ran—along the length of the house to the south door, and we followed her. As we went through the entry, she called out, in almost a natural voice:

"Is luncheon ready, Madge? We're hungry as wolves."

That luncheon! We didn't talk much—only a word now and then, to make things seem normal to Madge; and as soon as we could, we left the table and went to Aunt Kate's room.

She took up her long-handled magnifying-glass from the bureau.

"You two may go down cellar with me," she said, "and help me to open that outside door. But then you must go right out again, and up those stairs there, and sit on the platform outside the pantry door, and keep still. When I want you, I'll come out and tell you so. Yes, bring the lantern. The light from the door may not extend far enough. I'm going to examine that cellar."

Aunt Kate in this mood was a person to be obeyed.

After passing through the cellar, Peggy and I went up those outside stairs and sat on the platform. We sat there a long time. We didn't speak. Our thoughts were down there in the musty cellar with Aunt Kate and the long-handled glass. What was she doing? And what idea was in her sane old head?

Once she came out and stood at the foot of the stairs, looked up at us with her finger on her lips, then turned and disappeared through the bushes round the back of the house. A few minutes later she reappeared, also through the bushes, but sidewise—concealing something from us with her body and skirts, something held in her right hand.

She made a flickering motion at us with her left hand, which we understood, and we turned our eyes away—but not before I had noticed that her cheeks were bloodless.

I put my hand over Peggy's, and could feel that it was trembling.

Aunt Kate came out of the cellar again, ran up the steps past us, and into the house through the open door of Peggy's room.

"Madge!" she called. "Madge! Will you run over to Mr. Dayton's—yes, right away—and ask him to come over here? Tell him there's something I want him to do for me, if he'll be so very kind."

Madge came out, wiping her hands on her apron, and started off—utterly unsuspecting—down the road toward our neighbor's house.

Aunt Kate turned and regarded us, sitting there.

"Try to look natural, you two, so he won't suspect anything."

"Look natural yourself!" I said. "You're white as a ghost."

"A ghost?" she echoed. "Perhaps. Or perhaps it's nothing at all. I don't know. But I've found something down there I don't like the looks of. And I've had enough of this house. We'll sleep in the village hotel tonight, and tomorrow night in New York. You said that Freer's face was a murderer's face."

She leaned over us, whispering hurriedly: "I always thought Dayton knew something. No—don't talk. Here he is."

**M**R. DAYTON was coming through the orchard with Madge. He was hurrying, in his shirt-sleeves, a willing smile on his old face.

"Mr. Dayton!" Aunt Kate forced an answering smile—but it was rather ghastly.

# WANTED: Men to Keep Pace with R.B. Cook

In 1919 R. B. Cook was a book-keeper—holding down a one-track job. In 1923—four years later—he was sales manager of the B. A. Railton Company, Chicago; and ever since that time has successfully directed a sales force of more than seventy salesmen, many of them with twenty years' experience.

"To the casual observer," writes R. A. Railton, General Manager of the B. A. Railton Company, "his rise might seem unusually rapid, but we view it as the natural result of his being prepared for the big opportunity when it came."

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(—So writes R. B. Cook, the employee.)

"The advancement I have made during the past five years to my present position as Sales Manager of the B. A. Railton Company was made possible thru your splendid training and the various services which I have used with much profit. Two years ago I wrote you saying that I would not part with the knowledge LaSalle training has brought me for \$10,000. Today I can say that I would not part with it for several times that amount."

(Signed) R. B. COOK, Chicago.

### "You Are Rendering Our Organization a Distinct Service"

(—So writes R. A. Railton, the employer.)

"In training a half million men, your institution has made a valuable contribution to business. You have added millions to the wealth of the annual earnings of your student members. Their increased productive capacity in turn is adding many millions to the business of the institutions which they serve. I feel that in bringing to our attention a man with the training and capabilities of Mr. Cook, you are rendering our organization a distinct service."

(Signed) R. A. RAILTON, Chicago.



When a young man can advance in four years from a routine job to the position of Sales Manager of one of the big wholesale houses of Chicago—without any pull except his own initiative—there must be a reason. There is a reason. It's summed up in the LaSalle salary-doubling plan. What that plan has done for R. B. Cook it can do for any man sincerely ambitious to increase his earnings.

## Advance, by this Plan, to Bigger Pay!

Here is the story of a pace-maker—a man who refused to let handicaps obstruct his progress—a man who acts and makes money by this simple principle: *to capitalize his every resource.*

Handicapped by ill health—which kept him in a hospital during four years of his boyhood—R. B. Cook, a Chicago man, bridged the gap in his education by day and evening study, which gave him a sound foundation for LaSalle home-study business training.

Starting as a bookkeeper, in 1919, he enrolled for LaSalle training in Modern Business Correspondence and Practice.

"Before I was half way thru my training," writes Mr. Cook, "I was promoted to Collection Manager, with an increase of 50 per cent in salary. Later I became Credit Manager of another concern. This move was a very decided promotion."

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Paragraph by paragraph, line by line, he takes up each assignment, asking himself how he can turn each business principle into profits for his company. A single idea—so he writes—which he got from his very first assignment—resulted in savings of many thousands of dollars for his firm.

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But before you can reap those rewards, you must make yourself more profitable to the business which employs you. By no other method can you possibly succeed.

Cook's experience clearly shows the way—a way illuminated by the careers of thousands of LaSalle-trained men. During only six months' time, for example, as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,399,507, an average increase per man of 89 per cent.

The details of the LaSalle salary-doubling plan will be sent you for the asking. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.

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# Comfort in the morning

ON THOSE zero days that are coming, you will be mighty glad you have Hoffman Vacuum Valves on your radiators. It's great to get up in a snug, warm house after a blizzard has howled all night.

Hoffman Vacuum Valves not only let air out of steam radiators but they keep it out. That means that you are not constantly wasting steam to push out the air that has sneaked back into radiators, and made them cold. You will be amazed how much less coal you burn and at the same time wonderfully improve the comfort you get from your steam heat.

## The Thirty Day Challenge Test Make it yourself

PUT a Hoffman Vacuum Valve on one radiator or equip all of them. Hours after you have banked your fires you will find that the radiators you are testing are still hot. In the morning they will be the first to heat. That is because air has been kept out. That is the magic of a vacuum.

Send us the coupon below for a little book "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief" which explains in simple words just why the magic vacuum created by Hoffman Vacuum Valves transforms the operation of steam heat. We will also send you a "Thirty-Day Trial Certificate" which lets you test these valves at our risk.

Your local plumbing and heating shops sell Hoffman Vacuum Valves

**HOFFMAN**  
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more heat from less coal

The Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.  
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New York City

Please send me without obligation your book "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief" and the "30-day Trial Certificate."

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"Pardon me for sending for you like this—but a man's strength, you know. We're only a parcel of women. Will you help me, in the cellar? Come, girls. No, Madge, we don't need you."

Mr. Dayton followed us down those stairs and into the cellar. He had turned deadly pale, and his face was working convulsively.

Aunt Kate pointed to a large spade, leaning against that row of long shelves. So that was what she had brought from the shed, through the bushes, hidden behind her skirts!

"Would you mind, Mr. Dayton, lifting away those planks—yes, just there, where the earth floor between the planks is different in color—and would you mind digging a hole, with that spade?"

What happened then was utterly amazing. Did you ever see a good old man break down—go all to pieces?

For a second or two Mr. Dayton stood there—just staring at Aunt Kate. Then he sank down on the floor of the cellar, sobbing like a child.

"Oh, I tried to do right by you, ma'am! I've nearly gone crazy myself with worry. Poor Mandy—while she was here all alone—was gettin' queerer and queerer. She said the ghost was a-rappin'—rappin' all over the house at night."

The ghost!

"Mandy said the house was doomed—doomed and numbered and finished, like her. She took to writin'—crazy things; I wonder you haven't found 'em—on the walls outside and in. Messages to herself, I suppose—loneliness talkin' to despair."

We glanced at one another. But the writing on the wall was nothing to us now in the face of this other thing.

"Time after time," Mr. Dayton sobbed, "ever since I first knew you were here, have I tried to get into this house at night—"

Aunt Kate staggered back against the shelves. "You? It was you who made that hole in the cellar wall?"

He raised his old eyes to us—blurred with tears.

"I just couldn't tell you what I wanted to do—I couldn't, for Josephine's sake. She

knows nothing about it. Don't you see? Don't you see?" His voice rose to an agonized scream. "But your danger was not so very great, with that spring water piped from the hills."

Spring water—something buried in the cellar—I felt a little faint.

"Oh, ma'am!" He caught hold of Aunt Kate's dress. "Why did you bring me down here?"

She could only gasp: "Then Freer did bury somebody here—before he ran away?"

"Freer?" he echoed. "Why, Freer's been dead since March. I've got lime and a spade hidden there in the bushes. The ground was so hard in March—it's softer now. I wanted to bury him deeper."

No, we didn't faint—nor cry out.

"It was Mandy who killed him," he shuddered. "Freer struck her down for the last time—here in the cellar one day. She stabbed him with the butcher knife. When she came and told me she'd killed him, of course I buried him for her. But he was too heavy for me to carry, anywhere I dash dig a hole."

We helped Mr. Dayton to his feet. Peggy was wiping his old eyes with her handkerchief.

"I've got to rest a minute, ma'am; then I'll hitch up the horse and go right over to the sheriff. Oh, he won't arrest me for the murder! There's a letter poor Mandy slipped under my door one night, when she was wanderin' around—a letter sayin' she'd give herself up. But I made her keep still—for that poor little Josephine's sake. And there must be a God, ma'am—lettin' Mandy die—"

"I'm going with you to the sheriff!" Aunt Kate cried. Her eyes were like blue fire.

NO real harm came to Mr. Dayton. Aunt Kate stood right by him—even offering a bond.

"His idea of chivalry," she says now, "was individual, illegal and all that. But the courage of him! Bringing lime and a spade in the ghostly nighttime, to do his awful job more thoroughly—for our sake—and for Mandy's."

## "The Comeback of Lady Courageous"

"Praise be to Allah . . . Lord of the Three Worlds! O Sultan, it has reached my ears—"

"The Information Kid was off again, deep in the pages of his beloved 'Arabian Nights,' and oblivious of all else, even the young spring moon that bathed the old Latonia track in silver. His slim form reposed on a cot in the tackle-room of old Sandy McKee, but in spirit he was following the romance of the Queen of the Shadow Isles. It was always so in April when the Kid came to Latonia. When spring dawned, and Kentucky called, and the sap stirred in all living things, the Information Kid's gray eyes grew soft and dreamy—"

Thus begins "The Comeback of Lady Courageous," one of the best stories Gerald Beaumont or any other man ever wrote. You will enjoy every word of it when it appears in an early issue of The Red Book Magazine.



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## THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE

(Continued from page 57)

into the Cree, I'm convinced the story is straight."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, before we knew what had happened, he had that upriver Cree on his back and was choking the life out of him."

"Good! Can you blame him," broke in Janet, "when he was being lied about?"

"He was a wild man—acted just as a guilty man would when he saw the net closing in. He's clever, I admit, to fool you women with that cock-and-bull story about coming from Fort Hope."

True to her Scotch blood, the factor's wife was ready to fight for her convictions.

"So that's your idea, is it? Well, it's not mine. What would you do if you were in his place, accused of a crime you didn't commit, and an Indian who would swear to anything to make himself a big man among the Crees should identify you as he did this boy? What would you do, Andrew Scott? I'll tell you what you'd do, for I know you. You'd half kill him! I don't blame that boy at all!"

The lord of Kapiskau grinned good-naturedly at his irate partner. "Well, Mother," he said, "let's have some supper. It's up to Inspector Cameron now."

OVER in the small shack behind the trade-house, in front of which lounged an armed Company Indian, a desperate boy sat with head in hands, his untouched supper on

a slab table beside him. When the Cree had never before seen had glibly identified him as a Cat Lake Ojibway who had traded at Lake St. Joseph, the pent rage and shame which for days had tortured him loosed itself in a mad impulse to choke the lie in the throat of the false witness. Separated from the man he had attacked, and regaining his senses, Jules realized that he had only tightened the net of suspicion in which he was enmeshed. The long road to Moose lay before him, and later the white man's prison.

That night the solace of sleep was denied him. As he turned and twisted on his bunk of spruce slabs, he heard the low voices of his guard and those who stopped to gossip. Then the voices ceased; the post slept.

An hour passed—two; and still the nerves of Jules Goreau gave him no respite from his thoughts. He was again following the traps with the puppy he had lost, when a faint sound at the door of the cabin froze him in his blankets—ears straining.

After a space the sound was repeated. It was the rubbing of wood on wood. The bar of the door! The threats of the past few days flashed through his brain.

"You'll never see Moose, you fur-stealer! We know what to do with man-killers at Kapiskau!"

So they had come—were opening the door to knife a man in his bed! Was the guard a party to it, or asleep?

Swiftly rolling his capote in the blanket to simulate a body, Jules crept from his bunk to the window and listened. Outside, the silence of the night was thick. They had chosen their time well.

The heart of the lad pounded in his throat. His brain desperately sought for a plan of defense. There was no weapon of any kind in the cabin. He must fight with bare hands. The first man through the door would come with a knife. Well, Jules Goreau would get that knife, and then, in the dark, they should have their fill of steel. But how to get the knife?

The door was eight or ten feet from the bunk, and the Cree would crawl to the sleeping man, rise on his knees and strike with the right arm. It was then, as the assassin rose to drive his knife home, that Goreau, from the wall, would lunge at the Indian and seize his right wrist. If he could reach it, Jules knew the hold that would snap the forearm. Then, with the knife, he could fight his way out if there were others, behind. The darkness would favor him.

He stole noiselessly across the shack, and crouching against the log wall of the cabin at the foot of the bunk, waited, muscles tense as a cat's about to spring. Again he heard the sound at the door. Presently he felt a movement of air against his face. The door was opening. He pressed his fingernails into his palms at the thought that the Cree might be left-handed. He would then be on the wrong side when he struck.

For a space the shack was heavy with silence. Jules' heart oppressed him. Suddenly the thought that the assassin was listening for the breathing of the sleeper—was suspicious—flashed through his brain. So he breathed audibly at the foot of the bunk. Then he heard a moccasin slide on wood—the Cree was coming.

At length the man, doubled like a spring against the wall, heard something move in front and strained forward in the blackness to mark the position of his man. He was there, almost within reach. Jules set himself for the thrust, and at the sound of fingers groping on the blanket, lunged with all the strength of his legs—fingers reaching for the lifted arm.

With a grunt the Indian went over, breath knocked from him, and crumpled under the body of the Ojibway. As he lunged, Jules found the right wrist of his enemy, and turned it with a wrench, but no knife dropped. Then the Cree's breath and strength returned, and in the dead silence the two fought blindly on the floor of the shack for the possession of the knife.

Time and again the Cree, who still held the knife in his left hand, strained to reach the man whose right gripped his wrist. Twisting, writhing, the two fought in the gloom. Then from the blackness of the door came in guttural Cree: "Who's there?"

The gooseflesh rose along the spine of Goreau. It was the guard!

But the fear of attack from a new quarter lent him strength. With a supreme effort he turned the wrist in his right hand. A bone snapped. The fingers grasping the knife relaxed as the Cree gasped with pain. Groping and getting the knife from the floor, the Ojibway drove it into the shoulder of the man beneath him, and leaped to his feet as the guard struck a match.

The eyes of the startled Indian widened with alarm at the dim shape of his prisoner crouched for a spring—at his feet the body of a man.

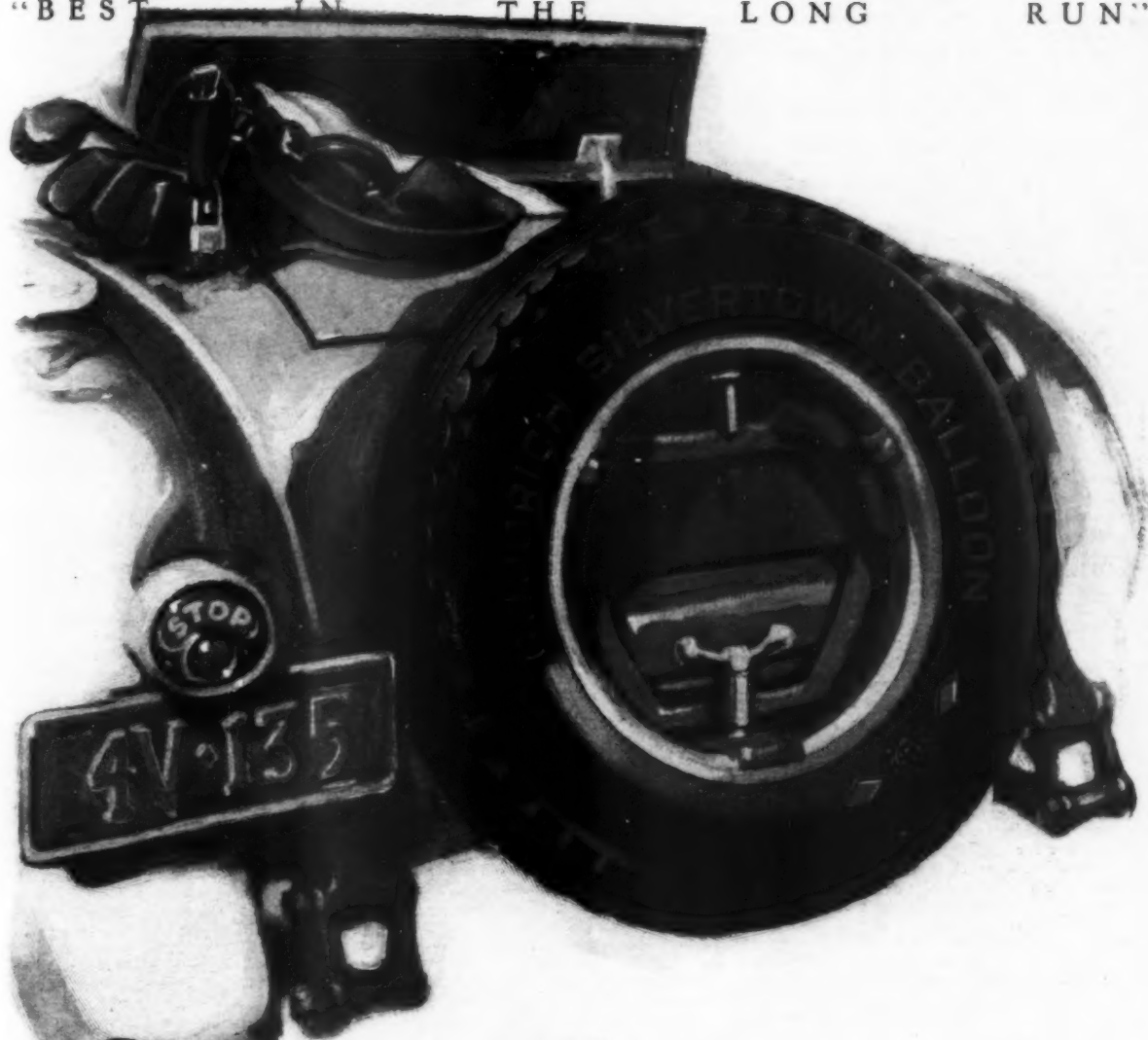
"Dis man come to keel me in my sleep," gasped Jules, breathing heavily. "Were were you?" he demanded, narrowly watching the man, who held a rifle in his left hand, as the match died.

"Wait—I light de candle," replied the excited guard. "Were ees he cut?"

It was clear that he had nothing to fear from the embarrassed sentinel, who would have to answer for his failure to protect his



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prisoner; so Goreau found and lit the candle. Then, together, they ripped the shirt from the unconscious man on the floor and examined the wound.

"Who is he?" asked Jules as the guard bound up the wound.

"Look hard," suggested the Cree, holding the candle to the gray face of the wounded man.

Goreau rasped: "By gar, I do good job!" The features were those of the Indian who had sworn that Jules was from Cat Lake.

Then Jules and the guard aroused the sleeping MacIntosh.

In the morning the post was agog with the story of the attempted murder of the prisoner. The finding of the Cree in the cabin by the guard left no doubt in the mind of the factor of the truth of the story Jules told him of the fight in the dark. But the failure to make away with the fur-robber was openly regretted by the hunters as they talked in groups before their breakfast fires.

**T**WO days later rifle-shots on the shore announced that the canoe of Cameron had been sighted in the river below. To the prisoner this meant that his stay at Kapiskau was nearing its end. From his guards Jules learned that the hearing would be public, but he had long since become hardened to hostile eyes—callous to the curses which followed him on his daily walks.

As the crime with which Goreau was charged is the one most heinous in all the wide North, and as the Crees were deeply aroused, Cameron decided to hold the hearing where all the older men could hear the witnesses. For this the trade-room was too small, and so a table and bench were moved outside on the grass of the clearing. There the people of Kapiskau, and the Indians in for the trade, gathered on the day following the Inspector's arrival.

With gravity the great man of the Company arose, and calling for silence, addressed the circle of hunters. It was with deep regret and fear for the future, he said, that he had learned of the attack on a camp of Kapiskau Crees and the death of a Company hunter. On his return to Albany a summer packet would leave for Lake St. Joseph with orders for the dispatch to Cat Lake of Company canoes for the arrest of the renegades who had committed this crime, for the Company would protect its people. But luckily, one of these thieves from the south had fallen into the hands of Kapiskau men. And the prisoner, who claimed Fort Hope as his home, had later been identified as a Cat Lake Ojibway who the previous summer had traded at Osnerburg House on Lake St. Joseph. This witness could not testify, but what he had sworn to would be read for the benefit of all.

When MacIntosh and his half-breeds had described the capture of Jules and the valuable contents of his fur-pack, the testimony of the wounded Cree, which had been taken down in writing by Scott, was read. Then Cameron turned to the prisoner.

"You have heard the evidence against you. You can now tell your story, and if you have any witnesses in your defense, we shall hear them."

"Witnesses in his defense!" scoffed Mrs. Scott into her daughter's ear. "What witnesses can that poor boy have among a lot of bloodthirsty people who want his life?"

Jules Goreau straightened, coolly swept the circle of swart faces with level eyes, then turned to Inspector Cameron.

"Las' September w'en I come back wid de York boat to Fort Hope, I fin' my people dead wid de plague. I do not want to go back to de hunting cuntry of my fader. Ol' Indian, he tell me of good fur cuntry, nord on de Kapiskau headwater. I go. De fox an' marten were ver' plente. On way down riviere to trade at Kapiskau, dese men tak' me. At Fort Hope dey know Jules Goreau. Sen' an' ask dem."

Shouts of derision from those Crees who understood English greeted the statement. The boy turned to his traducers. At the corners of his set mouth flickered a smile, as he said: "Two sleep' ago, de liar who say I have trade at St. Joseph, hunt me wid a knife; but he was poor hunter. De game he hunt bite heem." Turning to Cameron, he continued: "Why did dis man try to keel me? Eet was because he lie. I have nevaire trade' at St. Joseph."

Groans of disbelief from the Indians followed the words.

With a wink at Scott, Cameron began his cross-examination.

"Who is in charge at Fort Hope?" he suddenly demanded of Jules.

"M'sieur Cammel," was the ready answer. "Who is clerk and who took the York boats to Albany last year?"

"Dere are two clerk, Pierre Dupree and McCaw. Ol' Baptiste Lavoie, de head-man, tak' de brigade to Albanee," replied Jules with a smile at the evident surprise of Cameron, who met the questioning look of Scott with a nod. A hush fell upon the listening circle of white men and Indians. The prisoner had scored his first point.

"What is the name of the priest at the mission?"

"Père Bouv—" Jules broke short off, his eyes fixed in a wide stare at some object on the river shore. Pointing a shaking finger he cried: "Dat dog dere! Who own dat dog?"

The people at the trade-house turned to look in the direction the finger pointed, and saw a huge husky, pursued by an old Indian, loping across the clearing.

The heart of Jules Goreau leaped in his breast. Were his eyes deceiving him? Was it a phantom come to mock him—what he saw? He put his fingers to his mouth and blew a peculiar whistle.

The dog stopped in his tracks, cocking his head as if listening.

"Look!" cried the excited youth. "He knows the call. He knows!"

Then the pursuing Cree reached the husky and slipped a leash through his collar.

"What's the meaning of all this?" demanded Cameron impatiently.

"My dog! Dey stole my dog! He did not die!" explained Goreau. "Bring him here. I show you he ees my dog!"

"We've got no time to bother with lost dogs," said the Inspector. "Have you anything more to say in your defense?"

The desperate boy turned to Mrs. Scott, who was whispering earnestly in her husband's ear. She nodded reassuringly, as the factor turned to Cameron.

"Cameron, there's something queer here," he said. "This dog out there was brought to the post by the same Cree who said he saw Goreau at Lake St. Joseph, and who tried to knife him. Goreau claims that he was told his dog was dead when he returned to Fort Hope. Now he says this is his dog. You say he knows Fort Hope?"

"He seems to know the names of the people there."

"Well, what do you say to giving him a chance to prove that the dog is his? If the dog seems to be Goreau's, we'll make the Cree tell where he got him."

"All right, go ahead," agreed Cameron. "Where is the dog? I couldn't see him with this crowd in front of me."

**L**EADING the husky, and protesting vehemently, the old Cree was brought back from his tepee by two Company men.

"Who is this man?" asked Cameron.

"The father of the Cree Goreau knifed," replied MacIntosh. The face of Inspector Cameron lighted with interest, to assume gradually a look of amazement as he gazed at the dog.

"If he is your dog, now prove it," said Scott to Jules, whose eyes caressed each

familiar mark and point of the magnificent beast, whining uneasily at the murmuring circle surrounding him.

Approaching to within a few feet of the dog, Goreau began to talk in low, caressing tones. At the movement of the stranger the dog raised his ears; then, spurred by the man who held him, flattened them with a low rumble in the throat, while mane and hair along the back slowly lifted.

The heart of Janet Scott fell. "Oh, Mother, he doesn't know him! He doesn't know him!" she groaned.

"Wait! Give the lad a chance! The dog hasn't seen him for a year."

As Goreau continued to croon, in a sort of Ojibway singsong, the husky became calmer. Hair on neck and back flattened. He ceased to crouch as if expecting an attack; and thrusting out his head, he sniffed curiously at the extended hands of the boy.

"Taureau! Taureau! Don't you remember Jules?" soothed the lad in his native tongue, continuing to croon to the husky. Then, slowly, the bushy tail began to wave to and fro, while the quivering nostrils of the dog proclaimed his growing interest in the stranger.

**A**MID the dead silence of the audience, Goreau turned and spoke to MacIntosh: "Let heem off de rawhide, and I show you he ees my dog." MacIntosh ordered the Cree to release the husky.

"Now, dog-stealer," Jules muttered, "tell heem to eat me up!"

Loosing the dog, the Indian eagerly pushed him forward, hissing him to attack, while the boy stood motionless, hands extended, crooning in Ojibway.

As the loosed beast leaped forward with a yelp the excited spectators beheld a strange thing. Instead of a mad husky at the throat of an unarmed man, they saw the dog stop, sniff long at the hand held out to him, while the soothing tones of a once-loved voice stirred the ghosts of memory, blurred by months of separation. Then, with a long whiff, memory returned. With a mad whine, the husky reared on his hind legs, red tongue frantically seeking the face of the lost master, as Goreau's arms gripped his shaggy neck.

For a moment they stood before the surprised spectators; then in his joy the excited husky broke from the lad and circled him, yelping deliriously, only to return and overwhelm the waiting boy with caresses.

At length, turning to his white inquisitors, Goreau's eyes sought and found the faces of Janet and Mrs. Scott, who nodded, smiling.

"Ees he my dog?" the boy asked of Cameron.

"By glory! He's your dog, all right!" cried the grinning Inspector. "And you're from Fort Hope. —I tried to buy that dog at Hope, last summer, Scott," he said, turning to the factor. "I'd know him anywhere with those markings. There isn't his equal south of Whale River."

"It looks as if that Cree who stole the dog at Hope, tried to knife Goreau before he saw his husky here at the post," replied Scott.

"It also accounts," broke in the factor's wife, "for his swearing he had seen Jules at Lake St. Joseph. He wanted to get rid of him."

"But why should Jules' uncle say the dog was dead, Mother?" asked Janet.

"He knew the boy would never forgive him for losing him."

"Well, our case against Goreau seems to have fallen flat, MacIntosh," said Scott, looking sheepishly at his wife. "Is he a free man, Cameron?"

"He is a free man."

But the acquittal pronounced by his judge was unheard by Jules Goreau, who, watched by two smiling women, was stretched on the grass crooning into the hairy flickering ear of the sole witness for the defense.



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## ANNABELLE STRUTS HER STUFF

(Continued from page 61)

"O. K. with me," he answered, handing me four dollars quick. "Be sure you come back after lunch-hour, though, because I know where you live."

Before I could ask anything about the man with the extra-size nose, Herman walked away and went over to where a waiter with a stepladder was putting up the picture of a bicycle-rider along with the other pictures on the wall.

"Whose picture's going up now?" I asked the cashier.

"That's the world's greatest six-day bicycle rider," he answered. "When a world's greatest eats here, up goes his picture quick; and this one ate here yesterday."

"What you put them up for?"

"Because everybody wants to see it go up. This six-day fellow is one which he is a champion, and he is going in the movies, and a thousand-dollar contract a week is the kind which he will get. He is famous."

"Who made him famous?"

"The newspapers."

"What for?"

"Ha! What do you suppose? To sell more papers. All the famous people which are in the U. S. A. only got that way because somebody needs more circulation."

SEEING he didn't know much, I walked out the restaurant and up the street, but I couldn't help wishing that I could at least lamp one of these world's greatest to see could they be human or what. Anybody that could get a thousand-dollar contract a week must be a wonder, and he certainly wouldn't have to push down waffles at the rate of four dollars per day.

What you don't expect to see is sometimes what you do see, and I nearly dropped flat a few minutes later when I came to a mob on the sidewalk, and found out that if I used my elbows and pushed my way into the crowd, I might catch a glimpse of just what I wanted to see—one of the world's greatest. She was Ann Whoosis, the world's greatest living tennis-player, and I knew her name because everybody in the crowd was saying it in whispers.

I sure did shove people to one side until I was in an advanced position where I could see. She was just getting out of a taxi in front of a building that had a sign over the door which read: "Consolidated Moving Picture Company." I could see that she was already getting into the movies, and I wondered could that paper sticking out of her handbag be a million-dollar contract.

She had a little white dog under her arm, and with the Fifth Avenue way she had of holding it, she looked like she must be it. When she stepped from the taxi, a policeman began clearing a path across the sidewalk for her.

"Back up, there!" he hollered to the crowd. "Stand back. Clear the way. She's coming."

Sidewalk traffic was blocked, and everybody was jammed in close as possible, with their eyes gaping open like they saw spooks. I was by this time in the front line and was not missing a thing, because it's not every day that you get a chance for a close-up of an event like this. She was sure a knock-out. The way that woman was dressed, and the way she held her chin in the air at a high upward angle, you would think she must be the queen of Europe, and the rest of us secondhand chimney-sweeps. She didn't even see us. When she was halfway to the door, the dog under her arm tried to bark, but she patted it on the nose.

"Hush, Algernon," she said.

"What'd she say?" whispered a dozen people at the same time.

Another dozen answered all together: "She said to her dog: 'Hush, Algernon.'"

One man jerked out a pencil and started

writing it down, and I could see that he must be a up-to-date newspaper reporter: grabbing off the important news. When she had disappeared into the entrance of the movie company, the crowd stood looking dumb at the blank door she closed up after her.

"She's getting a movie contract," somebody said finally.

"How much?" asked another one.

"Ten thousand a week, probably."

"I heard twenty thousand," another one said.

I got out of that crowd and on my way quick, because when I compared twenty-thousand-dollar movie contracts with my plan of four dollars per day wasting waffles, especially the last half of the day, it did make me wonder whether they're running this country on the square or is there a nigger in the fence.

I remembered now what the cashier said, and I could see that this woman which a hundred million people knew her would be as unknown as the "X" I heard about in algebra, if it wasn't for the people running newspapers and needing something to write about. I wondered did she know this, or did she grab all the credit herself.

I didn't get back to Herman's and into the window until my hour was completely up, and even then I stalled around in a way that was nothing like the flying start I had made in the morning.

I kicked on the waffles and sent them back to be done over, and I dropped my fork and wasted time otherwise in all ways which was available, but most of the time I had to keep eating, and by the third hour in the afternoon I was at last in my right senses and knew that I would have to give up and quit.

I crawled out of the window and went over to the cashier's desk where Herman was standing. He was just finishing a telephone conversation, and I heard him say: "She's still at it and going strong. Come any time, as we are expecting you and waiting."

"What you doing here?" Herman asked as he hung up the receiver and turned around to me.

THE way he looked at me, I didn't know what to say; and I had to think of something quick.

"I want to make a complaint," I said, as a complaint was the first thing I could think of, and I knew that complaining about something would at least help to kill time.

"Which kind of a complaint?" he asked sharply.

I sure did wreck my brain trying to think up a sudden complaint.

"That French chef with the comic-opera mustache," I said, "is putting vanilla in the waffles."

I looked him square in the eye when I said this, and I wondered could I put over a thing like that on Herman. The way he eyed me gave me a chill.

"Say," he said finally, "are you making these waffles, or eating them?"

"Eating them," I answered quick.

"Then you get back in the window and go ahead, because that's why we're paying you four dollars a day easy money, and you got a hour and a half yet before you're through with one day."

"Look at here," I said in a way that he knew I meant it, "I been poking these waffles down now for seven hours and a half; do you think I am a ostrich?"

"Are you trying to crawl out of this?" he asked.

"I'm not crawling out of anything."

"Well, it looks like it to me," he answered. "And you can better remember that we got a cast-iron verbal agreement between you

and me, with the cashier for a witness; and if you try to back out now—there is a law in this land!"

I gave him a fishy look, but I absolutely didn't like the way he mentioned about the law.

"What would you do if I quit?" I asked.

He squinted at me tough.

"I would sue you," he said.

His words nearly floored me. I didn't know before that he could sue me for this; and I could see now what a fix I was in. He could tell by looking at me that he had me scared.

"Sue you by legal procedure," he added on.

Well, I certainly did crawl back into that window.

I WENT back at those waffles with a hard determination to last out the hour and one-half. When there was only three minutes left before my day would be up, I was watching the clock like a cat, each minute seeming like more than a week; and I made up my mind that if I could ever make it through the last three minutes, I would never again walk up a street with a waffle-house on it if I lived to a million.

With the last minute finished, Herman signaled that it was time to quit, and it was just then that a taxi whirled up to the curb, and out of it jumped the man with the nose, which there was also with him the fellow with whiskers; and besides these two was another man that I hadn't seen before, carrying a black box that looked heavy. When they saw me leaving the table in the window, they made a rush for the restaurant door, and by the time I got to the desk where Herman was, they were also there waiting for me.

Before I knew what was happening, the man with the whiskers, which he turned out to be a doctor like I thought, was examining my head, looking down my throat, and with rubber tubes to his ears was listening to me breathe.

"I pronounce this young woman normal," he said at last.

I was sure relieved he didn't pronounce I had waffitis.

The long-nosed man grabbed his pencil, excited, and started writing in his book, talking at the same time like he was reading what he wrote: "'World's waffle-wonder pronounced normal! . . . Medical men marvel. . . . Science baffled—'"

All at once I began to see that he must be a newspaper man; and the long nose, which was a mystery, must be a nose for news, which is the kind you hear a lot about but nobody ever sees.

"What's your name?" Long-nose asked, very brisk.

"Annabelle Bunn," I told him.

"How long you been eating waffles?"

"Three years," Herman answered sudden, before I could speak.

"Is that right?" Long-nose asked, looking at me.

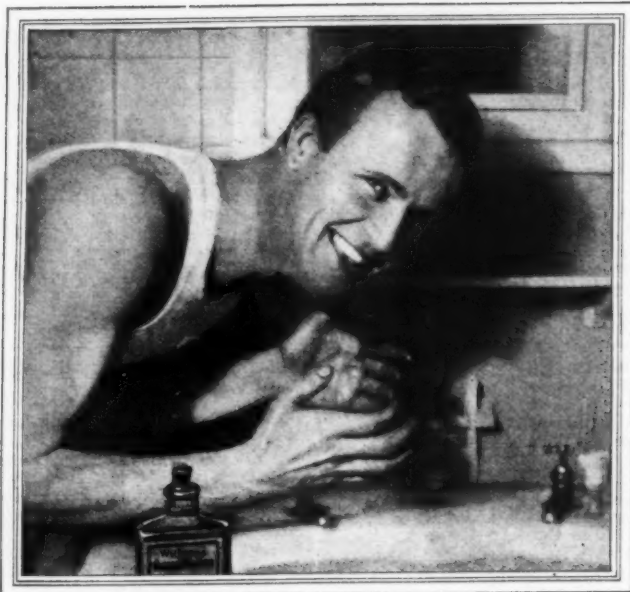
"You heard him," I answered, not wanting to make a bum of Herman.

"How many waffles you figure you have already eat?" Long-nose continued.

## Richard Washburn Child

He was an ambassador to Italy, but that distinguished adventure didn't impair his remarkable talent as a teller of tales. One of the liveliest and most ingenious of all his stories will appear in an early issue under the title—

"NO LUCK"



## You rinse off the lather — then what?

THERE'S the place where men's spirits used to droop—after the shave. Dry preparations and liniments don't fill the bill. Fine for some things but not for after shaving. No wonder most men dashed on cold water and let it go at that.

Then came Aqua Velva—created expressly for after shaving. Little wonder men seized upon it as a long-lost friend.

Because it helps conserve the natural moisture of the skin, Aqua Velva keeps your face like velvet all day long. It keeps the skin pliable and flexible—just as

Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

- it tingles delightfully when applied
- it gives first aid to little cuts
- it protects the face from cold and wind
- it prevents face shine
- it delights with its man-style fragrance

Tone up your face with Aqua Velva. Keep it in perfect condition. A 150-drop test bottle FREE. Use coupon below or send a postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c. (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed. By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

## Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

For FREE test bottle

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 10-25, Glastonbury, Conn. (If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., Limited, St. Patrick St., Montreal)

RED BOOK 10-25



"Three million," Herman answered again quick.

"Is that right?"

"You heard him," I said, giving Herman a glassy look.

While he kept firing questions at me about when I was born and also other ancient history, the other man opened up the black box and out came a camera and a big white bag. He worked fast, pointing the camera at me, shooting off flashes of powder in the bag, and whirling me around for new views. He took me front view, side, sitting, standing, leaning, and also eating waffles, except that I didn't eat it, but only held one in my hand because that was going far enough.

"I timed you this morning," said Long-nose, "and your average is three waffles per minute! D'you know what that means?"

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It means, standing them waffles edge on edge, that one day's consumption overtops it!"

"Overtops what?"

"The Woolworth Building!" said the photographer, Long-nose, Herman, the doctor, and the cashier, all at the same time.

"Woolworth, eh!" I said, thinking how the printing-presses could even turn such a piece of high-handed architecture into a national yardstick.

"That's only one day," he said. "Think about a year!"

"I'm thinking," I said, and I certainly was.

"For one year, you would be surprised bad. At the office we got experts figuring it out now: One year reaches clean through Connecticut. This is news! This is better than murder!"

"I'm news, then," I said, pleased.

"It is headline feature copy," he said, "which will crowd suicides and divorces back into a inside filler, because I work for a up-to-date news syndicate which gets the news that is news; and if a earthquake or a royal assassination don't break between now and next sunrise, you will see something smeared on tomorrow morning's first edition front pages that will make you sit up and stare yourself cross-eyed."

"Look here," I said, grabbing him by the coat-lapel. "Before you go, you tell me one thing! Are you doing this for me?"

"For you! Ha! Who are you? These things which I do is for circulation, and also to stick a new feather in my own hat!"

THE next morning I didn't get up until nine o'clock, and I wouldn't have been up then if Mrs. Moirty's five-foot husband, but good-natured, didn't pound on my door like he promised he would, and threw over the transom a armload of morning newspapers.

"There's one of each kind," he hollered, "the way you asked me; and look out that you don't drop flat when you see what they got on them."

One look at those papers sure did come near flooring me. In big letters I read: "WORLD'S WAFFLE WONDER SETS RECORD." Eying me from the front page was my own picture, and I got to say that that photographer with his poses and flashes had sure done his stuff. Below me was the picture of the doctor with the whiskers, and also the picture of a waffle, and beside it a battered stub of a fork which it said I had worn out spearing for more waffles.

The biggest picture was labeled, "World's Greatest Waffle Eater," and when I read that line, I certainly was then ready to collapse without going farther, but having a good will-power and also a strong bedpost handy to hang on to, I managed to keep from tipping over. I didn't know was I loony, or was I actually one of the world's greatest, or was I a goat for circulation.

Nobody knows what it is to be one of the world's greatest until you got it hooked



*This Point is the new Oblique*



*For pronounced Personality and Character  
in your writing, try this new Parker*

## Duofold Oblique

Guaranteed, like the five other Duofold Points, for 25 Years  
Each way you hold it gives a Separate Effect

*Each Effect a Hand that Fascinates*

PARKER now introduces in the slender Lady Duofold Pen and in the larger Duofolds too, a point that produces a style in handwriting full of new interest and charm. A style of pronounced personality and character—just a bit bolder and freer.

Held one way, this point makes slender down-strokes, accented by wide, shaded curves at top and bottom. Held another, it writes with the opposite effect—letters thin-curved, with wide, shaded sides.

We call this point the Duofold Oblique. And a smoother, softer-writing point has never been created.

This point makes the Sixth you can get in Parker Pens—all guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear.

The kind of writing you do and how you hold your pen make a big difference in the kind of point that your hand will respond to and delight in. Whichever it is, you can get it in any Parker Duofold at \$5 or \$7, depending on the size.

They're points you can lend without fear or apology—for no style of writing can distort them.

And each point is set in a shapely, balanced barrel that gives your hand free swing. A barrel in conventional black, or in black-tipped, lacquer-red barrel—the color that's handsome to own and hard to mislay.

In a test not long ago, 8 people out of 10 picked this Parker blind-folded, from 11 new pens of various makes. Try it yourself, with your eyes shut, at any nearby pen counter. And try this soft-writing Duofold Oblique—see what an interesting hand it gives you.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN  
Duofold Pencils to match the Pens. Lady, \$3; Over-size Jr., \$3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, \$4  
NEW YORK, CHICAGO THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA • SAN FRANCISCO  
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND

**Parker** LUCKY CURVE  
**Lady Duofold** LACQUER-RED OR BLACK **\$5**  
With The 25 Year Point

Over-size Duofold  
for Men, \$7

Duofold Jr. \$5  
Intermediate Size

Lady Duofold  
\$5  
Ribbon \$1 extra

### The new Oblique

*When held this way  
it writes like this*

Note the shading on the down strokes—  
accenting the thin curves top and bottom.



*When held this way  
it writes like this*

Note here that the down strokes are slender,  
and the shading appears in the curves.



Rivals the beauty of



the Scarlet Tanager

Red and Black  
Color Combination  
Rite, Trade Mark  
U. S. Pat. Office

## May-Breath FREE

Mail the coupon today



## Now Pure Breath wherever, whenever you need it

*'A breath pure as Maytime—instantly!'*

**M**AY-BREATH is science's newest contribution to protect against a grave social offense. It is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; a scientific purifier, not a mere perfume that cries out your effort at concealment.

You carry it with you wherever you go. Let a single tablet dissolve in your mouth—that's all. Your breath will breathe the fragrance of Maytime.

\* \* \*

Bad breath is a universal offense. The causes are many and hard to avoid.

Certain foods cause it. Smoking is another cause; decaying food in the mouth another, stomach disorders, etc.

No one is immune. Few realize they have it. Careful people guard against it. This in fairness to themselves and their friends.

\* \* \*

The object of May-Breath is to provide constant protection.

It comes in thin tin boxes that you carry with you. No matter what the cause of your bad breath, May-Breath corrects it.

Never go to a dance, theatre, to any social gathering, without first taking this simple precaution.

### A box free

Let us give you a box to try. You will be delighted. Simply use the coupon.

May-Breath is now on sale in Canada.

### MAY-BREATH FREE

15c box sent—just mail this

MAY-BREATH CO. M-197  
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Your Name.....

Address.....

Only one box to a family.

Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto

on you, and the way the thrills ran up and down my neck I had to pinch myself to see could I be awake.

That bird with the long nose had absolutely made a neat, fancy job about putting down the facts I had told him, and I will say that for every one fact which I had handed him, he had added on twenty other facts out of his own head, which I had to give him credit for, because his facts were certainly better reading than mine. He had got the total number of waffles which I had gobbled stretched out to over ten million, and the number of years I had been at it, I should have been grayheaded, with a cane.

The more I looked at those pictures, while at the same time getting dressed, and the more I read about what a waffle-eating wonder I was which couldn't be beat by Europe, Asia, China and other nations including the Swedes, the higher my chin kept rising into an upward angle.

Just as some one knocked at my door and told me that an important-looking business man who said he was a representative, was downstairs waiting to see me, I happened to take a slant at myself in the mirror, and could see that by this time my chin was up in the air so ritzy that I looked like the woman world-beater which I had seen yesterday traipsing with her dog across the sidewalk to the movie company.

The man which I found downstairs in the parlor waiting for me was heavy-set, with a gray mustache, and a stiff white collar; and the first thing I did to him when I came into the room was to hand him a frosty high-society stare which let him know from the beginning that a world-champion was not a event that you could see any time you wanted to look.

He introduced himself in a slick way, and I kept looking at him sharp and wondering what did he want, and could he be from the movie company.

"I am the representative," he said at last, "of the National Waffle-Iron Company, which manufactures and sells the best waffle-irons in America."

"You do, eh!" I said, just to fill in.

"We see in the morning's papers that you have obtained unusual publicity, and you now hold a peculiar position in public notice, which you are now a authority who could recommend a good waffle-iron when you see one."

"All right," I said, listening with both ears.

"Under such circumstances," he said, "we could pay a certain sum of money which would be worth your while, to make a statement about how excellent is our waffle-irons, and sign it with your name so we could use it to advertise in newspapers. Also we should use your picture in our ads, and if you will call at our art-department, the address being on this card, you could then pose for a few days for pictures by our artist; and for this service we should also pay you very handsome."

**B**Y the time I was finished talking with this long-winded representative of the National Waffle-Iron Company, I had signed a statement about what I thought of his waffle-irons, as he had one of them with him and explained it thoroughly. I nearly dropped prostrate when he told me I would get two hundred dollars for using my name, with also extra for posing; and he besides handed over to me fifty dollars deposit.

He no more than got out the door when I sure did open my eyes wide because here was coming another man. I let him in and at the same time poked the fifty out of sight, because I knew this one must be from the movies.

"I am representing the Midwest Waffle Compound Company," he said, "which makes the world's best waffle compound, and with your position and present public notice we could pay well for a written recom-

mendation for our waffle compound, and also use your picture in advertising for newspapers."

From this one I got a contract for four hundred dollars, because I was now getting on to the game and knew how to talk; and I insisted he got to give me a hundred down, with extra for the posing. By the time he had left, three more were waiting outside, and I then got strictly down to business.

While I kept wondering what could be wrong with the movie company that they didn't send a man, I let in one representative following another. Before each one could start talking I was already wise to what he wanted, and the way I raised my prices on signed statements and using my pictures was something awful.

When I counted them once, I had waiting in the hall representatives from two waffle-compound companies, three waffle-iron foundries, one extract and flavor company, two syrup companies, and five beauty-preparation establishments, which the latter said that if I could eat indigestible waffles in million lots, and still have a complexion like mine, then their beauty lotions which I used must certainly be O. K. And if I didn't use them, I could start in at once, free. I signed contracts for all, made dates for posing, and collected advance fees that was sure frightful; and when I looked over my book where I was marking down the dates I would pose for advertising artists, I saw my time was all sublet for six weeks ahead, and more coming in.

When the next morning came and nobody yet arrived from the movies, I saw I would have to do something quick, because a movie contract was the one thing which I didn't have, and I wasn't going to lose any time till I looked them up and found out what's the matter.

**W**ITH a roll of bills so big that I had to use two handbags to hold it, I hopped in the swell-looking taxi, and told the chauffeur to let me out and wait at Marie's Dress Shoppe in the next block. I turned Marie's Shoppe inside out, and when I made a exit I had a appearance like a Broadway butterfly which she has just landed a new one. The chauffeur gave me a salute when he saw me, but I looked over the top of his head a long way into space.

"To the Diamond Dogge Shoppe next," I told him, "and after that you could then go to the Consolidated Moving Picture Company of America, U. S. A."

The way he snapped his heels together I could see what a impression I made.

"You sell dogs?" I asked the man at the Diamond Dogge Shoppe.

"That's what we sell," he answered, looking me over close.

"Well, I want one," I said, "about this long, with white hair and a medium-size tail."

"We got extra short tails," he said.

"All right. But it must have a good wag. How much will that be?"

"That will be fifteen dollars, and I got the kind of dog which you want."

In a minute he came back out of the other room with a small dog in his arms, which was the kind I wanted and all O. K., because it looked like the one named Algernon which I saw the lady world-beater lugging with her yesterday.

"This is it," the clerk said. "It's fifteen dollars, and his name is Fido."

"It won't do," I said quick, "because I got to have one which his name is Algernon. Have you got it?"

"Gotta be Algernon?" he asked, eying me at the same time.

"It's gotta be," I said.

"What's the difference?"

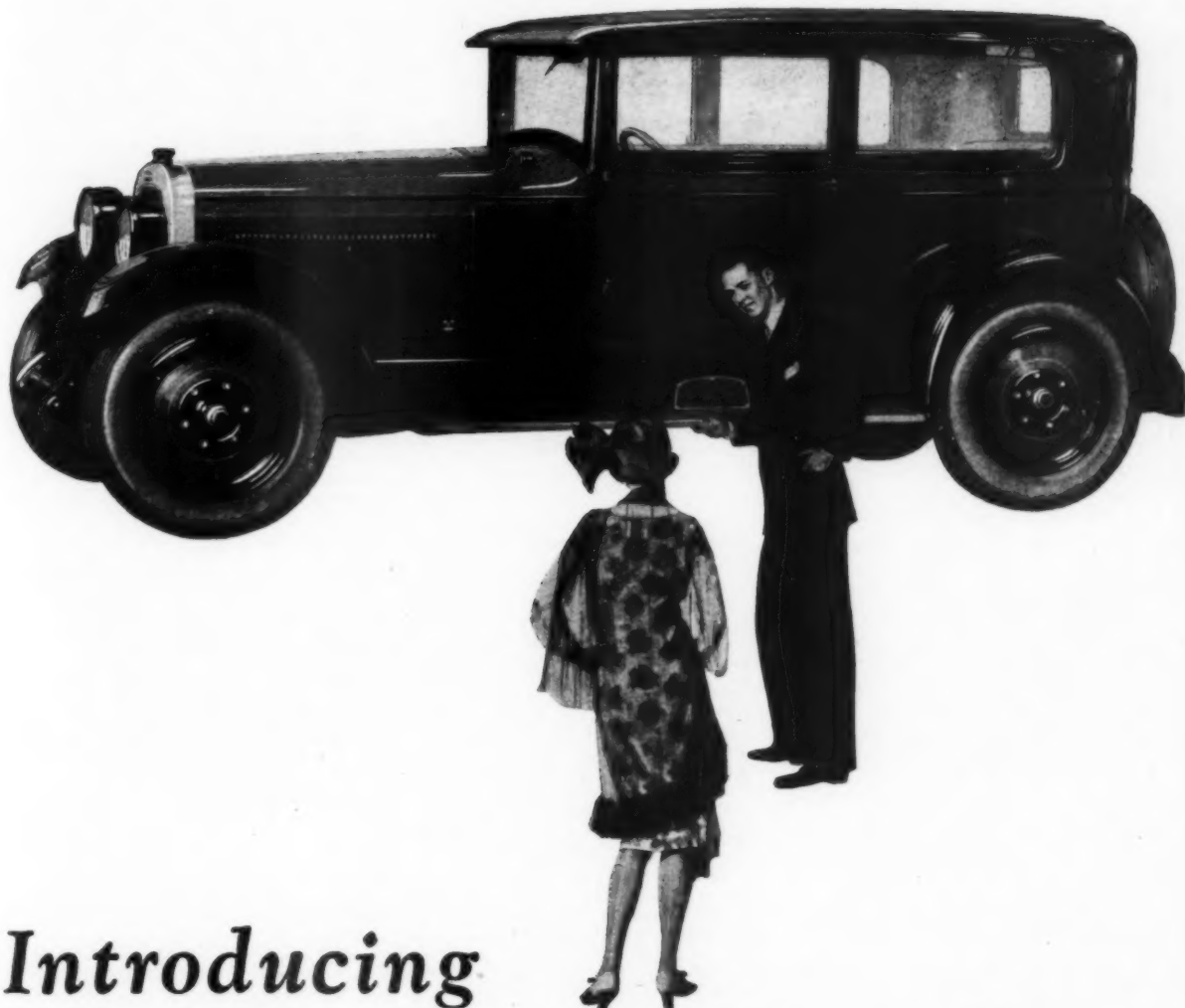
"Never mind."

"Ha!"

"What you mean, ha?" I said. "Have you got the merchandise which I require?"

# NASH

*Leads the World in Motor Car Value*



## Introducing the New Special Six Sedan

If ever a new car could be counted upon to create a furor it is this new Nash enclosed model.

In every single element that contributes to motor car quality it is of superb excellence.

And yet in price it is so low that it is bound to be accepted everywhere as the industry's greatest two-door Sedan value.

The new and richly distinctive body is of original Nash-Seaman design and an out-

standing feature is the French-type roof construction exclusive in America to Nash.

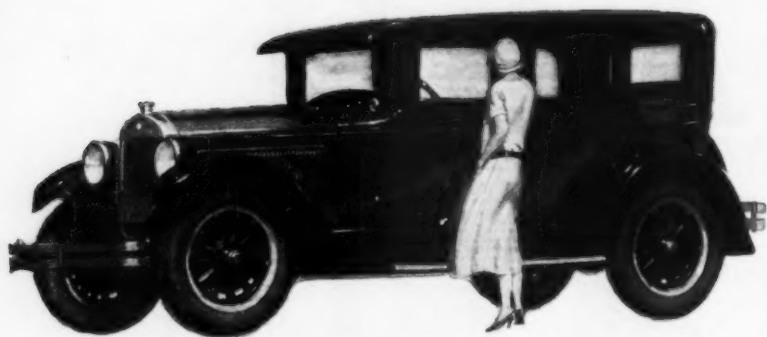
Another pleasing advantage is the broadness of the doors. Those occupying the parlor-car type front seats need only to lean forward slightly to make your entrance to the rear seat conveniently easy.

Of particular interest, too, is the fact that 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design, full balloon tires, and 5 disc wheels are included at no extra cost.

(2120)

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin





## Why Hupmobile Leads All the Straight Eights

HERE, OWNERS themselves TELL YOU why, in THEIR OPINIONS, the HUPMOBILE quickly became THE LARGEST-selling STRAIGHT EIGHT in THE WORLD.

MR. A—DROVE an Eight BETWEEN THE city AND HIS home IN THE country (24 MILES through traffic AND OVER the hills) EVERY DAY for three weeks.

THEN HE wrote THE LETTER from which THIS IS quoted:—

"Your eight is a performing marvel \* \* \* \* \* in pick-up, I can jerk the hat off a passenger's head if he isn't watching my getaway."

A FEW days later THE SAME man said:—

"My driving range is 40 to 55 miles an hour. That's where I want sweetness. I can't stand a motor that sounds too busy or works too hard at those speeds. The Hupmobile Eight is smoother at 55 than any other car I know at 15."

\* \* \*

IT WAS the president OF A prominent Cleveland COMPANY TALKING—A MAN who can afford ANY CAR he wants.

"Yesterday I turned my Eight Coupe over to my wife," he said. "It was her first experience with it. Last night she said, 'I never want to drive a big, heavy car again. I never knew

before how delightful it is to handle a car of the easy control, the silent power and the easy riding of the Hupmobile.'"

"Her report was flattering to my good judgment; but my daughter's reaction didn't cheer me quite so much. 'Father,' she said, 'I want just one thing for my birthday—a Hupmobile Eight just like yours—a new one.'"

\* \* \*

WE HAVE *always* tried TO MAKE the Hupmobile A VALUED friend OF ITS owners. AND HAVE succeeded PRETTY WELL. IN FACT, THAT'S THE thing OF WHICH we're proudest IN HUPMOBILE'S success.

BUT IT is the Eight THAT AWAKENS the REAL AFFECTION which COMES TO so few cars.

YOU, TOO, without A DOUBT, will feel A FRIENDLY glow toward HUPMOBILE AFTER your FIRST RIDE in an Eight.

\* \* \*

*The names and addresses of the owners quoted above will be sent to anyone upon request to the Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.*

\* \* \*

Sedan, Now \$2195; Coupe, Two or Four-Passenger, Now \$2095; Touring Car, Now \$1795; Roadster, Now \$1795; Dickey-Seat Roadster, Now \$1895. F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER. HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

# HUPMOBILE EIGHT

"This one's name's Algernon," he said. I certainly gave him a tough look. "How did his name get Algernon, when a minute ago it was Fido?"

"That's all right."

"It is, eh! Well, you get me one by the right name."

He walked out into the back room, and in about half a second came out again.

"Here is one," he said, "and his name is Algernon."

"It looks like the same one," I said.

"This is a twin. Fifteen dollars."

"Then if it's twins," I told him, "I maybe could take the both of them and pay you thirty dollars."

"Too late," he answered. "He got away."

"How'd he get away?"

"Through the back door."

I looked at him good and proper so that he would know that I meant it, because I don't let anybody put over anything too easy. When I got ready to pay him, and he saw the size of the roll I had, he looked like a walking attack of heart failure.

"Did you say fifteen?" I asked.

"A hundred and fifteen," he said quick.

I came down on him sharp.

"Look at here! I am not the one which you could pull the wool over my eyes, because I heard you three times say fifteen!"

"All right, then!"

I paid him the money, and grabbing Algernon, which his tail didn't have a wag like I asked for but otherwise O. K., I beat it for the taxi.

"Now," I said to the chauffeur, who this time gave me a salute with two hands, "to the moving-picture company, and hurry."

He saluted again, and while I pretended to look at the sky, I at the same time got a slant at the end of a newspaper sticking out of his pocket and saw it had my picture, and so I knew he recognized me, and it was no wonder his heels snapped together when I gave him the word.

WHEN we stopped on Broadway in front of the door which was the Consolidated Moving Picture Company, there was a thick crowd moving up and down the sidewalk, and I wondered could I get through, and also would they recognize me.

Holding Algernon tight under my arm, I high-stepped it out of the taxi, and at the same time the chauffeur handed me another salute. I suspected could he be kidding me, and looked at him sharp, but he was meek.

"Wait here for me," I said, "because I will be out after I have finished important business inside about contracts."

Somebody heard me say contracts, and stopped to look closer. There was then a couple more stopped to look, and like the way it is in New York, when three stop, in a minute you got a mob.

While I started to push through, I heard somebody say to the chauffeur: "Who is she?"

In a minute I heard them rattling newspapers and whispering from one to another: "The world's champion waffle-eater."

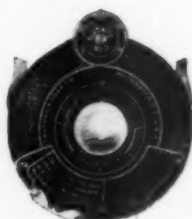
The more they whispered, the more they stopped and crowded, and if a cop hadn't come up I couldn't have got through the jam.

"Stand back," he ordered. "Let her through. Here she comes."

With a good grip on Algernon, and leaving his tail free so that it could wag because that way it's a better effect, and my chin also at forty-five degrees elevation, I took the path which opened to the door.

About halfway across the walk I saw somebody at one side stick up his hand, and when I gave him a quick look, sure enough it was the French waffle-chef, which the faker now had no mustache and was a mick as I thought, but I recognized him anyhow.

"Hey!" he hollered. "Herman's got your picture up!"



*The Lens:*

Kodak Anastigmat *f.7.7* lens is a sharp-shooter—it puts keen definition in the negative. Result, snappy prints—and enlargements when you want them.

*The Shutter:*

The Eastman-made Diomatic shutter has four snap-shot speeds up to 1/100 second as well as time and bulb actions, and these speeds are accurate. This precision, plus the presence of the automatic exposure dial which gives the proper timing at a glance, means correctly exposed negatives.



*Enlarged from a negative made with 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II. This camera makes such sharp pictures that when you want enlargements you can have them.*



## No. 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II

With the equipment as described above, you can count on sharp, properly timed pictures that would satisfy an expert. And to work the camera is simplicity itself. For example, as you open it up the lens springs into picture-making position. See it at your dealer's.

*Pictures 2½ x 4¼. Price \$26.*

**Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.,** *The Kodak City*



## Makes your hair lie trim and smooth

**S**MARTLY smooth—not a hair out of place . . . Unless you keep your hair always perfectly combed you cannot, today, look well-groomed.

But thousands of men and women have the kind of hair that refuses to lie naturally trim and smooth.

That is why Stacomb was made—a delicate invisible cream that quickly trains the most unruly hair to stay exactly as you want it.

Stacomb does not make your hair dry as water does—nor greasy as the old pomades do. Stacomb gives your hair just the soft, even texture, the very slight lustre that conservative fashion demands.

### Helps Prevent Dandruff

Stacomb does more than marvelously improve the appearance of your hair. It actually helps prevent dandruff.

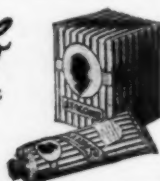
Buy Stacomb today at any drug or department store and use it for ten days. Notice the difference.

How velvety smooth your hair now feels. It has a softer, lovelier gleam, looks thicker and healthier than ever before.

Start using Stacomb tomorrow morning. It comes in jars and tubes or in the new liquid form.

Readers in Canada should address Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 727 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

**Stacomb**  
KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE



**Free Offer**

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. P-24  
113 West 18th Street, New York City  
Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name.....

Address.....

I looked straight ahead like he must be talking to somebody else, and kept walking, except just then the dog tried to bark, and I patted him on the nose.

"Hush!" I said. "Hush, Algernon!" And when I closed the door in back of me, I sure did leave that crowd flabbergasted.

Straight to the end of the corridor I saw the Consolidated Movie Company's door, and without knocking I opened it and went in. Two men were in the room, and when they saw me, they jumped to their feet.

"Who is this?" one asked, opening his eyes wide.

Before I could speak, the other man, who had a newspaper in his hand, beat me to it.

"Unless I have made a big mistake," he said, "this who we now have before us is the one which is in all the papers and is the world's greatest waffle-eater."

Just then the other man pulled open a desk drawer, and he then began thumbing through it looking for something. Without asking, I knew he must be looking for the blank which he could then fill out the thousand-dollar contract.

"I am the one," I said. "And we could now talk business, because I am a world-beater, renowned, well-known and popular!"

I looked clean over the tops of their heads, but I will say that it's lucky for all us famous citizens that the newspapers gotta have circulation.

## ALL AT SEA

(Continued from page 74)

You couldn't say that Mr. Peters was seasick. He just wanted to be alone. Suddenly things seemed rather futile. The stern was now merely a black mass against a lighter black sky, but it was still rising and falling. Mr. Peters rested his chin in his hand.

"Well, neighbor," said the large man in the golf-cap, "star-gazing?"

Mr. Peters turned and fled. He did not look where he was fleeing to. Of course it had to be the smoking-room.

"Well, if it isn't old Buster himself!" announced the victim of Prohibition. "Come here, you old rascal—"

But Mr. Peters was out at the door, tripping again over the door sill. He found himself in the midst of a platoon of deck-walkers, out getting up an appetite.

With a snort Mr. Peters flung himself down the companionway, and after twenty minutes of frantic searching, found his stateroom. There was Mrs. Peters, showing the Roscoes what nice quarters they had.

"Well, I'm about ready for a good big dinner," announced Mr. Roscoe heartily. "This sea air just does the trick for me. And they have wonderful food on this boat. There is a veal-and-ham pie that will make your mouth water. Why don't they ring that gong, anyway?"

Fortunately for Mr. Peters, the gong sounded at that very minute, and Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe were off like a pair of gazelles. Mrs. Peters was alone with her husband for the first time since early that afternoon.

"I'm sorry, Walter," she said. "Are you coming to dinner?"

"No," said Mr. Peters. "I'm going to stay in here for the rest of the trip."

AND he very nearly kept his word. Only at night did he venture out, and then only for short strolls around the deck. On these strolls he insisted on being alone.

One morning, about five days out, Mrs. Peters remarked that she hadn't seen the Roscoes for several days.

"No," said Mr. Peters. "I understand that they have left the boat—the Roscoes and a party of others."

And from then on Mr. Peters was on deck constantly, drinking in the sea air.

## Tonight!

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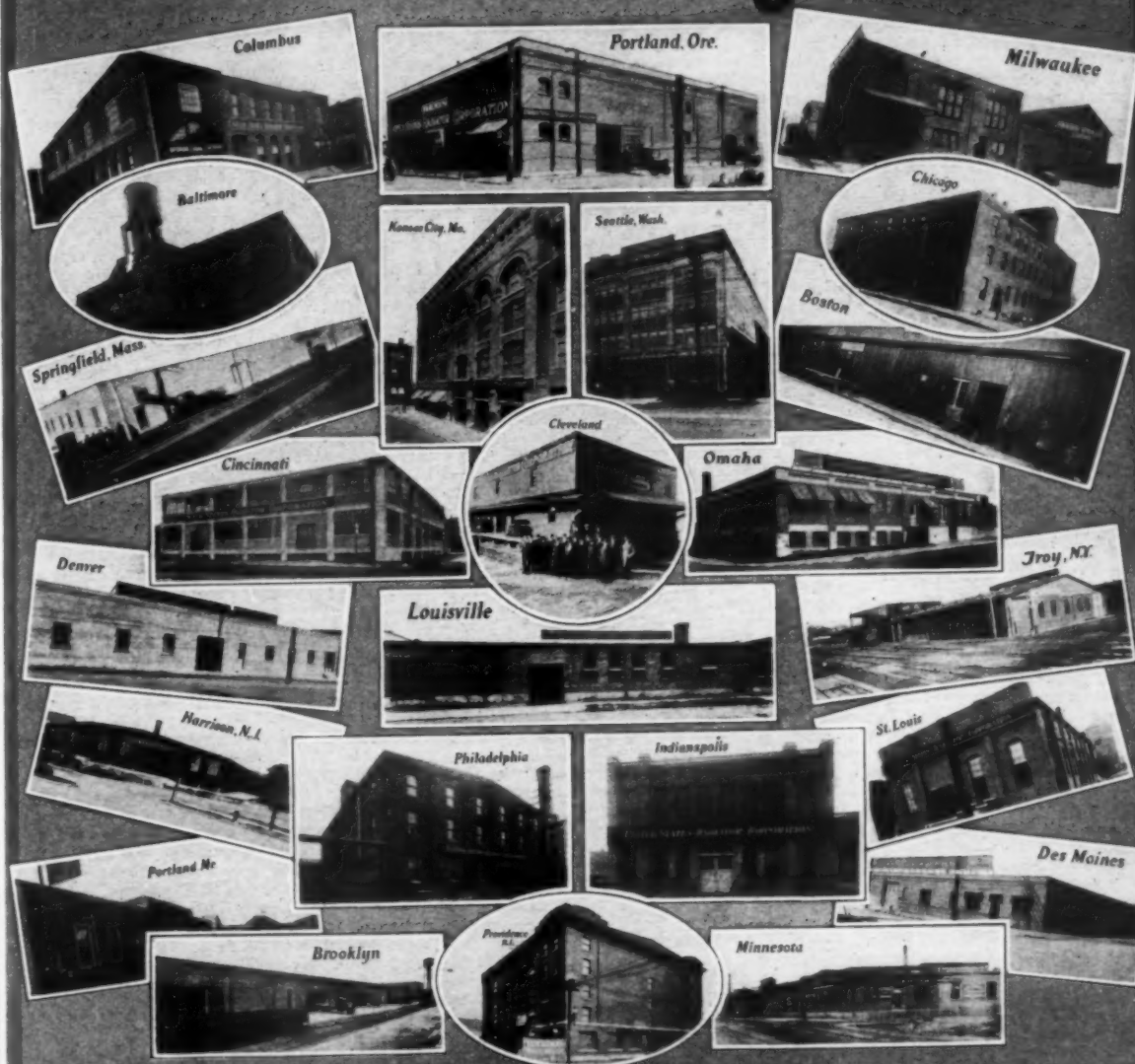


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# Capitol Boilers

## R E L E A S E

(Continued from page 41)

haggling for higher and yet higher pay. These boatmen were Greeks, and they were laughing and calling to each other, lighting cigarettes and enjoying themselves, like devils amid the flames of hell.

"It was their turn that night," she said sullenly. "They stripped them down to their last drachma. But we got a boat for nothing when my husband called to them. *Aie!*" she exclaimed with a dramatic dilation of her brilliant eyes. "Water in front and the fire roaring behind. How they yelled and yelled!"

"Humph!" muttered Jimmy Russell. He had imagination enough to see it as she described it—the dark, laughing Greeks keeping their boats just out of reach. But he did not allow it to interfere with his appreciation of what he had found. Pollynni Kalavarides was a find. It was a crime that a girl like that should fritter her life away making wreaths and selling flowers in Anatolia instead of using the gifts that had been showered upon her. Yet he hesitated. His business instinct was halted by his knowledge of conditions, and his reluctance to become involved in the fortunes of a stray woman. He knew the dangers of taking these Levantines too literally in their tales. Yet she screened, she screened. He could tell that, even now. He wanted to develop what he had taken, and see for himself. And he switched her gently back to the subject in which he had most interest.

"Ah, yes! I have many photographs in my house. You come?" For the first time her manner bore some slight tinge of seduction. She lifted her head and flung him an oblique provocative glance. And it made Jimmy Russell pause and think of Agatha Stafford, and Agatha Stafford's father, and all that formidable social fabric in which those two exemplary and charming persons were embedded. It would not do to become embroiled in any rows just now. There were peculiar rumors abroad in the town. There was much talk in the Greek papers of a great advance upon Angora, but he discounted it, in spite of the canceled leave of so many high officers. A Turk had been found—with his head cut off—floating in the harbor. The air was tense at times. Nobody seemed to know what was impending. Jimmy Russell decided to go and see the photographs, not because he desired an intrigue with the girl, but because he wished to keep her confidence. It would be a long shot, but if she did by any chance have a clear record, and old Stafford could get her a passport, Jimmy Russell would arrange with his business partner in New York to sign her up as soon as she landed.

"I'll come, but you will understand that I am betrothed," he explained to her. He wasn't, but he felt justified in taking Miss Stafford for granted for once. "And it would not do for me to go to any place—"

POLLYNNI scowled.

"What do you think?" she demanded angrily. "You think I am one of those women you meet at Luna Park or in Costi's at five o'clock? Let me tell you this—I want no men at all. After *him*, I am finished."

"Good!" said Jimmy heartily. "Because I can make your fortune if you can get a passport."

"What?" she said, perplexed at such a novel turn of the conversation. "What is that you tell me? A passport for me? For what place?"

"Well, we'll see later what we can do. I must see your photos. And let me have the address of the photographer, Mr. Theotokis."

She regarded him with a troubled glance as she rummaged among some grubby cards in a drawer.

"Here it is," she said. "It is by the hot

baths in the Rue Frank, on the right as you go toward the Aidin Gate."

"And what time do you go to your house?" he asked, noting the address of the photographer.

"At seven. Tell me of the passport," she persisted pleadingly, and Jimmy wondered if there was a single inhabitant of Asia Minor or Eastern Europe who didn't want to get away from those regions.

"How can I tell?" he replied cautiously. "Maybe if you sign a paper to work for my firm, we can get a passport. But—it will be difficult. I will come at seven."

"And bring word of the passport—" she called after him as he went out into the Passage Kraemer.

JIMMY RUSSELL, turning toward the Rue Parallel behind the arcade, wrinkled his nose and bit his upper lip as he tried to get his bearings in this new adventure. He hailed a carriage and told the driver to take him down the Rue Frank, to the house of Demetrios Theotokis, Studio Rhodepe, and resigned himself to Destiny. He had a piece of luck, soon after they passed the old Austrian Consulate. A tall old Turk, his sparse gray beard spotted with blood, his sinewy arms bound behind him, but his head high and undaunted, was fagging up the road, amid a dozen Greek soldiers and followed by two mounted officers. Jimmy's camera clicked, and as he set it for another shot, he recalled the expression of grim satisfaction on that old franc-tireur's face. He seemed happier than the little fellows, with their heavy rifles, who were guarding him.

And then they arrived at the Studio Rhodepe. There was a dingy case hanging on the doorway showing fly-specked photographs of extremely Hellenic persons in wedding groups and still more Hellenic figures in naval uniforms with medals dangling instead of ribbons; and the general impression of a stranger would have been that Demetrios Theotokis was the usual photographic faker.

Jimmy Russell climbed the dirty staircase without nursing much hope of finding anything useful to himself. He knocked at a dirty door that swung open as he touched it, and met Mr. Theotokis in person.

He was a young man with a long, serious face bearing a three-days' growth of black bristle. His hands were stained with chemicals, and saucers full of cigarette-stubs were to be seen all over the room. He was smoking a cigarette as Russell entered, but laid it down at once. And when he heard what had brought his visitor to him, his serious features became animated.

Jimmy Russell soon discovered that Demetrios Theotokis was a crank. Photography was his passion, and the classic tradition, and problems of light and shadow, of mass and line, were life and death to him. He drew out great portfolios of entirely unremunerative work—the temples of Ephesus, the tomb of Polycarp, the rocky shores of Lesbos, and astonishing compositions taken in hot sunlight, on the quay. There was one of the Passage Kraemer, taken from the Rue Parallel and showing the huge round arch beyond which was the sunset-crimsoned sea, like a dark mirror. The arch was like a panel in a medieval painting, and Mr. Theotokis had caught, with an artist's cunning, a horseman silhouetted against the gleam of the sky. He waved his long, stained fingers over the prints. Jimmy nodded.

"Madame Kalavarides!" said Mr. Theotokis, and he smiled. "She loves to pose. I will show you."

Jimmy Russell was startled at what Mr. Theotokis showed him. Pollynni Kalavarides had been gratifying her own passion and that of the photographer at once. There were pictures of her in a dozen different poses,

sometimes in outlandish taste; yet there was always an element of the dramatic in it, showing she had the inspiration, if not the equipment, to achieve a work of art. There was one where she had grasped the bosom of her dress and dragged it downward, while she registered a crude and murderous anger. Mr. Theotokis stood with his tall frame bent, studying the face of his visitor as he handed over the proofs of his skill.

"The girls of the quarter, they come here to be photographed lying nude on a tiger skin, and suchlike foolish poses, and they know nothing. Madame Kalavarides, she understands, but she has very little money. These I do for myself sometimes. You perhaps are her great friend?"

"No, I am a photographer also," explained Jimmy, handing over the money for the prints. "I may take one or two of her myself."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Theotokis, nodding slowly. "I would like to go to America. Here one can do nothing. I will send these to the hotel."

"Another of 'em!" muttered Jimmy as he went downstairs a few minutes later. But he reflected that here was a man they could do with over there. He was an artist, laboring amidst extraordinary difficulties, only vaguely aware of what he could do with encouragement and capital.

AS he strolled once more through the Passage Kraemer, Jimmy Russell took stock of his impressions and decided that when he went out to Boudga this evening he would sound old Stafford. Because if a local Greek like Theotokis could see what the girl was, some one else might happen along. The various commissions and services that cluttered up Smyrna comprised many men who were keeping a weather-eye open for any business chances that might be lying around.

He did not stop at the flower-shop. He went up the wide staircase to the main hall of the hotel, a vast chamber upholstered in red velvet with gilded pilasters and extravagant mirrors, a vestige of the gorgeous, comfortable days before the War. He would have liked to take Mrs. Kalavarides out to dinner at Costi's, but her dark allusion to that place, quite unjustified, he was aware, and the sinister shadow of Mr. Kalavarides, evoked a cool caution in the young man's mind. He decided, while eating his dinner, that he would stipulate for the absence of Mr. Kalavarides.

"He sometimes returns at midnight," the girl told him as she locked the shop door. "He goes out with the Greek officers and shows them what they want to see. Often he does not return. He goes away into the country for days."

"I understand," said Jimmy Russell. "I am very sorry for thee, my dear."

She gave him a brilliant glance and led the way out toward the Rue Parallel. The Passage was now at the most spectacular and picturesque hour of the day. The feet of the crowds moving each way made a multitudinous murmur on the smooth flags; the lights of the confectioner's and the café shone out with cheerful garishness and the calls of the newsboys and shoe-shine boys mingled with the hoarse shouts of cigarette-vendors with their loaded trays. The brightness of that reverberating tunnel made the street outside dim and shadowy.

"It is not far," she said earnestly, "—only a little way, and then to the right."

So they went along; and presently, as she had said, they turned up a street connecting with the Rue Frank, and Pollynni entered a dark doorway. Jimmy Russell, following her up an uncarpeted staircase, first one and then another flight, was thinking that, whatever his motives might be, even a charitable

# He:

*"What's the matter with me, Peg? Work hard, get a little raise once in a while—but go ahead so SLOWLY. Hang it, I want a BIG job. I want to be able to give you the good things of life. I'm not doing it. What's wrong with me?"*



# She:

*"Nothing's wrong with you. You say other men of your age are doing better—but they have no more brains. There must be some way for you to do as well as they're doing. Let's figure it out—WHAT HAVE THEY GOT THAT YOU HAVEN'T?"*

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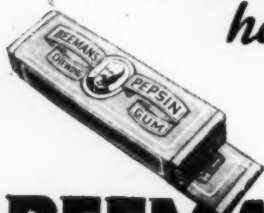
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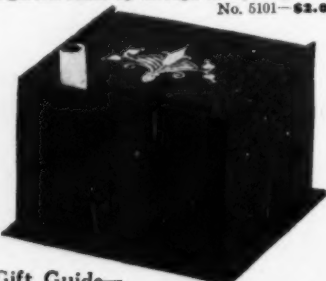
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friend, seeing him on this errand, would draw unfortunate conclusions. It was characteristic of him to get the whole affair as a dramatic picture. He, Jimmy Russell, of the Near East Relief, snooping up the stairs of the Lord only knew what dubious tenement, and caught by the woman he admired more than anyone else in the world, the dashing Agatha Stafford.

"It would make a good shot," he muttered professionally, and halted on a landing while Mrs. Kalavarides tried her key in the lock.

It would not turn, and her concerned, abstracted gaze was bearing round toward her companion when the door swung inward, and she stumbled against a Greek lieutenant with a revolver, which he immediately pressed against her throat.

"Now!" he shouted over his shoulder; and to Jimmy Russell the scene dissolved into an extraordinary chaos of shouts, grunts, olive-green uniforms and discontented eyes gleaming above dark romantic mustaches, and gritted teeth. He experienced a kind of vague disgust because he could not collect his thoughts to discover what was going on. He was very hot and dusty, and it was borne in upon him that he was lying on a chair that was swaying, and the owners of the eyes and mustaches were lashing him to that chair, while Pollynni Kalavarides, regarding the lieutenant with unfathomable contempt, was speaking very rapidly in Greek. And Jimmy Russell, sprawled and breathless as he was, noted the expression of triumphant complacency on the officer's face change to doubt and exasperated petulance.

**JIMMY RUSSELL** began to understand. All of them, even the soldiers holding him, began to understand, and left the lashings unfinished. Pollynni was magnificent as she flung out a hand toward him.

"Does he look like Eleutherios Kalavarides?" she screamed at the lieutenant. "Fine work for you! If you want my husband, why do you come here? Seek him among your boy-officers in the houses of fair reception. Seek him in the café of Kordelio. Look at this man. He is an American, and you kick him in the face and bind him to a chair. Fools! What do you want to do? Make trouble, trouble! All you ever make, as I know."

"Pst!" said the lieutenant, recovering from a daze in the shock of her cold fury. "Who is this? You bring him here to fool us?"

"I know nothing about you. This is my house. I pay the rent. Could the Osmanli do more than you here, opening doors of locked houses?"

"You hear?" said the lieutenant to his men. "She prefers the Osmanli."

Jimmy Russell broke into the wrangle. "Lieutenant, you have made a serious mistake. It is as Madame Kalavarides tells you. I am an American, of the Relief. Tell your men to take off these ropes."

"Then you are—eh? Yes, unbind him," said the lieutenant. "You are a friend—eh—of Madame?"

"I am not the man you seek—that should be sufficient for an officer familiar with the world," retorted Jimmy Russell, standing up and brushing himself briskly. "Perhaps you may obtain assistance if you explain what you are doing. What is the trouble?"

"Eleutherios Kalavarides is a traitor," said the lieutenant harshly. He turned as a sound of spurs, mingled with a heavy tread, approached them. A tall, broad man, with several medals on his breast, and a long plated sword clanking at his heels, stood before them. The lieutenant saluted. The new arrival looked round, breathing heavily, from his climb, and then at the lieutenant, who shrugged his epaulettes.

"The bird was flown, Major," he muttered. "This man is an American."

"The bird is not yet arrived," replied the other. "He will come. You will set a guard at the windows of the house opposite. I have decided."

"Very good, Major. I was just telling this gentleman, who is of the Relief, that the man we seek is a traitor." He turned to Jimmy again and accepted a cigarette. The Major did the same. "He has extracted information from our officers who employed him, and has been in communication with the Ottoman forces. The situation is serious."

The Major nodded, eying Pollynni with frank appraisal. A delicate situation. He decided that things were too complicated just now to bother about a fresh affair. Jimmy noted the glance.

"This lady and I," said he, "had an appointment to see some photographs. I may be able to get her a passport from the Repatriation Bureau. Since her husband is what you say, she could not be detained from returning to her own country."

"But her husband has somehow secured a passport for both of them to America, and a passage on a relief ship," said the Major sententiously. "His plan was to depart by the French ship *Mercedes* tomorrow. We have arranged to prevent it."

"He did that!" exclaimed Pollynni. "But we are apart. He never gives me a single drachma for the house."

The Major shrugged.

"Oh, as for that, he probably intended to take some one else, eh?" He opened his eyes very wide.

Pollynni gasped and put her hand to her chin. Then she too shrugged, and laughed.

"Of course! I should have thought of that."

"You will accept my apology, I hope," said the lieutenant, and Jimmy made a gesture of dismissing the affair from his mind.

"I think," he said, "Madame Kalavarides had better come with me if you are going to set a watch on this place. I can arrange for her accommodation at the Bureau of Relief."

The Major nodded, eying the girl again.

"Then," said Jimmy, "we can wait downstairs while Madame gets ready." The Major saw the point and motioned to the lieutenant to take his men down in advance. Jimmy asked a question as they closed the door.

"The situation is not only serious; it is critical," observed the Major in reply. "We are in action about a hundred kilometers to the north. Artillery is going through from the eastern front."

Jimmy commented that he hoped no more refugees would enter the city for a while. They had been coming in rather more of late, he said.

"They are ignorant—they run at the sight of a Turkish hat on a pole," said the Major.

## Voici les Peters, Lafayette!

Mr. Benchley has guided Mr. and Mrs. Peters to Paris, and there Mr. Peters did a good job of it in making the Republic safer for tourists. The record of the achievement will appear in an early issue.

(It was only a few days, and Jimmy saw them all running, majors and colonels and peasants, running like madmen, filling boats so full they turned over, and covered the harbor with frenzied drowning men and women and children.)

When Pollynni Kalavarides appeared, he hailed a passing carriage, and they got in.

"Now hear me," he said in a low tone. "I think you will do well to stay away from this place for a while. There is trouble about. These officers are in a sweat, and I fancy they are not doing so well at the front. I will give you a pass to the Bureau, and tomorrow I will get you a passport from the Repatriation Bureau. You may have to stay at Patras awhile—I don't know."

She grasped his arm.

"You will not leave me now?" she whispered. "For me there is nothing here save sorrow. I kneel to you!"

"No need," he said briefly. "I think we can manage it."

"I kneel to you!" she repeated passionately, and he could feel the trembling of her limbs.

IT was sunset the next day that Jimmy Russell came along the Rue Paralelle and saw the end of Eleutherios Kalavarides, guide to places of interest. He found the lieutenant in a doorway, but the street was empty. He had heard rifle shots, and now there was another, and a piece of stucco fell and exploded in cloud of white dust on the sidewalk.

"He has been there all day," said the lieutenant. "Barricaded! He knows we have him. We are watching the window."

"Why do you not go up, then?"

"He is armed, and he has a girl with him who seems out of her mind. She nearly killed one of my men in the house opposite. Now they do not know where we are. They will come to the window again soon. We shall have them."

"Have a cigarette," said Jimmy, and crowded courteously into the doorway. "A girl, eh?"

"Ah, one of these Russian women, with a face like a Mongol and a scarlet cap. A Bolo. They seek strange sensations. She, for instance, is loved by a renegade."

"Is that a strange sensation?" asked Jimmy wonderingly. "I mean, a pleasurable sensation?"

"She probably thinks so. Look out!"

A sharp report barked out just above them. There was a scream, and Jimmy was constrained to peep out. He saw a scarlet cap emerge from the window across the street and draw back. And then Mr. Kalavarides appeared there, as though he were engaged in some strange convulsive dance. His head came forward and then strained back. Suddenly, as a rifle cracked down the street, he became still, his neck stretched taut, his mouth open in a wide gape as though he were shouting. And then he fell like a limp bundle across the sill, his arms hanging over, and between his shoulders lay a head, the head of the girl in a scarlet cap.

FAR away from the City of the Giaours, beyond the Rocky Mountains, where eternal summer reigns, and the boulevards stretch out among the hills like ribbands of écu satin, there is a villa whose many windows look from beneath the red-tiled Spanish roof toward the Pacific, gleaming like a sapphire beyond the eucalyptus groves. A car, a jewel of silver and jade, moves off from the door, and soars away toward a magical city on the hillside, above a dark forest of oil-derricks. It bears a woman who once called herself Pollynni Kalavarides, who was born amid the Serbian mountains at the "Town of the Holly," who has found her destiny, and the work of her life, and who still from time to time startles an unsuspecting world with the sudden revelation of an original and seductive beauty.



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## M A T E D

She was anybody's prey. She danced with the Prince Olivetti, who was bald and seedy and came just to her shoulder. When Mr. and Mrs. Plantagenet van Laerens arrived late with their much advertised daughter Gladys, she danced with the dissolute Plummie, stiffly round and round; from the first step he began to make love, in a labored sort of way; he had the air of an old lord cajoling an innkeeper's daughter. Then the Cornelius Bagleys' party allied itself with the Van Laerens and the Harbingers and the Kails; they behaved, thought Lucinda, like people who have gone slumming and are afraid of being separated.

Lucinda danced and danced, listened to flip love, answered fliply. It was easy enough to get on with these people, she began to feel; she saw herself in a year, cultivating the perfect bad manners of the day, inventing daring epigrams, gaining popularity among the precocious little rakes. But under it all there ran a feeling of resentment. The party was for her. It was no honor to be invited. People had come to see the show; they were greatly amused. She imagined the things they were saying, in corners, behind their fans: Old Pelig's wife was trying to break in, and a fine chance she'd have, too, with his reputation and hers. . . . Good gracious, what a vulgar show! And where was Pelig getting all the money to put up for it? . . . That's the girl—the tall one with the dark eyes. . . . She might have a hard time marrying, but Vera would fix that—leave it to Vera.

Lucinda was glad that Pelig Harbison had had the good taste and the bad temper to stay at home. Matalea was glad too. Chatting with the Van Laerens and the Bagleys and the Harbingers as though she had known them all her life, she found plenty of partners for herself as well as for her daughter.

Every now and then Lucinda would descry among the crowd slim-waisted, unidentified young men of college age; they went at their work with athletic vigor and were almost professionally brazen as they "cut in." When she was whirling around against the swelling waistcoat of Cornelius Bagley, she asked him about these nameless strays.

"Floaters," he laughed, and indorsed Vera's prediction. "There are any number of them here—there always are. If they're thrown out, that goes down as a part of the lark."

Lucinda watched the floaters out of a corner of her eye. She had a feeling of kinship with them. They, like she, had come as outsiders. It might be fun to dance with one of them.

THE night was growing old; the artificial lights were fighting against the dawn, and the bandmen played like men asleep. Aching, yet buoyed up by the long hours of excitement, Lucinda had just another turn ere she would have danced herself into the officially marriageable state. It was the first lull in the long night, and she had found a solitary chair behind one of Vera's eccentric decorations. With satisfaction she noted the thinning crowd, the men outside taking away chairs—signs of a party's end.

"I won't dance any more," she promised herself.

Coming through the doorway she could see two new young men—floaters. By their conspiratorial air she knew them. One stood alone, looking; the other began edging around the room, coming nearer and nearer. Vera Cromwell loomed large on the horizon like a battleship with a broken tug in tow. The tug was Willie Harbinger, who, it was too apparent, had found somebody with whom to split his thermos. Vera was leading him straight toward Lucinda.

The strange young man had sidled within a yard of her, and stood irresolute. Vera



(Continued from  
page 68)

was bearing down on her. Lucinda looked up appealingly, and in the minute segment of a second saw clear blue eyes and a curious eyebrow—looked as if it had been broken in the middle and carelessly mended. A boy would do it that way.

"Do you want to dance?" she asked desperately.

"Why, y-yes, thank you. I—" He stuttered slightly.

She had an impression of his candid blush as she surrendered herself to his embrace and went fox-trotting away without a backward glance.

"I was going to say," she heard him mumble, "that I don't dance so very well. I—"

"That's all right," she reassured him. "Just keep on going. We'll get the step after a while."

He didn't dance so very well. If dancing with the talented, speechless Mr. Fry had been like flying, this was more like bumping over rough ice on a faulty sledge. But in her labored contortions across the floor she was busily wondering about him. The boy with the broken eyebrow: he was taller, heavier than he had been that morning some years before, at the Grand Central lunch-room, when he had been so boyishly kind. She looked shyly up; his face was rugged, unhandsome, but she liked it.

The time for love had come to Lucinda Shelby. The bell had struck a little late, perhaps, for she was twenty. The nomadic life, which had given her mother more than her share of marriage, had cut Lucinda off from desirable men. And now she had snatched out instinctively; for on afterthought Lucinda knew that she had chosen Martin the instant she leaped up with her unmaidenly request.

They were halfway across the floor when she decided that, as a dancing partner, he was an impossibility; moreover, she had a burning desire to talk to him.

"Give it up?" he grinned when she had freed herself and stood facing him.

"It's something about the music," she suggested.

"It's something about me," he said. "I haven't got any more sense of time than a haystack."

SHE looked swiftly around. Vera Cromwell's immeasurable back was turned. Matalea was saying good-night to a large group by the door. Lucinda led him away toward a refreshment-room. She found it almost empty; a sleepy man was standing by a depleted punchbowl, filling cups for a cigarette-smoking couple, far gone in their flirtation. They found chairs in the other end of the room; then, when he was seated, she said: "It isn't leap year. I suppose you're not used to having young ladies jump at you and demand a dance."

He might have replied with something pertly apropos, but instead he fumbled with his words, and at last got out:

"It's all right—only I don't know how."

"I'm sure you could learn," she encouraged him. "But why in the world did you ever come here if you can't dance?"

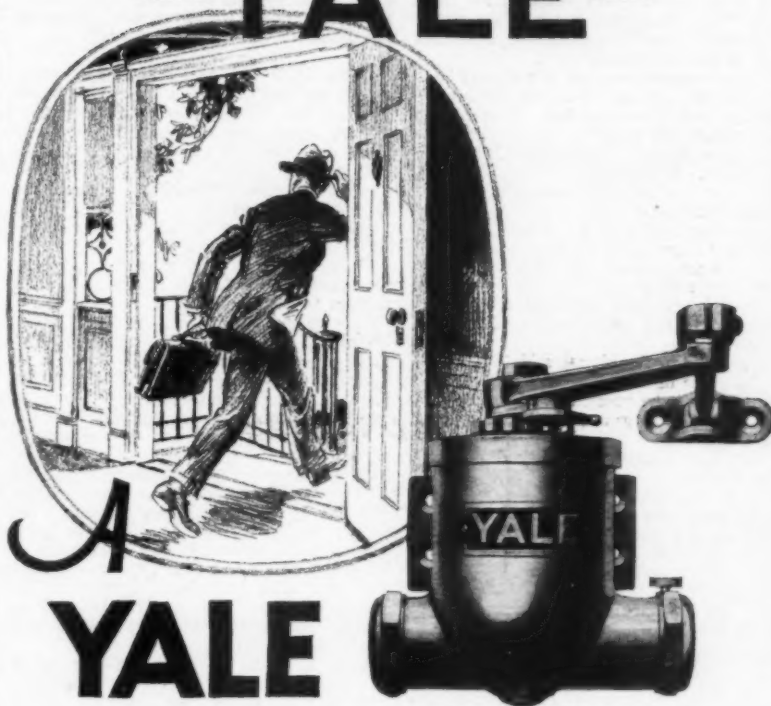
"That's a long story." He giggled shyly. "It's almost long enough to be a novelette. You see, I didn't ex-exactly want to come—"

"Then why did you?" She was studying him intently. He had matured; yet there remained in him much of the naive boyishness which had prompted him to feed her sausages, years ago. She wondered how long it would be before he recognized her.

"Well," he confessed, "I don't go to dances much. They say I'm serious. That's an awful word to damn a man with, even before he's graduated."

"I'd be content with that reputation," she confided. "What college do you go to?"

TRADE **YALE** MARK



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"Columbia. I graduate in June—if I don't flunk."

"Oh, but you won't!" And she believed it. "I don't know." He wrinkled his forehead. "I'm carrying too much outside stuff." He failed to reveal the nature of his outside stuff, so Lucinda asked:

"So you decided to come to a dance?"

"Well, not entirely. You see, Artie Cunningham and I made a bet. I came into some money this week."

"Congratulations!" laughed Lucinda.

"Thanks. It was thirty dollars. You see, I've got a regular job at college."

"An instructor?"

"No—keeping books for a butcher." He spread his large mouth in a frank smile. His eyes were merry, blue, adventurous. "No, I don't saw soup-bones or grind hamburger. But there's a butcher in Amsterdam Avenue—we just can't get along without each other."

Poor Martin, she almost said to herself—for his name had come back with the memory. But was the poor Martin? She would have given much for a chance to keep books for a butcher.

"But how about your thirty dollars and your bet?"

"Oh! You see, I'm on the *Spectator*, not having much else to do. There's a Barnard co-ed on the paper, and she thinks I can write. It's bad form to know a Barnard co-ed. I know a lot of 'em. I like 'em. This one began pestering me about a little paper on the race question I turned out awhile ago."

LUCINDA drew closer to him, charmed with his butcher and his race question. "What did you call it?" she asked breathlessly.

"George Washington and Biology."

"Mercy!"

"It does sound kind of horrible," he admitted good-naturedly. "She began to rave about it, and Artie Cunningham bet me the price of a dinner that I could sell it to one of the grown-up publications. Well, I did—for thirty dollars."

"And you paid for the dinner."

"Yes. And that brings us up to the present moment, as the Victorians say. Artie was keen to dress up and go to a two-dollar dance on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. I don't know much about dances. Artie said it was slow. Then he asked what was the matter with going to Fifth Avenue and picking up one of the big dances—the kind that everybody that is anybody goes to." This last with a slightly sarcastic twist of the mouth. "I told him he was crazy. He said: 'Maybe I am, but I've gone to nearly all the very exclusive dances this season—just walked in and out when I felt like it; all you need's your dress suit and your nerve.' Really, you know, I didn't think it could be done."

"So you came to find out." She smiled teasingly, admiring the spirit.

"Well, as Roger Bacon said when they stuck him in jail: 'Nothing can be proved without experimentation.' I guess you'll have to put me among the inductive philosophers. It can be done. Good Lord, how easy it is!" His eyes went dreaming toward the ballroom, partially visible through the doorway. The music had faded into a slow, soft waltz.

"Do you like your experiment, now it's worked out?"

"I don't know." His fine poetical eyes were gathering in the scene beyond. "To experiment, you sometimes fool with a mess of curious stuff. I've never been to a fashionable dance before."

"And you don't like it?"

"I won't say that. It's interesting, like diving into the deep sea and studying fishes with phosphorescent whiskers. But it's awful. So darned unnecessary!"

"The dance, you mean?"

"Yes. Like Babylon under electric lights. But I suppose this is an especially vulgar ball. Artie says it is. They can't all be as bad as this. It's some sort of débutante revel, isn't it? Who's it given for?"

AGREEING with him secretly, yet stung in her pride, Lucinda was on the point of telling him. Then a glance at his sensitive, rugged, boyish face told her that it would never do. Also she was goaded by a curiosity to hear more of her party from the intellectual angle. "I'm like you," she said. "I don't belong here."

"You don't seem to belong in this gallery," he decided, regarding her searchingly.

"Well, what's wrong with the picture?" she asked, afraid of what he would say, yet anxious to know.

"It's so decadent." His fist went under his chin. "Look at the crazy colors of those dingbats along the walls, just put there to defy Nature and to swear at those carloads of pink flowers—"

"They're orchids," she supplied.

"Are they?" His innocent eyes opened wider. "Anything for expensiveness. And look at the people!" Fortunately for his argument, Vera Cromwell, partially surrounded by the tiny Prince Olivetti, went floundering by the door. "See that pair! I'll bet she lives on gin and macaroons, to get that way. She's neither brute nor human. And that little toad hanging to her! He was never born. He was hatched out of an egg. And who's that living skeleton with the buck teeth?"

Lucinda looked and saw Mr. Plantagenet van Laerens swaying around with the beautiful Mrs. Carlo Mabries.

"He's Mr. van Laerens," she informed him. "He's a perfectly shrieking swell, and the people who are giving the dance are probably very proud to have him here."

"He adds to the picture," agreed Martin. Then with one of his bashful grins: "Gosh! I'm probably making hash of a lot of your friends."

"They're not," she said softly.

"Please don't think I carry a grouch around with me. After all, they don't look any worse than a lot of professors at a faculty meeting. They couldn't. And I'm no prophet yelling out of the wilderness. Only I'll bet they aren't having as good a time as they think they are."

"Then why do they stay so long?" she laughed.

"Maybe they think they've got to. These people are primitives. This is a sort of tribal rite. Did you ever read Westermarck's 'History of Human Marriage'?"

"No." How she wished she had!

"Well, it's dull as ditch-water, but it tells you a lot. This spectacle is just a New York version of an African dance where the black fellows whirl around till they drop—to celebrate a girl's coming of age."

"And I suppose the girl doesn't want them to do that particularly," murmured Lucinda.

"Of course not. But the village totem's just crazy about it. . . . Hello! Somebody's looking for you."

MRS. HARBISON was standing in the doorway, crystal dripping from her orchid-colored gown, gems flashing in her tinted hair. Her eyes were on Martin.

"Going home now," she said tartly, and swept away.

"I'm awfully sorry I kept you like this," apologized Martin, flushing.

"It's all right. I'm glad you did," she confessed, wanting to stay longer and talk. Was it possible that he didn't remember her? Shouldn't she be fair and tell him that she was the girl for whom the party was given? She was flurried. From somewhere in the ballroom she could feel invisible strings

drawing her away. "Good night," she smiled, giving her hand.

"Good night. I don't think you even know my name."

"Yes, I do," she was inclined to say, but some reticence restrained her.

"My name's Cole," he persisted. "Martin Cole." His tone was so like the boyish one with which he had proclaimed himself that morning, by the Waldorf elevator.

"It's been awfully nice, talking to you, Mr. Cole." He was waiting for her name, but not insistently. She liked that in him.

"I know you've got to go right away, but I wanted to ask—"

Because he was looking at her so pitifully, she had a queer, sinking feeling that stilled her voice until she could only murmur: "What is it?"

"Can't I see you again?"

"I don't know." Time was short. She must decide quickly. "Yes," she said. "Where shall we go?"

"Did you ever ride on the Staten Island ferryboat?" It might have been intended as a joke, but by his expression she knew that it wasn't. "It's great. I often go that way, just for the trip. Will you let me take you across?"

"When?"

"Thursday—is that all right? At three o'clock?"

"I'll be there."

Then she flew back to her mother. So that was done, she thought. On the Staten Island ferryboat at three o'clock. . . . He was young, as she was, and something of a rebel, or he wouldn't have come uninvited, to ask her to ride with him on a ferryboat. She loved youth—youth with wings.

Yes, the hour had struck for her to fall in love. Why? There's no why to the curve of a swallow's flight. But there's instinct in it, the instinct of wild seeking and of evasion, escape from a strong pursuer.

## Chapter Twenty-six

THE boat was sparsely filled with passengers. A winter mist lay thinly over the harbor, and through it a low sun shone like a fire opal. They had one side of the cabin all to themselves, with Governor's Island swimming by, a drab snow-bank, and beyond that, in vague outline, a frozen Goddess of Liberty, her nude, torch-bearing arm disappearing in the steam from a hundred busy tugs.

It was an adventure. For Lucinda, who had roamed much and traveled little, it suggested embarkation into delightful seas. Whither, she didn't care. Glancing sidewise through the window, she could see Manhattan's skyline, jagged peaks of mother-of-pearl and misty amethyst. They were heading away from one enchanted city to see another. And to interrupt her dream, an Italian came round with a smutty box and a request to shine their shoes.

"No, thanks," said Martin, and when he went away: "I ought to patronize him, I suppose. I'm a wop too."

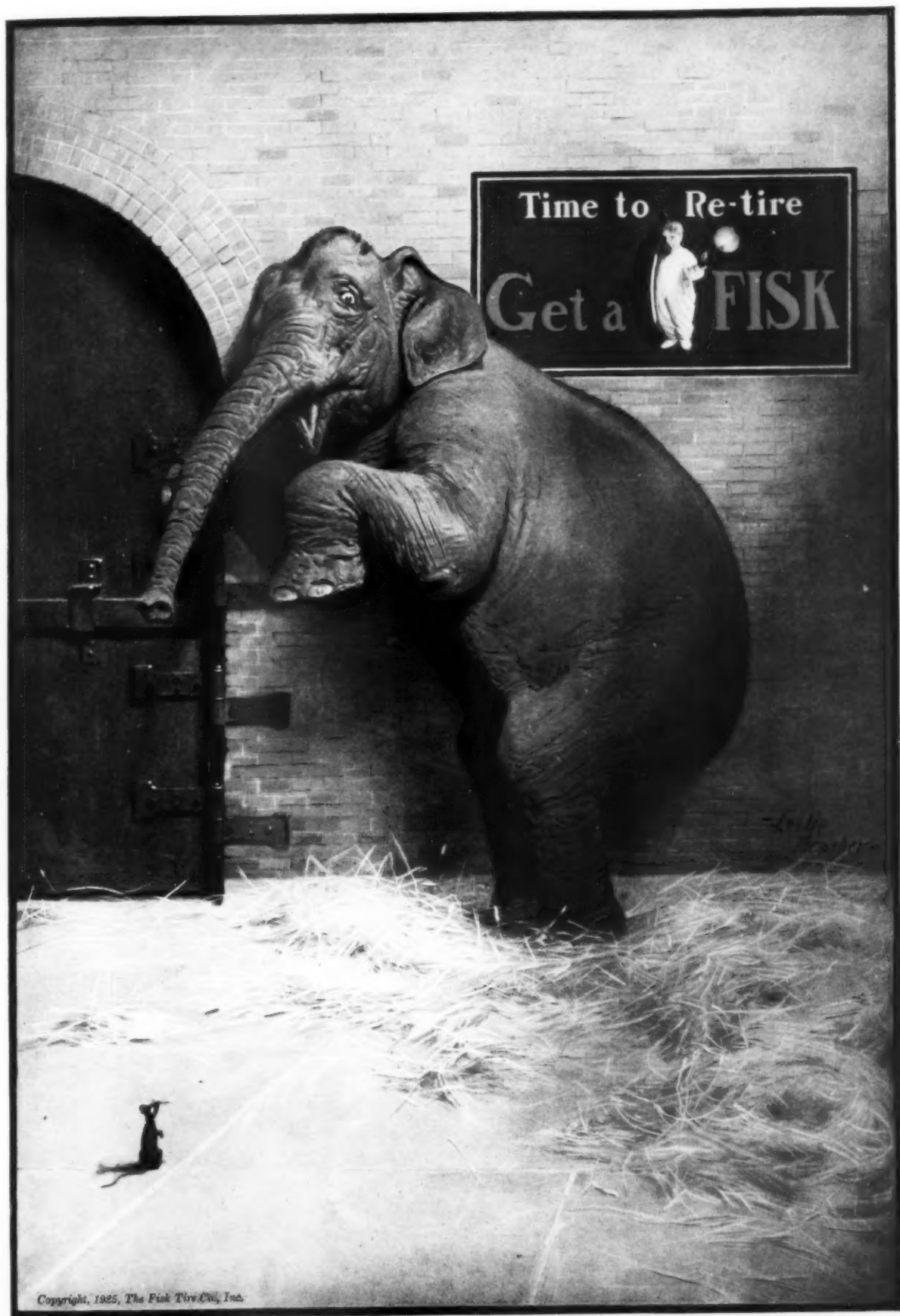
"Oh, now!" she accused him.

"Cross my heart. Born in Italy."

"You don't look like an Italian," she said.

"No. And I guess I don't feel like one. My people come from Indiana. My father was a doctor. I was born in Rome, when he was over there studying pellagra. My first language was Italian—I've forgotten most of it."

How much had he forgotten? The lunch-room? The big-brotherly talk in the taxi-cab? The parting by the Waldorf elevator? He rambled on about himself. He hadn't gone to France during the war. He had been too young for service in the United States, and had run away to Canada, where he had been rejected. His mother had died when he was thirteen; and his father, an



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## What's that they said?

He was just entering the locker room at his club. From back of one of the tiers came voices: some men were talking about him. He had heard his name mentioned.

They had also said something about a certain advertising campaign. Then the conversation died away.

Jenkins suspected who the men were. Yet he was too sensitive a fellow to investigate. It ruined his game that day but started him thinking.

\* \* \*

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

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LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

For  
HALITOSIS



NEW  
LISTERINE

army doctor in a training-camp, had succumbed to influenza in the winter of 1917.

Lucinda remained reticent. Several times she had had it on her tongue to reveal the things which she felt he deserved to know. But she feared to put herself in a poor light. She wouldn't like him to think her a trickster. So she questioned on. What was he going to do after college?

"I wish I knew." A shade of uneasiness came over his brow. "Once I wanted to study medicine. But the dissecting room—I couldn't stand it. That's what makes me feel I'm not as good a man as my father."

"Oh yes, you are," she assured him, eyes shining. "You don't have to be a doctor, do you? There are lots of finer things than that."

"Are there?" His young seriousness held her. "If human life is worth anything,—and I think it is,—what's finer than devoting your talents to saving it? My daddy died on the job."

"You're not too old to be a doctor, if you want to study," she urged. "But don't waste your time deciding. My daddy always wanted to be an actor. When his chance came, he was too old."

"It's like playing the violin," agreed Martin Cole with one of his slow glances. "You've got to be born doing it, almost. And I'll never be a doctor. What can I be?"

"Something great," thought Lucinda.

"Isn't it silly," he burst out, stammering a little, "that a man can go four years through college, working like a slave, and come out as vague as I am?"

"What do you study?" A green, young question!

"Biology mostly," he grumbled; then his face brightened to the explanation: "It's there that I would be, as old Rud says. I'm a bug-chaser by instinct. And do you know what?" He beamed again. "I'm liable to go on an expedition to the Galápagos!"

"What's that?" It had a lonely sound.

"Oh, a bunch of islands on the equator. You've read Darwin's 'Voyage of the Beagle?' Giant tortoises and sea lizards—they've got a flora all to themselves."

Did the lizards or the islands monopolize the flora? Lucinda did not ask, but regarded him with a new romance. Under fringed boughs he stood, tropically helmeted, the tall, white master of nose-ringed blacks. He was born to discover; and he, with his mysteriously broken brows above eyes like tropic waters, was her discovery!

"Will you go on your own boat?" she asked, charmed and afraid.

He laughed, a friendly sound. "Self-supporting students don't charter yachts. Ever heard of Dr. Cyrus Huntington Milling? No? Well, he's a great swell. Forms expeditions into the tropics and collects specimens for the Natural History Society. This winter he wants to take a Columbia student with him. And what d'you think? He got all het up about my specimens and my drawings, and sort of promised to take me. Gosh!"

"And you're going?" she cried, unselfish for his sake.

"I don't know. A bird in the hand's worth two on the equator. I'm tired of

being broke. . . . There's a Barnard co-ed. Her father manufactures something queer—mousetraps, maybe. He owns a trade journal—*International Mousetrap Bulletin*, or whatever. She thinks I can write—says her old man'll make me editor, and if I'm a good boy for a long time, maybe I can retire and write essays for the *New Republic*."

"Men do have an awful time deciding, don't they?" she said. "But I think their problems simple, when you consider what women have to do."

"I don't see it that way," he confessed bluntly. "After all, unless she's so extraordinary she mustn't or so horribly ugly she can't, a woman doesn't need to do a thing but get married."

Why did they all say that? She was pondering this question when the ferryboat bumped the Staten Island side.

A HALF-DOZEN times during their enchanted journey homeward, she had opened her mouth to square herself. She wasn't playing fair. But how should she begin? Yet she stood aside and continued to play him with questions.

"What's the name of the Barnard co-ed whose father makes mousetraps?" she asked.

"Oh, they aren't really mousetraps," he smiled. "It's a sort of patent incinerator that heats the house and burns garbage. Her name's Wanda Stern. She has a notion that it would be a good thing for me to go on the trade journal for a year or two, then to branch out."

"I think she must be a very sensible girl," decided Lucinda.

"Want to meet her? She's really very interesting."

"I should love to." But what was this queer new thing, working like yeast in her heart?

"You're from the South, aren't you?" he asked, catching her suddenly in his quick blue gaze.

"How did you guess it?"

"You've got a Southern accent I'd know if I were stone deaf. You hate the letter *r* like poison, and the way you say 'house'—sort of like 'hoose'—oh, I can't say it the way you do. But it's awfully pretty. How long have you been here?"

"Five years." Then she grasped out suddenly at her opportunity, for the jagged edge of Manhattan was beginning to loom against their bow. She must tell him before they went ashore.

"We came here when my mother was married. But I was in New York once before—overnight. Maybe you remember." The curious look in his face frightened her a little, showed her that she had begun wrong.

"When was that?" he asked, puzzled. It was too late now to go back.

"You remember—well, there was a foolish little girl at the Grand Central lunch-room—sausages."

"Gosh!" said the intellectual collegian, quite feelingly. "Do you mean to say—"

"Then you didn't remember me at all!"

"Why should I? That was—oh, a long time ago."

"But I remembered you, the minute I set eyes on you."

"Haven't I changed any?" He looked disappointed.

"Not so much as you think," she replied, and could not quash an impulse to tease him. "You think you're awfully grown up. But I still see the boy who wanted to go fishing and missed his train to help a little girl find her father."

"You found him all right?" He was as interested as if it had all happened yesterday.

"Oh, yes. But you didn't remember me."

"I can see a family resemblance, but it's not much more than that. You've grown so sort of—radiant. It's hard to associate you with that funny little bean-pole. You didn't seem to be anything but eyes."

"I must have been a horrible brat."

"No—you were very sweet." He cleared his throat and looked at her with his mingling of shyness and bold candor. "I was the brat. I went away from you feeling like Sir Galahad after a big day with the dragons. Funny, too! I've told you my name twice, and you've never told me yours."

"You wouldn't remember it. I remembered yours the other night."

"Well, why didn't you tell me then?" His voice was low; its timbre thrilled her to the soles of her feet.

"I'm Lucinda Shelby," she said. Then, to make candor complete: "My name's not really Shelby. It's Weaver. But Shelby was my daddy's name, and I've grown up with it. I didn't tell you who I was the other night, because—I hope you won't be cross with me—"

"I guess not," he assured her with an amiable giggle.

"Because you didn't like the party. And you see—" There was an appeal for mercy in her look. "Well, it was given for me."

"You?" His face had lost its blandness, had clouded suddenly—a hurt look, as if he had received a blow.

"I can't tell you how ashamed I am," she said rapidly. "I don't know what came over me. I wanted to tell you before I went home. But it had gone so far."

"And there I sat like a howling jackass, braying! What did I say?" He passed his hand across his puzzled forehead. "Something about decadence. I knocked the decorations. I said that the fat lady—maybe she was your aunt—lived on gin and macaroons. Good Lord!"

She put her hand lightly on his arm. "I didn't like it any better than you did. It was just what you said it was. And I'm so sorry."

"You treated me exactly right." His face brightened to a smile. "Going around like an opinionated ass, blowing off steam. It's a wonder you didn't call the bouncer and have me thrown out."

ALL this was cheering enough, but she knew she had hurt him. As the boat began slushing its way toward the dock, a restraint fell between them. As they followed the crowd through the pier-shed, she had the feeling of one who has stepped out of a romantic *matinée* into a sordid street. In an atmosphere of reeking gutters and honking drays, he came back with a taxicab and found her leaning against a pillar, her lips set, her eyes widely serious.

"Good-by." He seemed to challenge her to speak.

"Mr. Cole," she blurted out, "I don't want you to feel badly about what you said at the party. It was all my fault for not answering your question when you asked me. And I couldn't let you go on, not knowing—"

As he stood there, regarding her earnestly, she noticed his old brown hat, worn at a picturesque angle. It reminded her of Daddy's in the days before he was an actor. His eyes were like Daddy's too.

"Will you ever let me see you again?" he asked, and her heart leaped up.

"Yes. I'd like you to come. I'm at my mother's."

"Who is your mother?"

"Mrs. Pelig Harbison."

The name seemed to unnerve him for an instant; whether he recoiled from the notorious Pelig, or hesitated at the Harbisons' bruited grandeur, she never knew.

"I should love to come and talk to you some more," he said simply, and left her unceremoniously.

A remarkable climax comes in the next installment of Mr. Irwin's great novel of divorce. Watch for it in the next, the November, issue.

## William McFee

There's another story coming from this successor to Joseph Conrad, as the critics call him. It glows with color, and its drama will thrill you. The wickedest man in the world dominates it, and it is called—

"The Garden of the Bey"



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## SADIE OF THE DESERT

(Continued from page 89)

Fifteen hundred a year, to begin with.  
If Blair moved up, three thousand. Then  
five—ten. Fifteen, if she were clever! Two  
trips to Paris every year. Clothes—restau-  
rants—people. . . . Herbert's hands were  
never quite clean. There were little blonde  
hairs on the lobes of his ears, a sort of  
down. When he kissed her, she could smell  
the cheap cigarettes he smoked. . . . Would  
she like it? Could she be what he expected  
her to be—a sort of mother, ready to for-  
give, to love, to kiss his hands that were  
always stained with grease and soot?

That night, she told him.

"I can't, Herb. Honest, I can't. I meant  
what I said, when I said it; but I've  
changed my mind—"

His face twisted, and she thought that he  
was going to smile. He did smile, but there  
was no mirth in his eyes; they were more  
than ever like a dog's eyes, sad, hurt, wist-  
ful.

"A' right, Sadie," he said.

Suddenly he turned away and left her—  
left her standing in the doorway of a shop,  
where they had taken shelter from the rain.  
Left her and walked off, his shoulders  
hunched, his head bent, with that funny,  
loping gait of his.

Then Sadie knew.

She hurried uptown, threading the imper-  
sonal crowd, swimming through the currents  
of life, alone. Crying.

**S**HE did not see Herbert McCarthy again.  
The Job claimed her.

She knew doubt and confusion. She made  
mistakes, floundered. On the fringe of  
Parnassus, she found the atmosphere a  
shade too rarefied, too thin; it was difficult  
to breathe. She met on terms of equality  
those women who had seemed, in their  
aloofness, creatures apart from common ex-  
perience. Theirs was a technique beyond  
the reach of her little artifice.

Mr. Blair was kind, watchful. He tem-  
pered his criticisms: "You're new to the  
game. Keep your eyes open. Don't let  
anyone fool you. Nothing counts but suc-  
cess. Remember that."

To Sadie fell the details. She was not, as  
assistant, supposed to have an imagination.  
Blair might improvise; she must not. But  
she must have at her command the small,  
annoying facts he no longer bothered to  
remember. She missed the luxury of the  
sales-rooms. She ran errands, made inven-  
tories, took stock, compiled catalogues,  
wrote advertisements, interviewed salesmen,  
even while she longed to take part in the  
fascinating business of designing, creating,  
displaying the marvelous fur garments which  
were paraded in the velvet salons by languid  
mannequins from Harlem.

At night, stuffing herself into a subway  
express, Sadie would go home, dog-tired, to  
what she called the country. Only now, her  
little joke had worn thin. Mr. Blair, being  
a suburbanite, was touchy, and the others  
had heard of the Champs-Élysées but not of  
Mount Morris Park.

When Fred Perry made his spectacular  
entrance upon the scene of Sadie's little  
drama, she tried it, doubtfully, again.

"Where you from?"

"I'm from the country—Mount Morris  
Park. Smell the hay?"

And Fred Perry, who always flattered 'em,  
bless their little hearts, laughed until he  
cried.

"That's a good one! I'm from the Bronx  
myself. God's country!"

Fred Perry represented McIntosh and  
Mollin, furriers.

He was sallow, slim, high-waisted, brisk.

## The Choice of a School

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most important decisions  
you have to make in the  
life of your child is the  
selection of the right  
school. Our college-  
trained staff has person-  
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"I'm making real money," he informed Sadie. "There's a fortune in the fur game. Velvet! Absolutely, velvet. Women want furs. They've got to have 'em. If they can't get sables, they'll wear alley cats. Absolutely." He gave Sadie a look which was calculated to flatter, to soothe, to promise. "Stick by me and you'll never starve."

Fred Perry, in a world of men, belonged to the "go-getters." He was a product of the great American school of hustle. Nourished on the literature of easy success, he was a debauched optimist. To get something for nothing was his slogan. To beat somebody, anybody, to it, was his goal. And his method of attack, where women were concerned, was simple, even primitive. "Rustle a hundred-dollar bill. Feed 'em. Talk big. Tell 'em they're the first, absolutely. They'll eat outta your hand."

Sadie wrote a column of figures, added, subtracted. "This is our offer, Mr. Perry."

He glanced at the total—then at his watch—then, expectantly, at Sadie's throat, where the dress was cut away and showed a little pulse-beat of excitement. "McIntosh and Mollsin wont listen. You've got to do better than that." He smiled. "How about a little dinner tonight? Just you and me? The Palais Royale. Dance?"

Sadie thought of Herbert, big, stooping, awkward. "Yes."

"Well, I'll call for you. Eight o'clock. You be ready." He got up. "Ten thousand's our figure on the chinchilla."

WHEN he had gone, Sadie went to Mr. Blair's office and put the slip of paper on his desk. "That's the best I could do. Ten thousand."

Blair's pale eyes contracted, seemed to grow darker. "You'll have to do better."

"I'll try."

He shut his eyes, opened them again. "Miss Bauer always got what she went after," he said.

Sadie thought: "Like a trapper!"

That night, seated at a narrow table with Fred Perry, McIntosh and Mollsin's go-getter, Sadie forgot everything except that here, at hand, was life as she had dreamed it.

She had come all the way downtown in a taxicab. The city flowed by like a sea; lights broke against the cab like spray; she was immersed.

"Gee! I love New York."

"Well—Los Angeles is pretty good."

"You've been way out there?"

"Sure. Twice a year."

He expanded, patronized her. "Palms—geraniums as big as trees. Absolutely."

The Palais Royale was beginning to gulp the theater crowd. A nervous head-waiter seated them in a sort of alcove, beneath a trellis of artificial rose-vines. A twitter of violins. A glow of incandescent moonlight, very blue. Sadie glanced at her hands, her bare arms, surprised at their whiteness. Her arms—lovely. And she had never noticed them before. Life could be warm, exciting, like this; or it could be what Herbert had offered.

"Dance?"

They swept out upon a floor that was like a frozen pool. Fred Perry held her with a meticulous delicacy, spatulate finger-tips spread, cheek brushing her hair. "Swell music."

Sadie could see the line of his cheek, closely shaven, blue. He had a faun's ears, only Sadie did not know that they were faun's ears; she thought they were too small. He danced like a man in a trance, eyes closed, mouth smiling, silent.

It was Fred Perry's boast that he could get any woman, but that no woman would ever get him. "A bachelor's life for me! All of the cream and none of the milk. That's me!"

At the table again, he flapped his elbows and swooped down upon an elaborate salad



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# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

built of chicken, strips of pimiento and a twist of mayonnaise. Sadie's quick eyes flew around the room. She could see herself reflected in a mirror. That pretty girl was herself. Out with a rising young business man—a fellow with money, a fellow with ambition! Her hand flew to cover the circlet of chipped diamonds set in white gold; it was not there. Why was she always thinking of Herbert, that funny, one-sided smile of his?

Fred Perry was saying: "I'm going to Paris in the fall. Sables! I know Paris like you know New York. Wonderful women. Best dressers in the world. . . . Dance?" He had made Sadie conscious of her lack, in comparison to the *mondaines* of his delectable past. Miserable, she stumbled. His arm tightened. She was aware of the taut muscles of his shoulder. Funny, that she wanted him to flatter her. He was as remote, as cold, as aloof as a planet.

Sadie tried to sparkle. And Fred Perry, watching her out of skeptical eyes, knew that he had moved the first pawn in a winning game.

"Say, you're a cute kid. What you doing in a department store? A kid like you, with brains!"

This was what he called "countin' 'em out." He touched her hand, lightly, with the tips of his fingers; and Sadie, staring hard, shivering, remembered Herbert's fingers.

"I always arrive where I'm going, and I always get what I ask for. That's me. You stick with Freddy."

Something, a voice, insistent, within her, warned Sadie: "You've got to beat him down to eight thousand for the chinchilla. If you don't, you'll lose your job."

But when he said again, "Dance?" she slipped into his arms eagerly, with a look in her eyes that Herbert had never seen. Her body was alive—the music, the people, the close, dusty perfumed air pressing against her, as if she were not on the outside of life but within it.

"I tell you what," Fred Perry whispered: "I'll do something just for you. I'll make it eight thousand for the lot. You pass that on to Blair. I like to help pretty little kids. I'm kind-hearted. They all tell me I'm kind-hearted."

"I think you're wonderful," Sadie Hermann said. "Absolutely!"

In the taxi, at One Hundred and Tenth Street, she thought: "I'll let him kiss me."

When he did, she lay for a moment like Salome beneath the shields. Then she pushed him away.

WHEN the alarm-clock exploded in the morning, Sadie opened her eyes to a cluttered room, to a window-square of gray. She groped for the leitmotif of the day. That kiss assailed her, and she turned over in bed, burying her face in the pillow. Then she remembered. And the day broke with a little clash of symbols, a fanfare. "Eight thousand. I can tell Blair!"

She ran all the way to the station, no longer one of the army, but Joan, mounted, bearing a bright banner.

A crowd stood about the subway entrance. At first Sadie thought the traffic jam was worse than usual. Then she saw an engine, a truck, the hook-and-ladder. . . . "Accident in the subway!" An ambulance, reckless, clanging—another. "They're bringin' 'em up. God, it was a mess." She ran. Her breath was shallow. Her face was twisted. "Mebbe Herbert was in it!" She pushed her way into the crowd. "Stand back there. Stand back!"

She could see nothing.

She pounded on a stranger's back. "Say, you, lemme by! I gotta see."

"Stand back! Clear outta here."

"What's happened? Anybody hurt?"

"Accident in the subway."

"Mebbe Herbert was in it!"

"Don't you worry, sister."

The police thrust the crowd slowly, slowly, away from the gaping entrance of the tunnel, from which jets of steam were blown as from the mouth of a dragon.

"They're bringin' 'em up."

Sadie did not look at what they brought up. She thought: "I'm foolish, getting scared like this. I'll take the L. Gee, I was lucky, not being in it!"

She felt shaky, as if she had brushed elbows with death. She wriggled through the crowd, stumbled across a tangle of hose, ran. "I'll be late. I mustn't be late."

That afternoon she had word that Herbert McCarthy wanted to see her. He was at Saint Vincent's hospital, and they thought he might not live. Would she please hurry?

HE lay on a very high, narrow bed in a ward. A screen had been placed around him. Sadie tiptoed. The smell of the place, ether, disinfectant, varnish, took her by the throat. She followed a nurse who wore wide, swinging, starched skirts.

"Right here. You're to stay five minutes. I'll come back for you."

At first Sadie thought Herbert was dead—he lay so still and flat and white. His hair was all tousled up.

He opened his eyes and grinned.

"Hello, Sade. Gosh, I'm glad. I thought mebbe you were on that train."

His hand groped for hers. And suddenly she saw that he was encased in bandages all the way up to his chin.

"Do you know what day it is?" he asked.

"Tuesday."

"It's the second of June."

She caught at his hand, kissed the stained fingers, one after the other.

"Herbert, you mustn't die. You mustn't."

"I aint goin' to die. I'm goin' to get well, and we're goin' to be married."

He got well. Not quite well, but they patched him together.

"You'll do, McCarthy," the head surgeon said. "You've got to be careful. No more subway. Your lungs are dented. You'll need all the air you can get."

"West," Herbert remarked dreamily from behind the fluoroscope.

The head surgeon may have grinned in the darkness. The X-ray sputtered. "Good idea. Air is what you need, and there's lots of it out there."

The Herbert whom Sadie married was not the Herbert of the loping gait with whom Sadie had fallen in love. He walked slowly, carefully, as if each step were an experiment, likely to result in disaster. His smile was tentative; the old flash of teeth had given way to a wistful something that stabbed you.

"Sure you're all right, Herb?"

"You betcha."

There was no question in Sadie Hermann's mind as to the rightness of marrying Herbert. Summer came, the wilted, burning summer. New York took off its collar. Sadie, Mrs. McCarthy, went every day to the park, Herbert leaning on her arm, and they sat in the stifling shadow of a chestnut tree near the pond.

"I'll tell you what, Sadie: I'm sick of this. I'm going West."

"No, Herb. You just wait till you're better."

He liked to talk of things that made Sadie's skin creep—desert and mountains, lonely, high places "near the stars."

"All my life I've wanted to go where I could be lazy and not be ashamed of myself. I hate work—too much of it. I hate hustle. I hate crowds. I want to sit and look at the earth."

A faint premonition, a soul-shiver, made Sadie tremble.

"You're sick, Herb. Wait till you're well. You can get a job at the electric works, and I'll go back to the store."

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"Never," he said grimly. "Never!"

The day he heard of Poway, from a stranger, he rushed back to the flat with some of his old loping speed. "Sadie! Follow in the park got to talking to me about California. He knows of a place for sale. Friend of his. Here's the letter. Place called Poway, in the mountains and desert, south, near the border. He wants to sell out. Service station—"

Sadie snatched the letter. "Mebbe it's a fake. You don't know."

"Mebbe it is. It wont hurt to go. Five thousand. With the insurance, and a note, I can do it, just." He caught her, held her, and she could feel his heart beating with the loud, insistent pressure of excitement and hope. "It's as if I'd prayed and was answered. That fellow in the park has been out there. He said there's not another house for miles. Just sage, and big hills, and if you climb up a little, you can see the ocean."

Sadie thought: "I'll never see New York again."

**T**HE day came when, the long journey ended, they were getting out of a Ford jitney at their own front door. It was dusk of a rain-washed day, and the air was heavy with the pungent, spicy odor of wet sage.

Sadie helped Herbert down; he leaned against her, staring. "Home, Sadie. Home!"

She reached for their bags, and the jitney driver swung them down. "If you need any grub, there's a ranch-house in the cañon—about a mile. Family name of Dibblee."

He was gone. A red tail-light flickered down the road, whisked over a hill, snuffed out.

"A long way from Forty-second Street," she said, and tried to laugh.

"God's country."

Their home, Herbert's five thousand had been swallowed, all of it, by this promise of happiness. Sadie saw dimly a frame house, half garage, half dwelling, a gas-pump, a square of gravel, and above, beyond, enveloping, oppressive, terrible, the darkness.

"You've got the keys—"

Inside, the house was divided into four rooms—barely furnished, damp. Herbert struck matches.

"This is the kitchen, Sade. Lookit. A good three-burner stove. Everything you want."

Suddenly he sagged against her. "Gee, I'm weak. My legs are like paper."

"I'll put you to bed."

Busy, afraid for him, she forgot her dread of the emptiness which surrounded the house. She found a bed, brass, and a shiver of laughter shook her. "Here's the bedroom, Herb."

She helped him to undress, pulling his coat off while he leaned his head against her. "I'm ashamed of myself. Weak, like this."

He fell almost immediately asleep. Sadie came back from the kitchen with hot water, to find him breathing gently, open-mouthed, like a child. She had found and lighted a candle, and with it she fought the darkness. There were no shades to draw against that vast emptiness.

Sadie went to the window and stared at a sky swarming with stars. "It's stopped raining. Stars all the way down. Gosh, if there weren't so many!" She remembered her flat in New York, and the window which looked into other windows. Light everywhere. People talking. Phonographs going. Mebbe a kid crying. Life! But this—

She undressed and crawled into bed beside Herbert. She could never accustom herself to his rapid, shallow breathing.

She remembered the journey—every mile a closed door. The desert—then, at last, orange trees and shallow ditches and a wall of barren mountains. Palms—shabby eucalyptus trees—and Herbert, pressing his nose against the window: "God's country, Sade."

Well, now he had it. Not a house for miles. Sage—a sea of scrub, off to the hills. No trees, no grass, no rivers. Sage, and desert.

To this, Sadie woke. Woke to silence, to a blaze of sunlight.

She turned, stretched out a hand. But Herbert was not there. She found him sitting on the doorstep, staring off at a chain of mountains that were like cut amethysts. He had the look of a pilgrim who has come upon a shrine.

There followed a new, strange game for Sadie McCarthy, the game of deceiving Herbert because she loved him. He sat in the sun, tipped back against the wall of the garage, pale, languid, just looking off.

Sadie it was who bought a secondhand car and learned how to run it. Sadie it was who painted the house orange with red trimmings; who lured trade with an orange-and-red sign: "Poway Station. Independent. Free air, crnk-case service and courtesy." It was Sadie who learned the jargon of the trade, whose fingers were stained with grease.

"I've figured it out. We can clear a hundred a month."

"That's great."

Sadie turned away to hide an expression of pity.

"We were sold, Herb."

"Sold? What do I care? I can live, here. I can breathe."

The road which passed their door wriggled down a steep grade, coil upon coil, and threaded a valley to an inland town. There was very little tourist traffic. An occasional farmer, miners city-bound from the Pala district, cattle men from Julian, gas-trucks lumbering from station to station.

She missed the streets, listened for the sound of feet upon city pavements, caught herself straining to hear the rumble of traffic, waited with a sort of hunger for the rare hum of a car which meant that people were passing, people going south, to San Diego, north to Los Angeles.

"Feeling all right, Herb?"

"Yep."

One day he put his arm around her. "Is it worth it, Sadie?"

"If you're happy."

He began to potter about the place, as an old man might, doing little things with incredible effort. Sadie could wait on two customers while Herbert waited on one. He was very often irritable. "Why didn't that guy say he wanted two gallons? I gave him five, and he cussed me out."

Sadie, patiently: "Always ask."

Whenever she heard a car stop, she would drop whatever she was doing and run outside. "Good morning! How much? Can I look at the oil? Water? How about air?" You would not have recognized the little city minnow, the dweller in shadowy, pink-shaded velvet deeps. The blazing white sun of the desert had burned the henna lights out of her hair; her white throat was brown; the manicured finger-tips had learned how to probe into the greasy vitals of a car and to diagnose its particular trouble with a detached and intuitive accuracy.

**S**HE postponed living. "As soon as Herbert's well, we'll go back to New York."

Against that day, she saved—a dollar here, a dollar there. And the tide of traffic went down the coast highway, ten miles to the west. Ten miles to the west, wealth flowed up and down the king's highway, the way of the padres, the old, old way linking mission to mission, vision to vision, the way of the dons, the Yankees, the tourist. *El Camino Real*. Ten miles to the west the sea broke on long gray beaches, against ochre and pink headlands. Ten miles to the west, there were towns, hotels, stores, road-houses, jetsam in the wake of traffic headed toward San Diego and Tia Juana. But at Poway there was silence, the quivering of unclouded

sky and baked earth, the hot, sweet smell of silver sage. And the empty road, like a blue ribbon, topping the grade, dropping again, coil upon coil, into the valley. . . .

Herbert would say: "Hear that bird, Sade? A lark, wasn't it?"

"I dunno."

Herbert began to scratch a garden in the shade behind the house.

"If I can get enough water, mebbe I can make something grow."

He broke the 'dobe painfully, foot by foot. Sadie would hear him coughing out there, as he worked. Then, for an entire day, he hosed his "garden," converting the 'dobe chunks into a slippery morass of gray mud.

"Nothing'll grow there," Sadie declared. "You'd better clean up the garage instead."

Herbert straightened, and for the first time, she had a glimpse of the old Herbert. His crooked dog's smile and a flash of teeth. "If I can get water, I'll make things grow! I guess I'm not lazy. All I need is the right job."

He leaned on the hoe with which he had been chopping at the mud. The sweat stood on his white face, matted his hair, stained his shirt. He was not gifted with the trick of autobiography; but now, slowly, groping for words, he explained himself to Sadie: "I was born down near the wharves in Boston. I never saw a decent-sized tree until I was ten, when the school had a picnic in the Common. Gee! I was nearly crazy. Something about it— The other day, sitting here, I doped it out. I was born to be a farmer."

Sadie laughed. A bitter feeling flooded her heart, suffocated her. "And I was born to be in business. Not here. God's country! I hate it! I'm afraid of it! You don't know. I've spent a year in hell. I want to go back. You might as well know. The truth never hurt anybody."

She flung out her hands. "I want a manicure—a decent shampoo and a wave. I want to see people, millions of 'em. I want to go to a show and hear the orchestra tuning up."

Her head went down on her knees. "I'm sick of this. I'm sick of it!"

Herbert said nothing. He went on chopping, aimlessly, as if his heart weren't in it. After a while Sadie got up and stumbled into the house. She felt numb all over.

She saw him walking down the cañon trail to the Dibblee ranch, limping, and a perverse vision assailed her—a figure on horseback riding into the sunset, alone. "Mebbe he wont come back."

But he did come. Twilight, and he opened the door. Sadie was peeling potatoes. Herbert put something in her lap. "I brought you a kitten. The Dibblees gave it to me. Mebbe you wont be so lonely."

Sadie touched the little cat gingerly. "Gee, Herb! It's alive!"

"Sure it's alive. What did you think?"

He stooped, and Sadie quickly, passionately, kissed him.

"I'll stay, Herb."

"What'll we call the kitten?"

Sadie laughed, wiping tears away with the back of her hand. "I dunno. Let's call him Bill."

IT was impossible that things should go on like this. A woman who has dreamed of wearing chinchilla on the Rue de la Paix is not going to compromise on a black-and-yellow cat, without a struggle.

Sadie loved Herbert. She loved the little down on the lobes of his ears, his one-sided grin, even his shallow breathing, which kept her awake through the terrifying hours of darkness and silence.

But she had a little sick feeling of disgust and rebellion whenever she saw him in the "garden," that patch of 'dobe behind the house. Herbert planted—potatoes, carrots, beets, lettuce.

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"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY  
BOSTON

Down the patch, neat white strings, marking the rows. Irrigation ditches. Fertilizer. Sprays. Muslin frames. "It's going to cost a hundred dollars to raise ten dollars' worth of carrots," Sadie remarked with an acid note in her voice.

"It'll be worth it," was Herbert's dreamy reply. He looked at his landwork with his head tilted. He backed away from it as an artist backs away from a canvas.

Winter came again. Palomar wore a white veil of snow, and old Flat Top down in Mexico was purple-black beneath a sky the color of wet slate. Rain fell. And Herbert wore a look of ecstasy. "Russ Dibblee says this'll do it." He tipped back his head and listened to the tumult of rain on the roof. "Gee! Great! Dibblee says—" And so on and so on.

Sadie would sit stiffly, holding Bill on her knee, bracing herself against enthusiasm.

"If some one would come in!"

Herbert would shake himself, repentant. "Come on! Put that cat down. We'll have a hand of cribbage. What do you say?"

"Oh, my God! You're gettin' to be a farmer! You'll be spendin' the evening in your stocking-feet next."

"That's a good idea." And Herbert pulled off his shoes, stretched out his feet, wriggled his toes. "Never thought of that before. Where's my pipe?"

SADIE thought of Fred Perry, neat, polished, sleek from his black hair to the tips of his patent-leather shoes. She closed her eyes and tried to recapture the feeling of the Palais Royale—the pressure of people, the warmth, the odor of perfume and rich food, the *thump-thump* of music, her own arms and hands, white, white.

She felt sick, physically sick.

In the morning the gas truck lumbered up the grade like a great red-and-yellow beetle, and the driver leaped down.

"How much today? How's Mr. McCarthy? Great rain we had. . . . Say, you're going to be in the line of traffic tomorrow. Surest thing you know! They're tearing up the State road and shovin' traffic over here for a month."

"Are you—sure?" Sadie's breath caught in her throat.

"Saw the road-gang myself. They're turning them off at Oceanside and sending them through Escondido. Busses, too. You'll cash in, Mrs. McCarthy."

Morning came, gray, stealthy, like dawn on the stage. Deeper, deeper, whiter, then pink light on the blue mountains. Sadie sat up in bed and listened. A hum, down the road. Five o'clock. Coming already!

She dressed, stooping every now and then to peer through the window at the road. Before her hair was done, a car stopped and she ran out, a raincoat over her chemise, to smile up at the driver: "Gas? How much? Any oil? How are the tires?"

Before breakfast five cars had stopped, exhausted by the long pull up the grade.

"Some detour."

A bus-driver explained that there was a "turf classic" on at Tia Juana. Sadie didn't know what he meant. "Horse-races! Biggest crowd of the year."

Sadie ran, stooped, made change, pumped, swiped at dirty windshields with a cloth, patted enameled hoods as, in the old days, stableboys must have patted horses' noses. "Nice car you've got. Nifty!"

### "What Saraide Wanted"

This extraordinary story will appear in an early issue of this magazine, and is by the distinguished author of "Jurgen," "The Cream of the Jest" and "Taboo"—

James Branch Cabell

"Good morning! Gas?"

Herbert went out to his acre and squatted, watching for the first thrust of little green fingers through the soil. Bill, flourishing his thin tail, stalked birds in the sage, leaped for brown butterflies. But Sadie was listening to the music made by traffic.

"Gas?"

Sadie sped a long-nosed sedan on its way and turned to meet a racer painted liver red. She raised her eyes. And there, of course, was Fred Perry, out of the past. Fred Perry, in a tweed cap worn at the rakish and concealing angle affected by motion-picture directors.

"Well, if it isn't Lady Godiva!"

"Mr. Perry!"

"What on earth—"

She explained.

"And where's your husband?"

"Farming."

"And you were the bright girl with a future? Blair said you'd go far. Far!"

Fred Perry leaned sideways out of the car and peered at a Ford which panted for gas. "I'll slip along over by the air," he said, "and wait. You nip in and get your hat. We'll go to Tia Juana. I hate to see a bright girl like you wasted. Got any money?"

"I've got a hundred dollars."

"Bring it along. I know a horse that's going to win. Stick by Freddy."

"I've got to dress!"

"Make it speedy."

She flew indoors. It was as if, at some mysterious summons, she had come alive. She did not like Fred Perry, his blue chin, his small mouth, his sharp nose. She was afraid of him. But she was hungry.

She dressed—the old blue crêpe, the baume marten. "See this, Bill? It was a cat once!" Bill sniffed and went out to his butterflies.

. . . . The old blue coat. Powder—a little rouge. "Oh, my God, lookit my hands!" She scrubbed, a flushed *Lady Macbeth* and a damned spot. Then gloves—the first time in a year and a half.

"Wasn't I quick?"

"Got the money?"

She opened her purse, and Fred Perry's bland, initiated eyes appraised the roll of bills, the lip-stick, the powder-puff. "Not dead yet, are you?"

"Not yet. But almost."

Suddenly she laughed. "What'll Herb think?"

She looked back and saw the place of her imprisonment, small, unimportant, against a background of mountains and vast, sun-flooded sky.

"IT must be lonely out there in the country," Fred Perry said. "A girl like you—"

But Sadie could no longer remember her loneliness. The liver-red racer slipped down from the ridge into the suburbs of San Diego, and for a breathless instant Sadie heard the familiar music of a city.

Fred Perry swept through traffic, out again, and Sadie glimpsed the dry blue hills of Mexico. Then Tia Juana—a town built hastily along a mud-pitted street.

Fred Perry's hand closed around Sadie's arm. "Let's get a drink."

They entered a garish wooden casino. People crowding a bar, behind which expert, emotionless, fish-eyed Americans juggled glasses, bottles, cracked ice. Another crowd, silent, like a crowd at the zoo, surrounding a polished circle of floor, staring without enthusiasm at a bare-kneed girl who danced to the accompaniment of a mechanical piano.

She drank, a little, penetrating drink served in a thimble-sized glass with a pinch of salt.

Fred Perry squeezed her arm. "Great, meeting you! My luck. I'm lucky. You stick by me!" He drank slowly, without relish, but with a certain bravado. "Give us another."



Sadie shook her head. She was afraid of what she was feeling. The little white drink had penetrated her veins.

"Great, isn't it?"

"Yep. Wonderful."

"Didn't your husband ever bring you down here?"

"Herb's sick."

"A girl like you marrying a sick man!"

Out into the white daylight again.

"Let's have your roll."

"What for?"

"I'm betting for you. You can't lose."

She shook her head. "This is all I've got. I'm saving to go back to New York."

"Don't you trust Freddy?"

"Sure I do."

"This horse, now—"

They were caught in a tide that swept them through the gates into the inclosure.

"This horse, now—"

Sadie beheld him, a slim, rippling, tall creature, strangely hooded. A little man in purple satin, with the inscrutable face of an image, spoke to Fred Perry.

"You can't lose."

She gave him the money. It did not matter whether or not she lost it. This was life. This was what she had missed, up there. This was what Herbert had cheated her out of, when he got himself smashed in a sub-way wreck. This was what she craved, must have, would have. "You gotta be selfish to get what you want."

"How's that?"

"Nothing. Guess I was thinking out loud."

Sadie had never before seen a race-track. She looked at this one out of eyes that were ignorant of its meaning but that drank in its color. Fred Perry knew everything—the horses' names, the jockeys' records, the history of this owner and that owner. Sadie thought of Herbert squatting in his garden, waiting for the first green finger prying through; she thought of the impatient line of cars squawking in vain for gas and oil. She was sorry for Herb. For poor old Bill, chasing butterflies, or like Herbert, crouched near a gopherhole, waiting, patiently, for the miracle!

Suppose she never went back to them! Suppose she let Fred Perry drive her all the way to Los Angeles. Suppose that, from there, she stepped out into freedom?

"They're off!"

Little figures, little horses, like toys, stretching out along the track. A stir of people, a prismatic glitter, a shout.

Fred Perry's blue chin was thrust forward. Sadie studied him. His neck was too white. His hair was cut straight across. . . . She had a feeling of aversion.

All around her there was a clamor without meaning, a great, stifled roar of human voices. And the little figures bunched together, swept a corner, came on again. . . .

The finish was blurred by a cloud of dust, lost, and she turned again to the bright crowd, the smiting colors, warming herself against that glow and movement and brilliance.

WHEN they left the track, Fred Perry thrust a roll of bills into her hand, closing her fingers, one by one. "Doubled it. That's that."

She felt a rush of gratitude. He was generous. He knew how to do things. She lifted her face as she had lifted it that night in the cab. But Fred Perry smiled down at her and shook his head.

"Let's eat. What d'you say?"

He made Sadie feel uncomfortable, silly, inexperienced. They went to the Foreign Club, where, in the presence of other women, Sadie was ashamed of the old blue crêpe, her shoes, her hat, the sun-stain on her throat and arms.

"Country girl," Fred Perry said.

"You won't think so," she flashed, "a year from now. I'm going back to New York."

# Is your brush hitting on all 32?

Decay germs reach ALL your teeth—does your tooth-brush?

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches *all* your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

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They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that *all* your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The *saw-tooth* bristles pry into every crevice and dislodge food particles which might cause trouble.

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Powerful, New Multi-tube Miraco gets long distance on loud speaker. Set, ONLY \$27.35  
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**MIRACO RADIO GETS 'EM COAST TO COAST**

**BURNS AND SCALDS**  
soothed and gently healed  
if bandaged with  
**Mentholatum**  
Write for free sample  
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

"Ethel Highland's got your job at the store," he said. "Take my advice and stay here. Twenty thousand pretty girls are waiting for your job. You lost your chance."

He offered her another bitter little drink. "Made of cactus. Mexican. Real stuff."

And then, again, she heard the call of his kind: "Dance?"

She slipped into his arms with a sort of desperation. She pressed against him and hummed whenever the violin played, and spread out her fingers on his back and rippled: "Great, isn't it?"

"Oh, they have better floors in Los. This is sort of a dump."

Fred closed his eyes. Had Sadie known, she might have recognized his faun's ears.

When they left the Foreign Club, it was dark and the crowd flowed toward the bridge. Nine o'clock—closing time.

"It's a shame," Fred Perry declared. "We're treated like kids—spanked and sent home to bed. One more drink?"

A Mexican boy, with a brilliant pompadour of bottle-black hair, spun two small glasses toward them, and again Sadie McCarthy felt the thin hot trickle of fire through her veins.

In the car, edging through the tangle of traffic at the border, subjected to the scrutiny of American inspectors with flashlights, Sadie became aware of a smothering dark sky overhead. The old loneliness rushed toward her. She felt the presence of the mountains, the brown hills, miles and miles of sage and sand and 'dobe and cactus, dark, eternal, too big for her.

"Had a good time?"

"Wonderful."

"I'm driving through to Los. Glad I met you. I like to do things for people. Stick by Freddy, and you'll have a good time. Next year I'll stop again—"

"Next year?"

Suddenly she clung to him.

"I can't! I can't wait a year! I'm afraid."

I hate it. I've got to have life. The city. If I stay here, I'll die."

"Oh, now—"

"Honest, I mean it."

"Say—look here!" Fred Perry moved expertly and freed himself. "Now, you just look here—"

The liver-red car leaped, gulped the road.

"You be a good girl. Take it from me, there's nothing in this city stuff. . . . I hate women who cry. For God's sake, quit crying. Aint I given you a good time? Aint I said I'd come back? Say, I wasn't looking for a tragedy."

Sadie huddled away from him, and the sky rushed over her, the wind, humming, like voices. . . . She was still, empty of feeling. The fire had burned out.

**B**EFORE she opened the door and went in to Herbert, she waited a moment, listening to the throb of Fred Perry's motor. It diminished. The tail-light, a single red eye, disappeared. The down-grade had taken him. He was gone.

Then she went in.

"Hello, Herb."

He was sitting by the kitchen table, with Bill on his knees.

"Hello, Sade."

"I've been to Tia Juana—down in Mexico."

Suddenly she was afraid of the look in his eyes.

"It's good to be home." Passionately, she explained: "I had to go away, didn't I, to find out? Well, I went. And I came back. I came back! And I'm glad!"

"Are you?"

Herbert went on stroking Bill's head.

"The carrots are up, Sade."

"Honest?"

"Surest thing you know!"

He smiled, his old crooked smile. "And say, what d'you think? Bill got a gopher. Waited all day and just about four o'clock—"

## THE GAY OLD BIRD

(Continued from page 71)

assistant had been most resourceful. He was glad he hadn't wired Babe.

But as he neared home, Mr. Williams became more and more depressed. Only Newark left, and after all, it was pretty dangerous playing around Newark. Too near home. He knew a lot of people there, and so did Josephine. At one moment he was imbued with exalted intentions toward a better life, and the next torn with desire for just one more Good Party before he settled to his three solid months in the family circle.

After all, what was the harm? These dolls he saw didn't really count. Little gold-diggers they were, pleasing, and all right if a man watched his step as he did. Hadn't he had a great time kidding those two in Chi? Darned if they hadn't really believed he was a millionaire.

**H**E hunted up his old friend Wainright in Newark.

"Well, what blew you into town?" Wainright demanded. "You hunk of Camembert, you! Gee, I'm glad to see you."

"You low-down coyote, what's the good word?" boomed Mr. Williams, and their affections thus firmly reestablished Mr. Wainright made answer:

"Nothing new, nothing new. No scandal since you left. Had a good trip?"

Mr. Williams knew his friend's solicitation did not apply to Dr. Rainer's Remedy. So, "Great," he answered. "Say, I met the longest list of cuties you ever laid eyes on. Fun! I'll tell the world." He winked deliciously, conveying more than he meant.

"Oh, say, we're not dead from the eyebrows down in this town." Wainright babbled with civic pride. "Say, I've got a new little

friend, and says I to you, she's a Whiz-bang. Pep! Never saw her equal. Wouldn't be surprised—" his voice dropped confidentially —"if she had a friend. What say?"

Mr. Williams wiped his lips. The hospitable liquid Wainright supplied was not so smooth as it might have been. Newark! Pretty near home, but—well, Mr. Williams came to a deep conclusion: just one more Good Party. Why not? Three months of sitting tight ahead of him. So, "Why not?" said Mr. Williams aloud.

His friend reached for the telephone. "Al-ways at my beck and call," he caroled as he waited for the Whiz-bang to answer. "Hello, dearie. Say, Papa's got a friend in town. . . . What? Oh, he's a swell Southerner. Don't you go falling for him, now. . . . Yeah. . . . Oh, he's the original cotton king." Wainright looked at Mr. Williams for approval and found it. "Listen, Dora: you get a friend and meet us at the old corner. . . . Oh, about seven. We'll take 'em to our pet roadhouse. Be on the dot, now. . . . By-by."

**I**T was a tingling time of anticipation. The friends talked incessantly. "Hear the one 'bout the old maid and the Pullman conductor? . . . Gotta call the wife—half a mo'. . . . Say, I should have given you the number of a swell cutie in Des Moines. . . . Had a great time in Chi', I certainly did—"

"How do you get away with this stuff right in your home town?" Mr. Williams inquired plaintively as Wainright hung up the receiver on his wife after assuring her he had an important business conference which would occupy him for the evening.

"Easy enough when you know how," Wainright imparted as they waited for his bootlegger. "Treat 'em right and tell 'em nothing; that's me. I say to the Missus, I say: 'Look here—you want your car and you want your maid and Lord knows what, don't you? Well, I gotta hustle to pay for 'em, don't I? If I'm willing to put in even my nights chasing the almighty dollar, what you got to complain about?'"

IT sounded most reasonable to Mr. Williams. He wondered if he could get off a glib speech like that to Josephine. Trouble was, she never said anything outright. Of course, she had absolutely no reason to suspect him. He was too careful, especially near home. Sometime, though, if he wanted to run over to Newark, say, if he liked the girl he was about to meet and wanted to throw a party, he'd try it. Lord! He was young yet, just in his prime. It wasn't as if Josephine gave him anything—well, much, anyhow. He wasn't appreciated at home. He became depressed as he thought how little appreciated he was. . . . He came to a start as he saw the clock was fifteen minutes past the time Wainright had told his girl to meet him.

"Hada't we better be moving?" he inquired.

"Getting anxious, eh? Don't worry. My girl'll wait. Got her trained," Wainright told him largely. "That's him now." A man with a blazing tie entered. He and Wainright transacted their little business of breaking the law, and the blazing tie departed. Wainright filled two flasks, slapped his hip pockets, took up his hat, and announced: "Ready! This way to the Big Time."

Mr. Williams was feeling very gay. "How far is it?" he sang as they lumbered into a taxicab. The evening stretched ahead with him the heroic focus of admiring, youthful eyes. What was it Wainright had said? A cotton king! He'd splash his conversation with "Yes sub's."

"We'll be there in about ten minutes," Wainright babbled. "My girl's sure to have a peach for you. She has a slick line of friends, all cut after her pattern. Maybe I'll want to grab off this new 'un for myself, wot?"

"No chance." Mr. Williams leaned back luxuriously. All was right with the world. "Shame to keep 'em waiting, though, isn't it? Couple o' good-looking girls standing half an hour on the street-corner—"

"We should worry. Plenty more where they came from if they get ritzy. A big time in the old town tonight, eh? Fussy, isn't it? What a great time couple of intelligent fellows like us can have with a few girls we wouldn't let breathe the same air with our families. And here," he added joyously, "we are." The cab slowed. "And there they are. See 'em? You wait here. I'll herd 'em in."

Wainright leaped to the curb, and Mr. Williams peered eagerly. A drug-store lamp threw into relief two young figures, waiting, such young figures, with white scraps of throats shining dimly. One had her back toward the street, the other, in the glare of the wide arc-light, tilted her head, a small head, with a silly little tight hat squashed on it.

In the second it took Mr. Williams to recognize his daughter he went completely dizzy. His Maronica! His daughter waiting half an hour on a street corner for—for what? Then he was pounding fiercely on the window and shouting to the driver to go on. "Go on! Go on!" he begged, commanded. "Go on!"

The driver spurted ahead, opened the door to shout, "Where to?" "Go on!" Mr. Williams shouted back. He was trembling with every nerve in him. Well down the crowded block, he made the man stop. He got out. Plans zigzagged through his head. "Listen,"

# It comes creeping in—and you do not know it!



## —a real threat to happiness

After all, the greatest dangers are not always big and overwhelming. Often they are really little things that wedge their stealthy way between you and happiness.

And sometimes the saddest thing about it is—you do not see it coming; you do not even know it's there!

Such a danger is one kind of personal neglect. It flashes no danger signal; but uncorrected, it is a real threat to happiness.

It is that neglect of which the woman is guilty who says, "Oh no, I am never bothered with perspiration."

The great mistake which so many women make is to think that because they do not suffer with excessive perspiration moisture, they cannot offend with its unpleasant odor. Because they are fastidious about daily bathing, they think their personal daintiness is assured!

Soap and water alone cannot protect you. You know how you often notice perspiration moisture under the arms shortly after a bath. Excitement or nervousness brings it out instantly.

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## Autumn in the Mountains

OCTOBER is the smiling month of the Hills. Their plum and purple splendor is at its height. Red, gold, brown and amber vie artfully on the palette of peak and plain. Mists arise and vanish in the valley. The sun glints hard as brass on river, lake and brook. A cool tonic tinctures the upper air. The tang of clean and pungent earth fills Life with desire. The sighing winds, at work among the leaves, strip the forests of their summer dress. It is autumn out where the summer shade is being relaid in open-patterned shadows of violet, slate and blue. Nature seems pensive in flushed October. Her summer's festival has passed and left its golden web of joy-companioned memories. Body and spirit have been remade in the sun and shade of the year's mid-months. Invigorated life reappears upon the year's final scene, eager for action, keen of purpose, confident of achievement, bold and agile in its rebound forward in the Art of Living. They who have lately sailed the sea, they who have roamed the valleys, and they who have kept the faith with Duty in the fetid City -- all now long for the Glory of the Hills. The mountains have a spirit all their own. The great peaks tower above us in their austere majesty. The lesser hills have a peculiar winning way. All possess a real, elemental charm, an impressive glory. These attributes are as intangible as the human soul, yet as real. They who have climbed the heights and gazed enraptured upon the plains below have felt their wondrous call. It is a call which virile natures cannot resist. It is a call which, once felt, is never forgotten, never satisfied, never fully understood. For the mountains are the mystics of nature and distil a sense of the spiritual that is the subtlest of all religions -- of the noblest living creeds.

We should all travel to and explore the mountains as an inspiration to body, mind and heart. There is exhilaration in their wild and simple healing; a rugged thrill in their blazing colors. And they cast their generous benediction on the humblest suppliant no less than on the gods. There are mountains all around us. They have tucked into their lofty sides some of the most charming inns in the world. For those who depend upon such, they provide every conceivable domestic convenience. For the hardier sportsmen and women who climb with pick and pack, these trails are intensely enchanting in the coolness of October. To those who have been confined to the city the mountain trail is the rational path to physical and mental health. Also it is the happiest way to new hope and new faith in the strange ways of this wayward old world. The art of modern transportation will be a revelation to those who have neglected to travel as the surest, most entertaining means to health, culture and worldly wisdom. The modern traveler has very little preparation to make to travel a day, a month or a year in this period of ultra-efficient ship and train service at home and abroad. It is easier now to visit the "mountains of the moon" than to wear your legs down shopping for something you do not need but are determined to buy.

"Oh, to feel the fresh breeze blowing  
From lone ridges yet untrod!  
Oh, to see the far peak growing  
Whiter as it climbs to God!"

And then to come home with the fresh, wild beauty of the mountains forever in your soul!

*"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"*

## Sailing Every Saturday to the Orient

The most frequent and convenient schedule ever offered to Trans-Pacific travelers is now in effect.

A Dollar President Liner departs every Saturday from San Francisco for Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, Boston, New York, Havana, Colon, Balboa and Los Angeles.

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he said fiercely. "You know that man that got out? You go back there and get him. Make him come. And make him come alone! Tell him I'm sick or something, but get him—and get him alone."

The driver leered with understanding; Mr. Williams waited in the shelter of a doorway until he saw the amazed countenance of Wainright in the cab again. "I'm going home," he bleated. "I—I thought of something to do that's important. Wainright! Promise me you'll go home too, will you? Promise me." He wanted to kill Wainright and his foolish grin.

"What's the idea? You got religion?" A light broke upon him. "Say, did you know those dolls or something?"

"Yes," Mr. Williams admitted miserably. "Yes. I know one." His face was beseeching. "You'll leave them, won't you? You'll go home?"

Magnanimity overspread Wainright. "Why, sure, if you feel like that, I'll leave 'em lay. Us fellows have to stick together, of course. They'll get tired waiting and beat it home themselves."

Mr. Williams huddled beside Wainright. He would take him to his own door. As he searched his scalding mind for train schedules, a sub-plot developed to the drama he was living. "You didn't—you didn't tell 'em my name, did you?"

"Nope, sure not," said Wainright, alighting. "Cheerio!"

MR. WILLIAMS hurried to his hotel, grabbed his bag, and was on his way. . . . He was ringing the bell of his own house as one in a horrible dream. He kept telling himself he must look natural, act natural, before the placid eyes of Josephine. A light flashed in his hall. The door opened. "Why, Father! We didn't expect you till tomorrow."

"Couldn't stay away any longer." He held her close. The familiar things in the room looked at him, the Bonheur horses, the living-room table where Junior did his homework. Impossible that Maronica could maintain a secret here. "Where,"—he tried to keep his voice steady,—"where are the children?" She was up in her bed of course, safe. It had been only a hideous dream of her that he had seen on the street.

"They're all in bed," said Josephine, taking his coat.

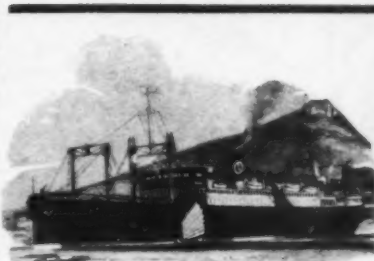
"All? Oh." "All but Maronica. She's with a girl friend for the night. I didn't think you'd mind. She'll be home tomorrow."

He scanned her face. Innocent, placid eyes, without admiration for himself, unseeing eyes, thinking of—rice! He saw suddenly that the youth in him, the youth that was dead in her, had brought them to this equal carelessness of their children. He was sick of the miserable game he had been playing with the Maronicas of the world.

"It's all right," he mumbled. "Only after this, we'll be more careful of—of Maronica. Mother. She's so pretty"—his voice hung on that—"and so young! We've got to be more careful. Very decent young chap down in the office. Been bothering me to bring him up. Don't know why I haven't. He's the sort our girl ought to know. All men. Mother—aren't the right sort." He passed his hand over his forehead. If he could only erase the vision he had seen! "We'll have her bring her friends to the house, after this," he ended.

Josephine looked at him a little surprised. "Why, yes, dear," she said. He wondered how he could rouse her without breaking her heart, and as he wondered, he thought of his little memorandum book. Burn that. He had ceased being a traitor to youth, and had become its servant.

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## THE OLD HOME TOWN

(Continued from page 47)

Parsons' manner. He knew them all too well in his own case. Parsons was cracking under a load of steam that could only be released in battle. If the man had had an ounce of sportsmanship, Ben would have enjoyed a boxing match with him, for he was in some pain himself from an over-reserve of energy. But Parsons was a dirty fighter, in a vicious mood. There would be no honor in whipping him, and no safety in surrender. He was in a rage to cripple and scar somebody for life.

A crowd was drawn to the wide door of the dingy shop by the uproar Parsons made in denouncing Ben as a cheap skate, a bum mechanic, a fake, a four-flusher—in other words, a divinely disapproved person of canine origin.

Ben stood even this and offered to make good his mistake if he had made one. He avoided repaitee in kind, and when Lem followed him up, he walked around an anvil, a lathe, and other large pieces of black furniture to escape Lem's threatening gestures. But he was nearing the end of his powers of self-control, and his humiliation was mounting to such a height that the tower of his good name was becoming a shaft in the ground.

AT last Lem cornered him and laid hold on his sleeve. It was like touching the trigger of a sawed-off shotgun. There was a belch of fire, and Lem received two fists like two barrels of buck. He snapped back across an anvil and rolled to the cinders of the floor.

Ben said:

"Now get out of here and go on about your business, before I get mad and hurt you."

Lem picked himself up, and the laughter at the door was like the roar of a crowd at a bullfight. He hurled all his weight at Ben in a blind charge.

Ben was not there, and Lem slammed himself with terrific force against a number of iron bars.

The door-crowd laughed again. Lem began to walk Ben about the shop as if he were a sore-nosed grizzly pursuing a retreating man.

Ben kept saying to himself: "Don't fight. Make peace. Remember your mother. Remember your good name as a peaceable gentleman. Remember Odalea Lail. Remember your vows, your ambitions, your hopes."

But he tripped on a coil of old chain, and Lem was on top of him before he could wriggle aside. He was bestridden, beaten, cursed and threatened with death.

He unleashed the wolves in his soul, and Lem Parsons was soon flung off and bruised and left rolling in the greasy dirt. Common sense and common prudence told Ben to annihilate his persecutor once for all. It would be good business and justifiable precaution to grind his heel in Lem Parsons' ugly face, kick in his ribs and jump up and down on him till it would take a number of doctors and nurses a number of weeks to put him together again.

That was what Lem Parsons would have done to him, and would do as soon as he could reverse the odds. But something in Ben's soul made it impossible for him to pounce on a motionless enemy. Some of the fiercest animals have that instinct of dignity, or of helpless paralysis in the presence of a lifeless prey.

Even when Lem pulled himself together and raised himself to his feet and stood puffing and wondering, Ben insanely waited for him to recover his breath and renew his assault.

He prayed for a policeman or some

honest bystander to intervene and end the war, but nobody moved.

At length Lem was ready for the next round. He came on again with an evident resolve to close with Ben and crush him to death.

Ben swept aside Lem's groping arms and landed a crack or two on the jaw and behind the ear that would have put a thinner skull to sleep, but he only bruised his knuckles.

Soon he was in the bear's embrace, and he could neither squirm away nor strike. As Lem was smothering him, crunching his ribs and breaking him backward to the ground, he managed to shove his hands up to Lem's throat and get him there. He buried his thumbs deep and shut off the giant's wind-pipe.

He saw the brute's eyes bulge, watched the skin mottle, studied him as he suffocated and agonized for one breath of air.

He felt a weakening of purpose and of force in the frantic arms of his victim. He had already broken Lem's plan of battle, scattered his wits and thrown the fear of death into him.

Before long the giant was collapsing and must be upheld for his own strangling. Ben managed to whip his bulk across the anvil. And now his one purpose was to win a final treaty of surrender and of everlasting peace.

He called down to the clamoring thing with the popping eyeballs and the slaver jaws that bit at the air in vain, and the faltering hands that tore weakly at his bronze arms:

"When you've had enough, drop your hands."

THE hands did not drop. The eyes flared with a new hate. The lips tried to curse. Ben thrust his thumbs deeper home, and snarled again:

"Promise me you'll never bother me again, or I'll kill you."

The eyes hated him more. The dumb mouth bared its teeth. The hands dug their nails into his forearms. The feet far off down there somewhere kicked and the knees tried to reach his groin. But there was no surrender.

Now Ben was filled with a mortal terror. What if he killed this man? Every man at the door would brand him as Cain. His excuse of self-defense would be ridiculed. He would be tried for murder and would swing for it. The State would choke him to death more horribly than he was choking this fool to death. His mother would die of grief or starve. His poor sister would be reduced to beggary, his brothers to poverty. And Odalea—he would never see Odalea again.

Yet he could not release the mad idiot until he had conquered him utterly. He wanted to let him go, help him up, make friends with him, but he knew that his mercy would only invite a further battle. A man like Lem Parsons could understand only one thing, that he was master or not.

Ben's resolution was set like a vise that grips a piece of steel and sticks. Surrender alone could relax his clench on that ghastly throat. He wanted to implore a truce, but he knew that a hint of weakness even in his eyes would add just enough resolution to Lem Parsons' soul to prevent his surrender until too late.

And so Ben stood there squeezing to death a man he wanted not to harm—afraid to keep his clutch, afraid to let it go. His soul was crying out frenzied prayers to heaven, unconscious parodies on "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil." He was moaning in the temple of silence:

"O God, don't make me kill him! Grant



this poor fool in my hands enough brains just to say: 'I give in. I'll be peaceful after this.' O God, make him give in! Don't make me kill him!"

Again he bent his head close to Lem's hideous mask. The dying animal tried to fang him even then. For discipline Ben lifted him and beat him up and down upon the anvil to jar his set mind loose a little, and then called to him across the widening gulf:

"Drop your hands, you fool, or you'll roast in hell forever."

The hands scratched; the feet flopped; the brows frowned blacker. Ben cried:

"Good-by! You're on your way!"

He put his ultimate strength into a frightful grip and then Lem's hands fell. His eyes rolled back.

Ben called down into the pit:

"You promise never to bother me again?"

There was a hint of a nod of the head, and Ben opened his thumbs. The air rushed into the famished lungs of his victim with a kindling sweetness beyond all champagne. Ben laid him on the ground and left him to the unimaginable voluptuousness of breathing and reveling in a wealth of air.

Ben tottered away, and when the crowd at the door advanced to congratulate him on his victory, and call him "Good old Ben," he knocked the first man down, kicked the second into the rest, and drove them from the shop for a pack of cowards.

His senior partner came in punctually too late, and seeing the shop in unusual disorder and Lem Parsons wallowing on the floor, he said:

"What's the matter of Lem? Is he sick?"

"No, but I am," said Ben. "I guess I'll call it a day."

That was the last fight Ben fought for a long while. The rumor of it ran about the town like wildfire. When Lemuel Parsons was able to be about the streets again, he strutted no less than usual. He merely amended his watchword a little; and now he said:

"I can lick the hell out of any man in town except one."

And he continued to do so. Like a good bison, having challenged the chief fighter of the herd and been well whipped, he made no further trouble. He greeted Ben with shameless joviality, and began to boast of what a good licking he got. He began to magnify his defeat into an epic.

But of all this Odalea heard never a word. There was no mention of it in the papers, and Odalea's parents held aloof from the town-talk. Ulie heard of it of course, but he did not feel it necessary to carry to Odalea gossip about such ungentlemanly goings-on.

### Chapter Nine

SOON after this Ben received an invitation to call at Odalea's home. Her father brought the invitation in person. It surprised Ben to see the old snob darkening the door of the shop. The boss was away, and so Ben went forward to meet the querulous dotard, who complained:

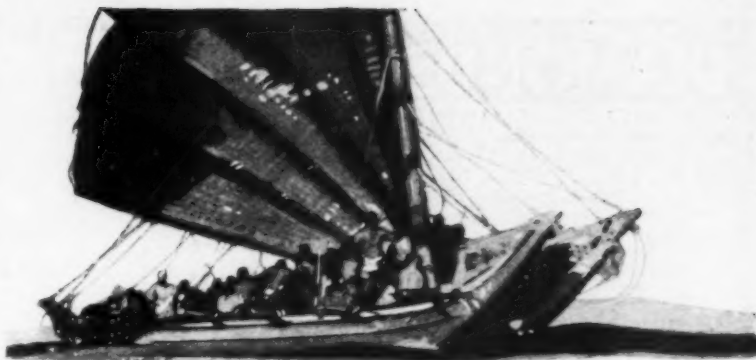
"I want somebody to come up at once and fix my furnace. It gives no heat at all, and it eats up more coal than a battleship. We can't get enough hot water for our baths. We're lucky to get an inch or two of hot water in the tub before it runs cold. The other shops in town are swindlers and imbeciles. They say we ought to have a new furnace, but that's out of the question. I want you to come up at once and see what you can do."

"Yes sir," said Ben.

"At once!"

"Yes sir," said Ben.

But he had to wait till the boss came in



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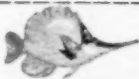
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to take care of the shop. And when Jake heard who it was that wanted what, he growled:

"Not on your life! That old fraud hasn't paid a bill since the Lord knows when. He owes everybody else in town a fortune, and he aint goin' to run one up on me. His old furnace is as wore out as he is, and it's a waste of time tinkerin' with it."

"But I promised to take a look at it."

"Well, you're not goin' to."

"I thought I bought into this business as a pardner."

"Oh, all right, I reckon you did. But you can work on the Lail job in your off hours, for I wont have it charged to comp'ny business."

So Ben waited until closing time before he set out for the Lail home. The old man scarified him for being late, but Ben took it with meekness.

It was not so easy to be meek when he was driven out of the hall and sent down into the cellar to get him out of the way of Ulie Budlong, who called to see Odalea. But he endured this too.

OF all the arts, the plumber's is perhaps the most unwept, unhonored and unsung, and the most intimately vital; but to every man his own chosen task is poetry, and Ben Webb found a grace and dignity in wiping pipe-joints, purging furnaces of clinkers, and enabling faucets to give forth water instead of groans.

The Budlongs and the Lails might look down upon him, but they had to send for him when their cars refused to go or their houses were attacked with drouth or chill or threats of plague.

To be asked to add a comfort to Odalea's life was wonderful; but to be sent for to make possible her beauty bath was royal. She was to him what Venus was to Vulcan, and he almost reeled with intoxication at the thought of filling her tub with steaming floods, so that she might revel there in her primeval uniform.

He had never been in the Lail cellar before, and he found it as neglected as he expected. He approached the ancient furnace, a dingy monster, crouched in its lair like a devilish with a huge maw and tentacles disappearing in the upper stories.

It was evident at a glance that what heat it made went up the chimney, and that the hot-water heater needed only a bit of ice to become a good refrigerator. As he assailed his many problems, he heard voices in the air about him. At first they sounded like the whisperings of angels. Ben recognized one of them as an angel's, but the other was Ulie Budlong's.

There must be a register open in the parlor floor.

Ben tried not to be an eavesdropper, but he could not close his ears, and the voices followed him about uncannily. He heard Ulie saying:

"I wish to the Lord you were going away to school. It's a rotten shame to keep you here."

"But Papa says it's impossible, and I suppose it is. If he hadn't sunk all his money in that stupid real estate, or if they would only go ahead and build that dam, there would be some hope, but there isn't a chance on earth for me."

"It certainly is a shame to coop you up in a hole like this. You'd meet such nice people in the city. You'd learn such elegant things at school. You've got awful swell ways, and city folks would just cotton to you. It makes me sick to leave you to pine away in this dead burg. If I only had a little money, I'd send you in a jiffy."

He did not hear the comment of the ghost beneath:

"Why don't you sell that car you can't run and give her the price? Why don't you stay home and give her the money your

mother is wasting on you? Or if worst comes to worst, why don't you get out and do a lick of honest work for her?"

Perhaps some of these thoughts were working in Odalea's brain, for she answered Ulie's fervor with a hint of frost in her voice:

"Oh, don't worry about me, Ulie. Don't let me spoil your fun. Go on and have a good time and forget me."

"I'll never forget you," Ulie protested. "You're the finest, handsomest girl I ever met, and when I get settled in one of the big cities, I'll get you out of here in no time. You'll see! You just wait!"

"That's all I've got to do," she mumbled. "I'll wait, all right. But you'd better not. You run along, or you'll miss your train."

Ulie did not like this so well; Ben could feel it in the air. Everybody likes to hurry away, but nobody likes to be pushed.

It seemed only honest to Ben to warn them that they were overheard, and he beat an anvil chorus on the pipes.

"What on earth is that?" moaned Ulie, whose ears were tender.

"The plumber, I suppose," said Odalea. "Papa sent for him to try to patch that old heater. It's falling apart like everything else in this house—and in my life."

"It's just too darned bad," said Ulie. "But just you wait."

"Don't you worry," said Odalea. "Go on and make a great man of yourself. I'll stay here and become an old maid—unless I go mad and marry some fossil in town—that plumber down there, perhaps."

"Ouch! What on earth ails the man?" Ulie groaned.

BEN had let fall his whole kit of tools. Odalea's fantastic reference to him had been the celestial voicing of his unspoken dream. He stood so tremulous with the thought that he almost missed the sarcasm of her tone. When the star says, "Perhaps I'll marry the glowworm some day," it never sounds the same to the glowworm as to the star.

Before Ben had recovered his sanity enough to laugh at himself for being clean daft, Ulie had gone. A little later Ben heard Odalea talking to her mother. There was no politeness or bravery in her mood now, for she spoke as people speak to their families.

"Ulie drives me almost mad. Thank heaven he's gone! I hope he never comes back!"

"Why, honey! I thought you liked him. You've never looked at anybody else."

"Who else has looked at me? I like him well enough, when he's cheerful. But at the least problem, he becomes a cry-baby. And his mother has made him a masterpiece of selfishness."

"Yes, she spoils him. I wish I could have spoiled you. But since your father got his crazy notion about that dam—"

"Yes, so I've heard, Mamma. In fact, I've heard nothing else since I can remember. But let's not talk about it. Look at these flowers Ulie brought me. He bought them at Pottle's, though his mother has millions, and so have we. It was so like Ulie. Why couldn't he have bought me a pair of shoes? I'm almost barefoot."

"So am I, honey; so's your father."

"What's to become of us? What's the answer? How long can it go on?"

"I don't know. I don't seem to be able to do much thinking. And your father just babbles about the dam. What little rent comes in from what prop'ty we can rent—why, it hardly keeps us alive. And the bills!"

"I suppose if I had any backbone at all, I'd go down and ask for a job at Struther and Streckfuss."

"Oh, my darling! I'd rather die than that!"

"I might take up stenography or book-keeping."

There was a deafening clangor from the cellar, and Mrs. Lail screamed:

"My poor head is killing me. Can't you ask that man down there to be a little quiet?"

Odalea ran to the cellar stairs and called down:

"In heaven's name, you down there, must you knock the house to pieces? Oh, it's you, Ben. How do you do? Mother has one of her sick headaches, and—"

"I'm sorry, Miss Lail, but plush mallets don't seem to have much effect on pipes."

"Is there any hope for that old furnace?"

"Well," replied Ben, "it don't look any too promising."

"Oh, Lord, I suppose I'll have to go on heating kettles of water every day and toting them upstairs."

"That was the way my mother used to wash us when we were kids," he blurted. "But now I got the best tub in town installed in the old house—as good a tub as the hand of man has made. Just turn the fasset and she smokes. The old tub's full before you can get your clo'es off."

He stopped short. This was growing a trifle too intimate.

But Odalea, being used to city ways, was freer in her talk. She sat down on the steps and sighed between the pretty hands that met beneath a chin and before a throat of porcelain more finely rounded than any bathroom fixtures Ben had ever seen:

"My dream of heaven is a marble palace with a tub that runs hot water when you want it—a tub that's long enough and deep enough and smooth enough to lie in for hours and hours. I had one once in the home of a rich girl friend that I visited over Thanksgiving vacation. It was heaven, that's all."

Ben was so thrilled to learn that her paradise was in his very line of trade that he laughed:

"Well, I don't know about giving you the marble palace, but I could sure fix you up with the tub and the water."

"Yes, but who's to pay for it?"

"Oh, it wouldn't cost so much."

"But it would cost something. And we've got nothing. Nothing net, is our exact fortune."

"I got an idea," he said craftily, "that I can mend this old heater with a new trick that's just occurred to me. I'll try an experiment anyway, and if it works in your house, it will make me a fortune. If it don't, it won't cost you a cent."

She stared at him in amazement at his intense enthusiasm, but she mistook it for an inventor's zeal, not for a lover's ardor. So she sighed:

"Go as far as you like, and good luck to you!"

SHE rose and went up the wooden steps like one of the angels mounting Jacob's ladder. She closed the door of heaven after her.

Ben had indeed an idea. Out of the incandescence of his desire and the eagerness of his wits, a spark had been struck. It came as mystically as all inventions come, all melodies, strange immortal phrases, dreamed rhymes like "Kubla Khan," the theory that an apple thumped into Newton's brain, the schemes for fastening sound to rubber and nailing scenes to celluloid that flooded Edison's brain and gave mankind new ways of recording music and beauty.

However it came, the inspired plumber conceived an idea that certain loops of pipe and a certain device of wire would send hot water leaping from flame to tub as fast as it could flow on high. It came to him in an instant perfection, like the virgin birth of the goddess of wisdom. Jupiter in immortal headache smote his aching brow with



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a hammer, and out popped Minerva in full uniform.

As Newton the master-mathematician was so excited when his idea was in travail that he had to call in a neighbor to add a simple sum, so Ben was so palsied with his inspiration that he could not handle a monkey-wrench and almost set the house on fire with his soldering-pot before he could put it out.

He gathered up his kit, and stumbled out to his wagon, and drove it home so fast that he did not heed the cries of the people he almost ran over in his frenzy. He was thinking of his invention and not of the pedestrians.

### Chapter Ten

AT the family supper-table Ben was so glum that his mother was afraid to question him. Afterward he spread big sheets of wrapping paper on a breadboard and made sketches in a trance of enthusiasm. He was as silent as Guido, who was squandering his second week trying to braze a Spenserian stanza together. Guido was driven well-nigh frantic by the noise about him, but Ben was as deaf as dumb.

Petunia, trying over a new song like an uncertain nightingale in a Stratford treetop, called to him thrice:

"Does my noise bother you, Ben?"

But he did not even hear her. He paid no more heed to his youngest brother Nelse, who was rehearsing an ill-memorized oration before his adoring mother, and roaring out from his full five feet of height—on tiptoe—the bloodcurdling harangue of the giant Spartacus to his fellow-gladiators.

Nelse's voice was changing, and he suffered acute embarrassments when it bounded without warning from bass to soprano and back. But he struggled on, declaiming in what the elocution book called the "expulsive orotund."

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arms."

Nelson did not look so big as his words, but he felt them every inch. His mother, sitting with the open book on her lap, throbbed with pride, seeing in Nelson the Congressman his father would have been if he had hanged Jere Haden instead of being shot to death by the Hadenites. It was still hard for her to call the boy Nelson, for that was still her husband's name. She still called him "Junior." He was still her baby, though he hurled a crackling challenge at the most ruthless gladiators in the Roman Colosseum:

"If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on!"

She looked about at her children, all grown, all geniuses, and she longed to have their father back again to share her pride. She wondered if he could see them now from where he was; and her heart called to him so hungrily that she forgot to prompt Nelson until she heard him reiterating:

"Today I killed a man in the arena; and when—today I killed a man in the arena; and when I—when I—"

"What did I do next, Mamma?"

She looked up with a start, and finding the wrong place, gasped:

"I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men."

The gladiator stamped his foot and answered:

"Shucks, no, Mamma: I'm way past that."

"Have you folded your sheep?"

"Long ago!"

"Have you passed where you saw the bleeding body of your father?"

This stabbed her so with memory that she shut the book and clamped her eyes upon the tears of remembered agony. This lad had gazed upon the very sight that maddened far-off Spartacus.

The boy ran to his mother and tried to comfort her by saying that he had rehearsed the old piece long enough, and he would try something else. She shook her head and urged him on. He was soon describing how calmly he could "gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl," and promising to make the yellow Tiber red as frothing wine.

Ben, working at his thermotics, missed even the engaging spectacle of little Nelse's scorn as he struck his pipstem arm and sneered:

"The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but tomorrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall, with his lily fingers, pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood."

Petunia stopped singing, to wink at Guido over the incongruity, but Ben returned to earth from the clouds of invention only when the groping Nelson cried for the third time:

"Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since—er—er Hark! Hear ye yon lion—' Don't prompt me, Mamma. 'Hark, hear ye yon LION roaring in his den?'"

Then Ben whirled in his chair and muttered:

"Huh? What's that? I didn't hear anything! What say?"

He saw that Nelse was the lion-cub, and completed the ruin of Spartacus' insurrection by ignoring it.

He shouted:

"Mamma, we're all goin' to be richer than Cresote. I've just invented the invention of the ages."

HE threw himself on his knees at his mother's side and spread a paper littered with sketches across her lap. The marks were as nearly Greek to her as the terrible problems Guido was bringing home from high school now, but it rejoiced her to find her boy Ben on his knees once more at her knees.

The conqueror of Lem Parsons was still one of her babes, and her heart beat up into her throat till it nearly smothered her.

The other children swarmed about her chair at the rumor of prosperity. The exquisite Petunia, who was breaking the hearts of the Carthage chivalry, laid her fair head against Ben's locks. Fierce Spartacus hung himself across his mother's other knee; and the learned skull of Guido was added to Nelse's shoulders. All the heads gazed down at the drawing that was to release them from poverty, but the mother of them all gazed at the gazers. She knew that Ben's plan was miraculous, because her boy said it was; but her eyes caressed those four tousled heads, while she wondered how they had grown from the mystery of her body and the magic of her love and the love of their father who was dead. She saw glowing halos tilted above their heads, but had no thought of the aureole about her own.

Her one regret was that her husband was so far away from such wealth as had sprung from his love. But what a memorial he had left! What a fortune he had bequeathed! Was anyone in all the world so rich as she? Was any palace lighted by such dazzling splendor?

Her rocking chair was a throne, and she sat there as some grandiose allegorical marble mother in a civic monument sits at gaze above other lesser figures clustered around her knees: the arts, the continents, the virtues or the sciences.

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## Chapter Eleven



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THE next morning, at his shop, Ben demanded of Jake with most unwanted braggadocio:

"Look here, Jake, you heard what I did to Lem Parsons?"

"Yep, I heard it was a plenty. Just my luck to 'a' missed the fireworks."

"Well, what I did to Lem won't be a patchin' on what I'll do to you if you let out a word about what I'm up to now."

Jake stared at him with the amazement of a father recognizing that his son is able to beat him to a pulp. His promise bubbled from him as instantly as the hot water that was going to come from Ben's invention.

When Ben showed him his sketches, Jake nodded in reluctant homage:

"It looks like it might work, at that. But what you so secret about it for—afraid somebody else will steal the patent?"

"That's part of it, but most of it is I don't want Odalea Lail's name mixed up in it."

"Good gosh, what's she got to do with it?"

"She inspired it, that's all. And she's going to get the first benefit of it. And if you so much as peep her name, you'll never make another sound out of that face. And when I say peep, I don't mean that it will be all right to tell that wife of yours. She's a nice woman, all right, but I'd rather print a secret on old Loren Brown's front page than whisper it to her. She's got more circulation than all the papers in the world."

He frightened Jake into abject submission, save for a shy protest at the cost of the experiments and models. The promise of a share of the profits put a quietus on that.

So Ben was permitted to work out his inspiration in the solemn hush that attends the toil of geniuses. He tried his experiments in the Lail home, and no one knew how often he failed. But at last he proved his dream. He turned his blue-prints and models over to a patent lawyer, and eventually received his commission in the army of peace.

He had longed to buy for Odalea the finest bathtub that ever cradled a milk-drenched millionaire. But he was afraid. He might have braved the danger of trying to smuggle a bathtub past the humorists in the freight-house. He might have endured the broad jokes of the teamsters, and the comment of the Argus-eyed neighborhood. But he could not bring himself to propose it to Odalea.

Nobody except Jake and the Lail family knew what history was being made that day when he invited Odalea and her father and mother into the sanctum of the bathroom and said:

"Now, Miss Odalea, if you will just turn the hot fasset once."

She did as she was bid, and her lily white hand vanished in a cloud of steam, sent up by the gush of an inverted geyser of scalding water.

There were tears of victory in Ben's eyes, and when Odalea gasped, "I could almost kiss you for that," he nearly fell over into the tub.

Her father and mother rebuked her with sharp glances for her familiarity, but she had grown familiar with Ben by now. All this work had not been accomplished without a deal of visiting, and since Odalea had nothing else to do, and nobody else to talk to, she had followed Ben about.

And now that he had paid her the sincere tribute of his labor and his devotion, she felt that she ought to do something to pay the debt that her father would never pay in cash.

She escorted Ben downstairs and insisted that he leave by the front door as befitted his genius. And she checked him a moment to say:

"It's terrible to be under such obligation and not be able to repay it. Isn't there anything on earth I can do to show you my appreciation?"

If he had been less intoxicated with his success and her gratitude, he could never have risen to the glorious impertinence of saying:

"You could go buggy-riding with me sometime. But of course you wouldn't."

"Of course I will," was all that she could say. What right had she to snub a man she could not pay?

"Aw, go on! You don't mean it!"

"Of course I do!"

"How about next Sat'rday?"

"Fine."

"Well—gee whiz! Well—good-by!"

"Good-by, Ben."

She was human enough to feel ashamed of herself for feeling a condescension, and snob enough to feel ashamed of accepting at all. As soon as Ben was out of earshot, she began to laugh hysterically. She ran upstairs and told her mother and father what she had done.

When they cried out in stupefaction at her incredible behavior, and forbade her, she withered them with scorn for the snobbery she felt in her own heart.

Her mother's frail appeal was:

"What on earth would Ulie say?"

"It's none of his affair, but what I want to see is Ulie's mother's face when I drive by with Ben—when the niece of the great Mrs. Budlong goes buggy-riding with the plumber!"

THE device that was going to bring Ben a fortune demanded that a fortune be put into it first. And that fortune was yet to seek. There must be caution and delay and the loss of many an opportunity for lack of cash.

Still, the Webbs were used to deferment of hope. Hope itself was an unusual luxury. The family lineage ran back as far as any other in the world, no doubt; but so far as there was any record, none of the ancestors on either side had ever been rich or famous.

Perhaps this generation would break the spell. During the slow progress of his invention, Ben kept feeding his family on the sweets of promise. He was the head of the household now, and he gathered his flock about him, distributing hopes like presents, not to be opened till Christmas. He went along the line:

"Petunia, honey, you'd better be picking out a singing teacher. Everybody says you got the finest voice this side of heaven, and you only need a little cultivating and a chance, and you'll make Adeliny Patti listen like a frog. So you make up your mind whether to study in Chicago or New York, or Parris, France, for that matter. The main thing is to get the best, and I'll pay the freight."

"And Guido, you select your college. You know more than all the high-school teachers now, and you can write better than Shakespeare could at your age. All you need is a couple of letters to add to your name, and a college yell, and nothing can stop you."

"And Nelse, here, you're a little young for Congress, though you speak better'n most of 'em that's there now. Where do you want to begin—military school or what?"

It was Nelson that put the question:

"But what's to become of Mamma and you?"

"Oh, Mamma and I are home folks, aint we, Mom? We'll sit around here and send on the funds and keep the house warm for you on vacations, and when you all get famous, we'll come and visit you."

His mother clutched at his hand. To think that a son of hers would want to stay at home with her!

When he announced one evening that



Odalea Lail had promised to go buggy-riding with him, she understood. Her heart sank a little from its pride, and felt a twinge of alarm as well; for the Lails were not lucky for the Webbs.

She had gone to the wedding of Odalea's sister on the day when her husband had been killed. If she had stayed at home or gone to court, she could have had a few more precious moments with her dying lover.

But she could not speak of this to Ben. She had a suspicion of Odalea's motives. Was the girl so deserted that she had no one else to go with? Not that Ben Webb was not a million times too good for any of the shiftless Lails, but that the Lails were notorious snobs.

Petunia was delighted at the news. She and Odalea had always been friendly as far as their different lots permitted, and it pleased her to see Ben lifting his eyes from the lowly crowd he ran with, to the beauty and the charm of Odalea. So Petunia ordered him to buy himself some decent clothes. She went with him to buy them. She took away from him the neckties he selected, and picked out others that he did not know enough to like.

She ran him into his room and forced him to change his coiffure from the barber-shop bang that he so carefully enforced with soap and a comb.

And so when Saturday came, and Ben arrived home early from the shop to bathe himself and put on his finery, he looked less like a plumber than Odalea imagined he could look.

## Chapter Twelve

BEN could have hired an automobile for his excursion into the solitudes with Odalea. And he could have guaranteed to bring it home, which was more than most of the swains could do. But Ben wanted to go buggy-riding just once. He wanted to drive horses—wild ones, slick and shiny ones, horses that would fight him and toss their heads and ripple their manes.

There would be plenty of time for automobiles, but horses were going out of the world, everybody said, drifting into the limbo of the dodo and the pterodactyl.

All of Ben's known ancestors had taken their girls buggy-riding and he wanted to take Odalea buggy-riding. He had engaged the best team in town, and the least ancient vehicle. He went to Wiley's livery stable to call for his steeds, and waited outside on the walk to avoid collecting any of the aroma on his clothes or his gleaming shoes.

The horses came out like prisoners released from a jail. They pranced and pitched their restless muzzles so high that there seemed no need to rein them back. They nipped each other playfully, and could hardly wait for him to take the lines.

Mr. Wiley himself attended them and greeted him with a grin:

"H'lo Ben! Who's the lucky gal?"

"Don't you wish you knew?"

"Ev'body in town will know soon enough. Whoa, there! You gotta kinda watch the off hoss. She's a leetle lively. Whoa, I said! Don't tech her with the whip unless you want to see her imitatin' a pattridge. Will you whoa, or wont you?"

Ben climbed in, taking great care to avoid grazing the tires of the wheels. He grasped the lines and reached for the whip, but before he was adjusted, the horses were off and shooting down the street so wildly that the buggy-ride almost ended then and there.

The horses set off in the wrong spirit and the wrong direction but it was Ben's picnic, not theirs, and in all kindness, he made that understood.

He turned them round, and when they



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made a mutinous protest, he drove them round and round and round the block until they were glad to be permitted to go straight ahead.

He drove about the town to tame their ardor. He did not want to risk Odalea in a horse-fight, and he wanted to give her more of his attention than he gave the nags.

Odalea was watching for him, and came out at once to save him from having to tie the horses to the iron negro boy who had stood there holding out a rusty ring since long before Odalea was born.

Ben lifted his hat and hoisted one elbow in while he tried to guard her skirts from contact with the muddy wheels. The horses chose that moment for starting off again, and dragged Ben after them down the street on foot while Odalea perched alone and anxious on the seat.

But when the animals felt the power of Ben's arms sawing on their mouths, they decided to submit. He clambered in hastily, and pretended not to have been mortally afraid for Odalea.

She felt that every porch they passed and every window was alive with eyes and gossip. Everybody was saying, no doubt:

"Odalea Lail is out with Ben Webb. She must be desperate for a beau."

She masked her embarrassment in an extra cordiality.

"What pretty horses they are, aren't they? You have to be a little careful with the old horse, though. Better not use the whip."

SO she knew those horses! She had gone out buggy-riding with other men, in this same rig driven by the same horses to the same scenes. It hurt him to think that she had ever been buggy-riding with anybody else, flirted with anybody or been flirted with or at by anybody.

He knew of Ulie, of course, but somehow Ulie didn't count. And he never would have dared to drive these horses. What men, then, had taken her abroad to the distances? What had they said to her, done to her?

His disappointment was like what he felt when a gift had come to him secondhand. He had counted on the same delight he felt when he took from the box and the tissue paper some brass fitting fresh from the factory. But he rebuked himself for quarreling with his luck, and forgot his shock in the double task of keeping up a polite chatter and keeping those horses in their place.

The steep long road to the river had been the scene of accidents enough, and the horses scented already the smoke of a switch-engine banging away along the levee. He hoped it would retire until he had reached the long bridge, but it seemed to lie in wait for him, and to emit whistles and hisses of steam at just the right moment to turn the horses into dancing bipeds.

When the bridge was gained at last, the planks of the roadway flooring rumbled dully with now and then a loud report. The engine followed them onto the bridge and kept the horses in a shudder of nervousness. And of course the draw was open, and he must hold the plunging idiots still, while a side-wheeled steamer puffed through the gap and struggled to overcome the fierce current of the rapids and make its way into the open lock of the canal that had been built along the western bank long years ago.

While they waited, Ben tried to make conversation. He pointed up the river to where the stream broke in whitecaps over the jutting rocks, and said what Carthage people never tired of saying:

"There'll be a dam there one of these days."

"So our great-grandfathers said," laughed Odalea. "If my great-grandchildren live to see it, I hope they'll sell those lots and pay your great-grandchildren for my glorious hot water."

"Oh, you won't have to wait much longer. It's got to come right soon. The opportunity is too big to waste any longer. They used to want to dam old Mississippi, so as to get power to run millwheels and flour-mills. But now they'll make electricity and send it hundreds of miles by wire. Why, this old river will be running plows for all the farmers in half a dozen States, and lighting streets and running street-cars in Saint Louis, Saint Paul, and all the big cities. They can get more power out of that old mile-wide river than they can out of Niagara."

"I suppose they'll ruin the beauty of nature as usual."

"Ruin nature, nothing! It makes me sick, all this talk about the beauty of nature. Aint the beauty of mankind's prosperity pretty beautiful too? Nobody much ever goes out to see a landscape, but the billions of horsepower running to waste out there would do the work of millions of men, and light up dark places and get poor people to their work and back home quicker and more comfortable. The river will build up big immense factories and turn towns into cities, and—"

Odalea broke in, not that she cared particularly, but just to make prattle:

"Don't you think that big cities are ugly and the country beautiful?"

"That depends. I've seen some awful ugly country and some mighty pretty pictures of cities. People are prettier than trees. I've never seen a flower as pretty as—as the face of certain folks. Buildings are prettier than hills, and streets look better than cricks."

"But the engines, the hideous machinery."

"Machinery hideous? Why, Miss Odalea! I think an engine is just about the prettiest thing there is—a good engine, I mean, that does its work right. I don't know any flower that's prettier than a wheel. As for a turbine—did you ever see a lily that was graceful as a turbine?"

"I don't know what a turbine is."

"Well, if I was an artist, I'd paint turbines instead of so many moons and old tumble-down castles. There'll be a line of turbines across that river some day that will take the water in and make it spin them round and round, and they'll manufacture more electricity and send it farther than all the lightning storms you ever heard of. Only that lightning will build things up instead of tearing them down."

HIS fervor interested her more than his theme. She affected to quarrel with his poesy in order to provoke more of it.

"But God made the flower, and man made the turbine."

"What of it? If God made the flower, He made the man too; and it takes a better god to make a man that can make a turbine than just to go on turning out rocks and trees and hills. Don't you think? Or do you?"

Before she could answer this riddle, the long swinging pier was coming back into place again, the gates were opened, and the horses could hurry on.

The engine kept them company with its bell jangling and making the horses dance. It was forbidden to trot them across the bridge lest the rhythm rock it down. So Ben must content himself with pointing out to Odalea the extreme beauty of the locomotive's driving-bar as it urged the wheels around.

"That's a pretty idea, don't you think?" he yelled into her ear. "They heat up water and make steam, and the steam pushes a piston-rod up, and they let it out, and the piston-rod goes back, and they let in more steam and so on. And then the piston-rod is fastened onto a wheel so that it translates a forward-and-back motion into a round-and-round motion along rails that run forward and back. And that's how we can travel in trains. Any fool can travel, and

almost any fool can run an engine, but I tell you it took some soul to figure out those tricks the first time. Look at that big driving-rod like a human arm of steel moving back and forth and making the wheels go round! What is there in nature that's any prettier?"

She could not hear him very well, but she could see the sparks in his bright eyes and the exultation in his face, and she felt a little pride in being with a man that could understand such things as engines and find beauty in them.

But when at last they had crossed the rickety bridge and turned off into the dust-sift road that wound among the trees and shrubs that bordered it, he confessed:

"And nature's not so bad, at that."

They drove along the chaotic sluiceways where the green river-growths were lush and dense; then they passed through a lengthy covered bridge, a wooden tunnel hung across an arm of the river.

The initials of countless people had been carved and penciled in the rotting wood with a vanity that looked silly, yet was not much vainer than the toil of men who hope to carve their names and the record of their deeds on the perishable walls of history.

(The ensuing chapters of this heart-warming novel of American family life are even more engaging. Be sure to read them in the next, the November, issue.)

## EVEN-STEPHEN

(Continued from page 51)

ing the racing season, as much as fifty thousand dollars changed hands at the dice-tables alone.

James Chester O'Connor was a child of circumstances, born in poverty, reared in the streets, and educated in the night college of the Western Union. Quick-witted and honest, he attracted the attention of a New York gambler who employed him in a confidential capacity, rewarded him liberally, and impressed upon him the necessity of "shooting square" with those who dealt fairly by him. About the time his benefactor died, Jimmy's own mother was compelled to go to the hospital for a major operation. Thereupon the boy withdrew his savings from the bank, borrowed what other funds he could, took his employer's old seat at Grennan's Cosmopolitan Club, and relying on a time-worn system, went through the deal on three successive nights, plucking the tiger's whiskers for ten thousand dollars.

This money saved his mother's life, established her in independent comfort, and made ordinary jobs impossible for Jimmy O'Connor. He stuck to the Cosmopolitan Club, but of course his luck "tired," and one night he found that he owed the house.

Chick McCarthy, so thin that they called him the Gambling Ghost, took Jimmy aside. "Don't be a sucker," he advised. "I'll give you a job on the percentage side of the table. You'll have just as much fun, and you'll learn the difference between luck and arithmetic. Never forget, my boy, that the bank is the universal and the player the individual, and in the long run the individual can never win. The house does not gamble; it merely backs the well-proven law of averages. Those who play against it do the gambling, and because the individual player can never operate as continually as the bank, he can never hope to approach the equalization of chances. Get me?"

"I think so," said Jimmy. "Anyway, I'll take the job and work out what I owe you."

"Good! The Diamond Tooth Kid needs a lookout. Get up in the chair and keep your eyes peeled."

So Jimmy O'Connor switched to the percentage side of the green tables, where he conducted himself so well that he was pro-

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moted to the dice table, the fastest job in the room. Presently, however, the Cosmopolitan Club was compelled to close; and Jimmy, yielding to the desire for rest and adventure, took to the broad highway of the sporting world. Sometimes he experienced moments of vague dissatisfaction, a yearning for more legitimate occupations, but Destiny declined to present either an opportunity or an appeal. Wherefore he comforted himself by befriend- ing Kid Scotty and by trying to maintain his reputation as "a guy that was on the up and up with the world."

There was only one person with whom Jimmy was guilty of deception, and that was his mother. Mrs. O'Connor had yet to learn the exact nature of Jimmy's occupation. His letters were tender and dutiful. Frequently he rushed home to fulfill the obligations of a prodigal son. Sometimes he took her to Atlantic City—once even as far as Palm Beach. She understood that he "handled sporting goods," and fondly imagined that his particular line was baseball uniforms and golf sticks. In her eyes he was a model of propriety, a shining example of the power of a mother's love.

Such was Jimmy O'Connor, now a youthful ivory-turner at Jake Beckford's "night club." This was the gallant young Pythias whom a disreputable Damon had inveigled that evening into visiting the Dance Pavilion at Balboa Park for the purpose of bestowing the "up and down" on a prospective Mrs. Kid Scotty.

In the pudgy manager of the dance-hall, the young dice-man recognized a former detective of the Bowie track.

"Sure I know her," said the ex-detective, after greetings had been exchanged. "Name's Jeanne Cavanaugh. She's dancing right now with a cracker in an oyster suit. . . . Oh, put that back in your pocket. Your jack's no good around here. Take this hunk o' tickets, and I'll fix it up. Friend o' yours, is she?"

"Nope. Friend of my buddy."

"Sall right! She's a good scout. Hey, Jeanne—come here a minute. Meet Mr. O'Connor and make him feel at home."

JAKE BECKFORD'S star dice-man was prepared for anything except the type of "hostess" that acknowledged the brusque introduction. He had tried to picture in advance the kind of girl for whom his venial little pal would fall, and his imagination had wavered between a baby vamp, a "Dumb Dora," and a five-minute egg, bantam size, and equipped with freckles, a King Tut bob and an expression that said: "Do-your-worst-and-see-if-I-care!"

But the girl who stood before him, sizing him up as calmly and accurately as though she were a dealer and he the player at her table, fitted into none of the conceptions he had formed. The first effect was to deprive him of his confidence. He sensed intuitively that here was something he did not quite understand, something new in his experience. For the first time in his life he felt embarrassed, and a flush mounted to cheeks that were usually pale from long hours behind locked windows.

"Like to dance, Mr. O'Connor?"

"Sure," he answered. "That's what I'm here for."

Jimmy had been covering up when he told Kid Scotty that he didn't know how to dance. Either that, or Jeanne Cavanaugh was the world's champion instructor. They threaded gracefully the maze of dancers, the girl's tawny tresses touching occasionally the flushed cheek of her partner. She fitted into his arms so perfectly, and they danced with such complete harmony of movement, that it was as if the Great Locksmith had fashioned them in a complementary mold.

After a first exchange of inane pleasantries they made no attempt at conversation, but continued to drift dreamily under soft-

tened lights while Jackson's Jazz Hounds made hash of Mendelssohn, and their leader, "Jumping Jimmy" himself, egged them on to new extravagances of rhythm.

At first glance there was little to distinguish Miss Cavanaugh in appearance from a thousand other girls. Of medium height and build, she had brown hair lightened with a glint of yellow, and her eyes were of an indefinable hue—hazel, possibly, with flecks of gold. Her mouth was small and well formed, and her face delicately oval, yet somehow suggestive of a certain boyish strength. An artist would have said that she was a composite of several types, and more than this—that there was, on second glance, an elusive *something* very difficult to analyze.

And it was that mysterious *something* that fascinated Jimmy O'Connor. He called to his aid all the intuitive powers developed at the dice-table and concentrated mentally on the self-imposed task of classifying this girl. And he felt so clearly a kinship, sensed so mysterious an appeal, that it was as if he were trying to analyze himself.

During an intermission, while they stood silently near one of the exits, he turned to her and whispered in a puzzled voice: "Say, listen, where you been all my life?"

The girl flashed a startled glance at him and then looked away. "Funny," she commented; "I was just wondering the same thing."

Once more their eyes met, this time in a frank scrutiny with all barriers down. Jimmy O'Connor was the first to lower his eyes.

"Let's take the air," he suggested. "Let's walk around a bit."

MISS Cavanaugh nodded acquiescence, and a few minutes later they were sitting on a secluded bench near Popcorn Row watching an electric-lighted Ferris wheel revolving slowly against a drop-curtain of distant stars. Then, as naturally as though they had been a brother and sister, who had found each other after having been separated since childhood, they sketched for one another's benefit the missing chapters of their lives. There were some things that were left unsaid, but each sensed what the other was withholding—at least Jimmy O'Connor felt that here at last was some one whom he understood and who understood him. Dimly he began to form his concept—to get the angle. Here was another creature of circumstance like himself—only she represented the feminine side of the mold, and therefore her battle had been waged against greater odds. A wave of quick sympathy engulfed him. Here was a girl who was both weak and strong, wise and yet human, helpless and yet capable of *anything*!

The correct appraisal flashed through his mind: "Been through the mill—seen the best and the worst—paid, and suffered and fought. . . . She's been hurt like hell, but she ain't licked yet. . . . That's the type: game and—yes, I'd call it clean!"

He reached suddenly for her hand, felt the responsive pressure of small fingers, and realized that no words were necessary.

The Ferris wheel spun on majestically; the wheezy strains of a merry-go-round brought them the persistent message:

"I want to be happy, but—"

Jimmy O'Connor, gazing meditatively at nothing in particular, became gradually aware of a familiar figure, leaning against the counter of an illuminated shooting-gallery not fifty yards away. Kid Scotty was trustfully awaiting the return of Pythias.

"Oh, gosh!" said Jimmy O'Connor. Miss Cavanaugh looked at him. "What's the matter?"

Beckford's young dice-man consulted his watch. He had fifteen minutes in which to reach his post of duty.

"Holy cats!" he gasped. "I had no idea it was that late. Here I've been gassing about myself, and I meant to talk to you about my pal. That's him standing over there—Joey Scott—I call him Kid Scotty. Swellest lil' sport in all the world, and he's cuckoo about you."

Miss Cavanaugh glanced in the direction of the indicated figure. "Oh, yes," she smiled. "I know who you mean. Well, I like that type better than some others. I had a kid brother that hustled sheets. Toughest and sweetest kid in the world. He died with the con' last winter. I went into debt for him. Gave up everything a girl could give, and it wasn't any use. I guess for a little while I lost my head. Tried to go to hell, and something held me back—I don't know what."

She spread her hands helplessly, and turned for another look at Kid Scotty. There were tears in her eyes. "He reminds me so much of what I lost," she murmured. "Buddy was a darn little roughneck, too, but he was loyal, and all I had in the world, and he was mine—mine—mine!"

She beat rebellious fists against her bosom in a sudden passionate protest, then recovered herself as sharply.

"Your pal thinks a lot of you, doesn't he?" she said to Jimmy. "He doesn't talk of anything else. Every time I see him, he's got some new story to tell about his pal. Last night he told me how he happened to meet you."

"Yeah?" said Jimmy a bit uncertainly.

"Oh, don't try to be too modest!" chided Miss Cavanaugh. "Scotty told me the whole story, and it was better than a show. I know what those Lake Michigan storms are, and any man who can swim to a foundering yacht with a life-line and save twelve people, is all that his pal says he is, believe me!"

Jimmy O'Connor turned a delicate purple. "Did he say I fished him out of Lake Michigan? Why, the little liar! Neither of us were ever—"

"What!"

Pythias checked himself, realizing suddenly that his purpose was not to bury Caesar, but to praise him. His position was becoming embarrassing, and he floundered to his feet, cap in hand.

"The truth is," he blurted, "it wasn't me, but Kid Scotty himself that saved the whole party. There's a lot of things I want to tell you about that little sawed-off guy, but I've got to beat it now. Can I see you here tomorrow afternoon about two o'clock?"

Miss Cavanaugh reflected a moment; then her eyes smiled acquiescence. "I'll be here," she promised.

HE nodded gratefully, and hastened off in the direction of his pal. Kid Scotty was still parked at the rifle-range, arguing heatedly with a diminutive Diana who had pert eyes and a spunky chin, and who seemed undecided at the moment whether to kiss her customer or shoot him.

"That's the idea!" Kid Scotty was saying. "God's open spaces, right out in the fresh air. That's what I like about the bird-cage racket; you can run it here or anywhere, and there aint no overhead, or no breakage. Twenty-eight per cent for the house, and if you pass out baby dolls or goldfish instead of real jack, why, it's the old whoop-de-doo! In two months you c'n follow the swallows back home!"

The crunch of footsteps warned him of his pal's approach. He spun abruptly, clutched Jimmy O'Connor by the arm and led him out of earshot. "Well, what's the lay? She's the candy, aint she? Did you frame her for me, Jimmy? How do I stand?"

"Aces up," said Jimmy, "but I aint had time to run the deck yet. Go dance with the lady, and don't tell no more lies than you can help. S'long; I got to grab me a taxi. Tell you all about it later."

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AWAY he rushed, heading for Jake Beckford's nocturnal shrine, where men paid homage to the ivory god of chance, most potent of the agencies.

There was usually a heavy play on Saturday night, and tonight was no exception. Jimmy O'Connor tried his best to concentrate his mind on what he was doing, for a dice layout with big money going down calls for all that a man has of mental alertness. Two dice may come up in thirty-six different ways, and with a fast pay-off man in charge, there is more action to be had on a craps-table than in any other form of gambling.

Cool, shirt-sleeved, equipped with a green eyeshade and a small bamboo cane, Jimmy O'Connor worked mechanically at top speed, chanting the litany of the keeper: "All r-r-right! The line loses; the field wins."

..... Comin' up! You're paid..... Five's his point..... Three to two he don't five..... He shoots—and out jumps the devil! Pass the dice and make your bets. All r-r-right, we go! Hands off the table, gentlemen—thank you! And he shoots twelve—a pair of boxcars! Sorry, brother; it's a hard life but an honest one!..... The dice pass!"

All this was purely mechanical. His mind was really not on his task. The tumbling ivories were transformed into fantastic images of Kid Scotty and a girl with gold eyes and jade earrings. Two human dice falling from the cup of Destiny onto the layout of life while an impersonal young gamekeeper prepared to pay off!

Even as early as this, Jimmy O'Connor had begun to experience some of the bewilderment that must have come to John Alden when he first approached Priscilla in behalf of his friend. Jimmy knew many other angles in the sporting world, but this was his first encounter with that most common of geometric figures—the eternal triangle.

At two o'clock in the morning, when play was at its height, Jimmy O'Connor's mind suddenly snapped back into alertness. The fourth player at his left had made five successive passes and was letting his stake "ride." Fifteen hundred dollars lay on the table. The young gamekeeper raked in the dice and was in the act of tossing them back to the shooter, when his sensitive fingers detected a slight variation in the feel of the cubes. Either they were not the house dice, or they had been coated with a colorless sticky preparation designed to help the player make his point. He laid them nonchalantly back in the case.

"Just a little superstitious," he smiled, and tossed out a new pair of dice.

For a few seconds they looked into each other's eyes—Jimmy O'Connor and a spruce middle-aged individual known to most of the gathering only as "the Flash." Then the latter lowered his eyes, and reached for the new dice with nervous hands. On the third cast he lost, and without saying a word withdrew from the table and sauntered toward the street.

HALF an hour later, as the Flash approached the overland ticket-window in the Grand Union Terminal, he felt a detaining hand on his sleeve.

"Just a minute," said Jimmy O'Connor. "There's a chop-house around the corner. Will you have breakfast with me, or shall I give the office to that cop to put the cuffs on you?"

The Flash snarled at him: "What's the big idea? Is it a crime to lose dough in your joint?"

Beckford's young dice-man looked straight into the other's wavering eyes. "In your case, I think it is. Any guy that would cheat with dice would also cheat the bank that employs him. Either you spend five minutes with me, or you spend five years in the pen. Take your choice, fella, and make it snappy."

The Flash weakened. White-faced, he ac-

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## A Free Test

*Of the tooth paste my experts make me use*

By Edna Wallace Hopper

In every beauty factor I am guided by the greatest experts I can find. So thousands of women have asked me to tell them what tooth paste I use. And how I gained and kept to my age the pretty teeth I show.

You would not do what I did if I told you. I used several kinds of tooth pastes, cleansers and polishers. I used an antiseptic mouth wash, also iodine for the gums. Twice a day I used magnesia, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. I used breath purifiers.

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This new-type tooth paste is called Quindent, meaning five in one. It is made by Quindent Laboratories. All druggists now supply it.

My experts advised me to use it, and to use nothing else. And, after long use, I advise it to all. I cannot conceive of anyone using an old-type tooth paste when they learn what Quindent means.

The makers of Quindent supply me samples. I gladly mail one to anyone who asks. It is, beyond question, the tooth paste we must all adopt. We who seek beautiful teeth. Mail this coupon for a sample and my Beauty Book will come with it. It will bring you new conceptions of what a dentifrice should do.

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accompanied his young captor to the restaurant, and there learned a more salutary lesson than he would ever have received from the jute-mill of a penitentiary. Blustering availed him nothing; evasion was futile. Jimmy O'Connor had the dope on him, and the cross-examination was merciless. The Flash broke down finally and whimpered the truth.

"All right," said Jimmy, jotting the figures on a menu card. "We'll call it six grand to be on the safe side. Well, I lose and you win. Monday I'll see that your accounts are squared."

The Flash stared at him incredulously. "What?"

"Say, listen," commanded Jimmy: "There are two kinds of people in this world: square and crooked. The first kind are good sports—they're always thinking of others; the crook is a yellow cur that thinks only of himself and hurts everybody! You lied your way into our club, or you'd never have got in. You stole dough and lost it. You tried to cheat me tonight and failed. You were going to duck out, and they'd have eventually caught you, and brought you back. Then you'd have squealed, and blamed it all on the temptations of a gambling-house. We'd have had to shut down. I and a dozen other fellows who never cheated in their lives would have been out of jobs. That's the kind of an angle a fella like you never thinks of!"

The Flash hung his head, and there was that in his manner that suggested the lesson was sinking in. Jimmy eyed him critically.

"All right," he consoled. "We all make mistakes once in a while. I made mine by not checking up on you when you were first introduced. Found out who you were only yesterday, and I shouldn't have let you play tonight, only I had something else on my mind—something—"

He lapsed into a reverie a moment, and then shook himself out of it.

"Darn near getting the heebie-jeebies myself," he commented. "Well, that's all, fella! You better send in a letter of resignation tomorrow. Get a new job, and help yourself to a new angle in life. If you go square, I'll help you, but don't ever try gambling again, especially in any place where I'm working. Understand?"

"Yes," said the Flash slowly, "I understand a lot of things now. You're a sport! I'll try to—kiss the flag."

"Fair enough," said Jimmy. "Shake!"

MONDAY noon the secretary to Hartley Darrow, president of the Commercial Trust Bank, looked up dubiously at a smiling, persistent youth in a pin-stripe suit.

"Mr. Darrow is a busy man," she demurred, "and his time is very valuable."

"I know how it is," Jimmy assured. "But tell him that the paying teller of the Alabama All Night Bank wants to see him on a personal matter, and if he keeps me waiting more than two minutes, it will cost him six thousand fish."

In less than the specified time President Darrow, who had once sold papers on the corner where the bank now stood, was regarding his visitor with quizzical eyes. "Don't seem to recall your All Night Bank," he observed.

"No," said Jimmy, "probably not; but we handle a lot of dough, never make any errors, and there isn't any of us under bond."

He reached into a vest pocket, produced a pair of emerald dice set with diamond chips, and rolled them on the banker's desk, snapping his fingers in approved style.

Then the paying-teller of the Alabama All Night Bank grinned cheerfully—and down on the desk he deposited a bundle of currency amounting to six thousand dollars. President Darrow blinked his eyes.

"Just by way of correcting a little book-keeping error," Jimmy explained. "One of

your employees came to my window by mistake and deposited funds that properly belong to the account mentioned on this slip of paper. No harm done, you understand. You're shy a clerk, and I'm shy a little profit, so we're even—Stephen, and the interview is over."

He reached for his cap.

"Hold on," pleaded the president. "I've done enough work for today. Let's go to lunch. I wonder if Dutch Charley still browns 'em in the pan the way he did twenty years ago? Had a wagon on Lower Tenth—"

"Must be the same guy," said Jimmy. "I know him. If you can stand the flies, let's go."

Gray-haired banker and youthful dice-man lunched side by side at Dutch Charley's counter; and Hartley Darrow, who was really a very human sort, enjoyed his companion so thoroughly he was loath to leave him.

"Well, all right, son," he finally conceded smilingly. "I suppose it isn't exactly ethical for me to offer inducements to the trusted official of another bank, but if you should of your own accord seek different affiliations, I think I could find a place for your talents. Meanwhile, remember me to Jake Beckford. I haven't seen the old rascal in years."

SMALL wonder if Jimmy O'Connor, heading once more for Balboa Park and Jeanne Cavanaugh, felt just a little weary. In the space of two days life had assumed a very complex appearance, even to one thoroughly versed in the law of averages, the calculation of chances, and the pay-off problems of the dice-table.

As Pythias he had pledged aid to his pal; as John Alden he had come face to face with Priscilla; as Beckford's dice-man he had saved his employer from the folly of a crook; and finally—as Jimmy O'Connor himself—he had been offered an opportunity to settle down in a new game, one that suggested matrimony, a home, an' everything!

Sunday afternoon he had tried manfully to play the rôle of a "booster" in Kid Scotty's game. No youth ever strove to plead the cause of a pal with more eloquence and sincerity; but somehow neither he nor the lady in the case had been able to prevent the conversation from gliding into dangerous channels. It seemed that they just had to talk about themselves.

Now the same thing happened. He found himself telling Miss Cavanaugh about the Flash and how Hartley Darrow had lunched with him at Dutch Charley's, and then had offered to put him behind a new layout. He tried to dismiss the matter with a laugh, but there was a false note in his humor. Jeanne studied him a moment, and then resumed her dreamy contemplation of a pair of sunbonnet babies digging in the sand of the Inland Beach. She asked quietly:

"Why don't you take that job, Jimmy?"

"Aw, I dunno," he answered. "Why don't I do lots of things? Why should a guy shake seven when his point is six? It's just 'cause the dice fall that way; it aint his fault. I'm booked to go on rolling awhile, I guess. Scotty's the boy that's got good sense. He wants to settle down. He's got the right angle on life at last. Lot of good in that kid! With the right kind of a girl, he'd buckle down and lick the world. Smart as a whip! Did I tell you that his old man was the best valet on the Bowie track? He could rub two pounds off a jock's in—"

"Yes," said Jeanne. "You told me about him yesterday."

"Well, it's the truth. And his grandfather was in the Civil War. He got a medal for bravery, and his great uncle was once the mayor of—"

But Jimmy's sacrificial effort to do justice to the pedigree of his pal was interrupted by the sputtering roar of a descending airplane that just missed the rooftops of Con-

cession Lane, and disappeared behind the fence of a landing-field. The megaphoned voice of a ticket barker assailed them from the distance:

"Safe and sound and ready to fly again! See how Mother Earth looks from the air! A fifteen-minute flight for five dollars! Five dollars, and you leave the world behind you! Going up! Who's the next happy couple?"

Moved by a common impulse, they looked at each other, and in their eyes was the call of the centuries: youth, courage, wonder, desire—the instinct to go adventuring together.

Beckford's young dice-man reached for his companion's hand. "Want to fly, Jeanne? Want to go up with me?"

It was as though, in some subtle way, the question had brought them to the threshold of mateship. They were earthbound, lonely mortals, and he had asked her to share the thrills, the joys, the possible dangers of a voyage into a new realm. With scarcely an instant's hesitation she returned the pressure of his fingers.

"With you, Jimmy," she breathed, "—yes!"

"Come on," he encouraged; and hand in hand they went forward to the Gate of Adventure.

THERE is something deliciously alluring and yet terrifying about the Unknown. From the moment that Jimmy O'Connor took his seat by the side of Jeanne Cavanaugh and they settled down in the front compartment of the 'plane, they were like two children who had ventured into a haunted house, and now were waiting wide-eyed for the mystic moment of midnight.

Finally it came with an explosive roar of the engine—a tremor through the frame of the ship. Bystanders waved their hands. The pilot, sitting behind his two passengers, nodded to the ground crew, and the 'plane ambled awkwardly forward, gathering speed as it went. Suddenly the ground forsook them; the world on which they had always lived and which had seemed so immovable and secure was falling from under their feet—dropping into the abyss of immeasurable space. They were suspended, helpless and alone, in a void where Mother Earth had been!

Jimmy O'Connor was the first to regain his composure. He reached for his companion's hand and smiled reassuringly. Jeanne nodded and drew a little closer to his shoulder. The nose of the 'plane was tilted skyward; the winds of heaven rushed by; they were climbing toward the sun!

Just how helpless they really were was known at the moment only to a group of mechanics waving frantic and futile signals from the flying-field below. The signals went unheeded, and the great 'plane sailed on, climbing into the ethereal blue. Everything seemed all right; yet the dice of Destiny had scored their "point" on Jimmy O'Connor's layout.

This was the first day that the aerial concession had been in operation. The landing-field was small; and the pilots, in some cases, were having a little difficulty in taking off against a wind that blew unsteadily from the north. Jimmy had noticed that when the ground was falling away the last things that dropped from their path were telegraph poles supporting a high network of wires. These lay just beyond the northern limits of the field, and for a breath-taking moment it seemed as though the 'plane might not clear them. The next instant the ship had apparently hurdled the obstacle with the desperate lunge of a steeplechase thoroughbred. Jimmy had felt a slight jar at the time, but it had seemed to be no more than the bumps they were now experiencing as the 'plane rode the unseen billows of the air. But presently they found themselves pursued and



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overtaken by another ship that had mounted swiftly on their trail.

The second 'plane held only a white-faced pilot, who flew within calling distance, shut off his engine, and signaled for the other man to do likewise. For a moment the two giant birds floated on parallel lines, majestically serene and silent. Through cupped hands, the other pilot trumpeted his message:

"You've lost your landing gear, Bill! Stripped it off on the wires. . . . No wheels! Nothing under you! Crash comin'—understand? . . . . Boss says make for the old field, the mud-flats. . . . More room! We'll stake out markers and rig up a slide. Better stay up long as you can, and then land between the markers. We'll wave you right! Keep cool, Bill—and God's luck!"

THE second 'plane departed, spiraling earthward, and leaving three people alone in the sky, helpless and confronted by Eternity. The pilot had known such moments before, having played hide-and-seek many times with Death in the war-clouds of France, but to Jimmy O'Connor and the golden-eyed goddess of the Balboa Dance-hall, it was an incredible revelation, a sudden soul-stripped vision of fundamental concepts: Life, Death, Love! And of these three, Love was the divine fountainhead of the mystic trinity.

The roar of the motor, as the crippled 'plane swung westward and circled slowly over the waiting earth, made speech impossible; nor was any needed. The pilot guided his ship, studying with straining eyes the bronze mud-flats below, where a crowd was already gathering, and white flags beginning to flutter.

In the front compartment Jimmy of the dice-room took Jeanne of the dance-hall in his arms, and in the tingling fierceness of his protecting grasp, the girl interpreted and acknowledged mutely a sweeter and more eloquent message than ever Priscilla received from the lips of John Alden. . . .

They were still locked in each other's arms, oblivious of aught save each other, when the inevitable came. Gradually the 'plane had spiraled lower and lower until its pilot had discerned a hastily scraped pathway on the dry mud-flats, marked out by fluttering handkerchiefs and the overalled figures of mechanics. The engine sputtered a moment, then died.

"All right, folks," said a voice behind them. "Here we go! Keep under cover and hang on!"

The gray-winged craft swooped gracefully, rose, swooped again, and then lower still. The brown earth rushed to meet it; and with the first scraping impact, the sky-traveler nosed into the dirt, and turned over with a crash of rending wings and fuselage. . . .

Then, out of darkness and a babbling nightmare of confusion, came returning life and daylight. Eager hands relieved him of an unconscious figure. Kindly voices called to him:

"Buck up, fella! You're all right! No-body's hurt. . . . Bit shaken up, that's all! . . . . Take it easy, boy! The girl's only fainted. Here, you better lay down a minute!"

He found himself kneeling in the mud at the side of Jeanne Cavanaugh, patting her hands, and calling to her to look at him. And with the first unfolding of her eyelids, their lips met.

Then the tremulous voice of Kid Scotty sounded in Jimmy O'Connor's ears:

"Aw, gee, pal—aw, gee! I thought—I thought you was a gonner!"

The little hustler was standing in the front rank of the crowd that was being held back by police. By his side stood the bobbed-hair, freckled Diana of the shooting gallery. There were tears in the eyes of both.

Kid Scotty dodged under a blue-coated

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Write giving all necessary details, enclose a stamped return envelope and address:—

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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE  
33 West 42nd Street, New York City

arm and rushed at his lord of life. Diana, equally defiant of the law, squirmed past another officer, and made for Jeanne Cavanaugh, exclaiming: "Lemme take you home, Jeanne! There, there, honey! The show's all over! Don't cry, dearie! Say, aint any of you cops got some hooch on the hip? Well, produce it! . . . Scotty, I'm takin' Jeanne home."

"Go ahead, Babe; I'll look after Jimmy. See you later."

Two cabs rolled away with the leading characters in the little drama, and the audience dissolved.

IT was evening in the St. Mark Hotel, where Damon and Pythias led a sort of Box and Cox existence in a small room on the top floor. Jimmy worked nights and slept in the daytime; Kid Scotty reversed this proceeding.

Jake Beckford's young dice-man had regained mastery of his emotions. The mask of the gambler had descended over pale features. He looked at the troubled face of his pal, and he sensed that Fate had played them both an unkind trick. Some one had loaded the dice on Jimmy O'Connor. He was in love with Kid Scotty's girl, and Scotty was his pal, a boy with no other religion or code than the simple formula of shooting square with Jimmy O'Connor. The latter realized that to betray Kid Scotty would be to send the little hustler straight to hell. The old protective instinct strengthened threefold. Here was the one boy who thought Jimmy O'Connor was next to God.

The elder of the two broke the long strain of uncomfortable silence. "Kid, I'm duckin' out tomorrow."

"Yeh? What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," said Jimmy. "Just figure it's time I was seeing my mother—"

"Why don't you send for her and take that job old Santa Claus offered you? Jeanne thinks it would be the candy."

Jimmy shook his head quietly. "No, pal—I'm goin'. You stay here and settle down. You got a good girl picked out, Kid, and I think you'll make the grade. Anyway, I've boosted the best I could. I—I think a lot of you, boy; but I guess we've got to hustle single for a little while. It's the old cross-roads."

Kid Scotty nodded. "Yeh! An' I'll inform both parties, I think the world o' you. Never knew how much, till I figured you was goin' to get bumped off today. Dat was moider!"

He hesitated a moment, staring up at the ceiling.

"Jimmy, have I got bum lamps, or did I see you kissin' Jeanne this afternoon, and beggin' her not to die?"

A crimson flame shot into the pale cheeks of the ivory-turner. "Kid, that didn't mean a thing. I didn't know what I was doin'. Lost my head for a minute, and kind of forgot what it was all about."

"Then you aint in love with her yourself?"

"No!"

"Cause if you are, Jimmy—" The light of a great sacrifice was in Kid Scotty's eyes. "If you are, pal—there's other dames floating around. Don't you mind me, Jimmy—"

"No, no, Kid—you're crazy."

"Am, huh? Yeh, I'm foolish like a fox. Look me in the eye, and tell me again that you aint fell for her."

Jimmy O'Connor braced himself as though he were behind his layout, and the dice were rolling on the biggest bet of all.

"I don't—want her!" he lied, but his eyes betrayed him, and he had to turn away. Kid Scotty's dark orbs lit suddenly with the fire of triumph. A grin wreathed his sharp little face.

"That's too bad," he lamented. "Well, all I got to say is, one of us is a damn' fool!"

"Huh?"



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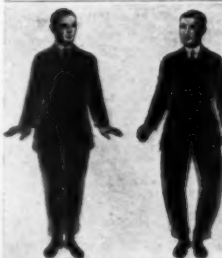
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"Listen," said Kid Scotty. "You didn't think that I was really going to break with you, did you? After all these years of hustlin' double? You might 'a' known, Jimmy, I wouldn't go into no game unless my pal was steppin' in too. In other words, if you wouldn't fall for a dame, then I wouldn't, either."

"Why, you poor little dumb fish," said Jimmy O'Connor, "how are you going to go fifty-fifty with the same girl?"

"We can't," conceded Kid Scotty. "But you remember me tellin' you about the little dark-headed jane that was wearing somebody's chunk o' ice? I said they was going to pay off as soon as things broke right."

"I remember," said Jimmy. "What about it?"

"Well, that's my girl, and I'm the guy that give her the diamond, and it aint phony, either. We're all set to open our own concession—bird-cage racket, baby dolls and goldfish. Now it's all off!"

Jimmy O'Connor stood there, open-mouthed and blinking his eyes. Kid Scotty was working the dice too fast for Beckford's best man.

"Scuse me for tryin' to frame you," Kid Scotty apologized. "I can't get over bein' a gyp. Figured it out you might fall for Jeanne, and then I'd be all set with Tilly. Them two are like you and me—deuces and aces! We could 'a' had a double wedding, and there's one o' them double houses—Tilly knows about it—an— But what's the use?" he sighed. "If you aint fell for Jeanne, even after what happened this afternoon, I guess it's all the Bunker Hill. I'll give Tilly the air, and we'll go on about our business—"

Jimmy O'Connor clutched madly at his pal. His gray eyes glittered like stars. "Wait a minute," he pleaded. "Wait a minute—you got me dizzy. Is this on the level? You aint tryin' to let me down easy? Aint coverin' up the real play? You're sure it's all right if I tell you that I—that I want Jeanne? You aint mixed—"

"I know my own dice, don't I?" protested Kid Scotty. "If Tilly caught me kissin' Jeanne the way you did, she'd bust my nose. Don't believe me? Ring her up! The number's on the wall. Jeanne's probably with her, and you can settle it all over the phone."

DAMON wrinkled his nose triumphantly at Pythias. The latter laid a hand on the shoulder of his chum.

"You damn little gyp!" he whispered tenderly. "You're the salt of the earth! What's the use of phoning? Let's walk over there together and clear things up. We'll talk turkey on the double wedding. You boost my game, and I'll boost yours."

"'Atta ol' talk," Kid Scotty approved. "Even-Stephen all the way through!"

## Gerald Beaumont

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## BITTER APPLES

(Continued from page 84)

"But the water it will take!"

"I'll drink effervescent water for the rest of the day. It's all right if you let it stand till the gas is all out of it. You can have my share of water."

"Johnny, you are very good. Tea for me, and tobacco for you." Without warning she burst into tears and fled toward the lounge. The dog raced after her.

Wyncote remained where he was, not without wisdom. In half an hour or so she'd come out of it, a little ashamed but much the better for the storm. Nevertheless, there was torture in the episode for him. His own hope was fair gone, and it was most difficult to give her something to lean on, mentally. When that smoke had vanished, he had almost discovered to her his despair.

There might be such a place as hell, but he began to have his doubts, considering the quantity and quality of the misery poured out on earth. Yet out of this earthly hell he drew a soothing drop: her hatred of him was going the way of the smudge, down the horizon. She had called him Johnny.

Did he honestly believe that there would be another ship? He made a wild and despairing gesture toward the south. Why did they show up at all, damn them? What a useless thing he was, with his notions of writing, his head stuffed full of poetry and the like, when a little knowledge of mechanics might have got them out of this! Boiling with rage and despair, he turned into the wireless room and tried all the levers again, knowing that he would find the machine quite as dead as when he had first attacked it.

Perhaps there might be some life in the radio batteries. Brightened considerably by this thought, he hurried down to the dining-room and climbed to the little gallery. He could work a radio. His fingers trembled as he manipulated the machine which had been powerful enough to bring music and voices three thousand miles. A faint but familiar sputter announced that there was still life in the batteries. All at once he heard a clatter which had rhythm; some ship was sending a wireless. He lost this, but picked up some music so faint that he could not tell whether it was a band or a single instrument.

How could he patch this battery to the wireless? He couldn't; it was utterly futile to think of; he could not create a miracle simply by wishing it. Certain rescue under his hand, and he did not know how to call for it. Then he broke down and cried, as a man cries, from the diaphragm and not from the eyes alone.

MEANWHILE Belinda had come through her phase of it, and rather ashamed of her weakness, went in search of him to apologize and to promise to buck up. As she was passing the lights to the musicians' gallery, she was halted by a queer unbelievable sound, the like of which she had never heard before—a man sobbing abandonedly. Sobbing, after all those brave words of his about a ship coming! She threw convention to the winds forever, so far as it related to John Wyncote. She was torn and rent by the poignancy of the sound. The last human being she was ever to see was in agony, and she must bring him out of it, restore his courage, his confidence in himself, as much for her own sake as for his.

She knelt. "Johnny," she called, "you mustn't, you mustn't! Do you hear me? I'm the only one who has the right to cry. Come and tell me what's happened."

He obeyed at once. He came to her, terribly ashamed of his weakness.

"What was it?"

"I'm a damned fool! I told you how I used to cry when mad. I wasn't crying in despair; it was pure rage at my uselessness."

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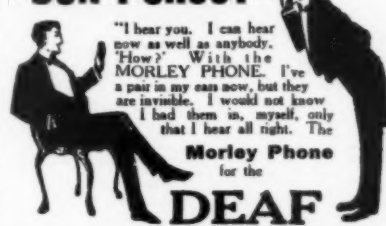
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There might be some way of connecting the radio battery with the wireless, some way of letting the world know where we are; and I'm as helpless as a baby!" He struck the last of the tears from his eyes. "An ordinary schoolboy would know the trick."

The last man she was ever to see! "Well, perhaps the ship will come without the use of wireless."

"Of course it will; but there might be a chance to hurry it up."

"Sit down."

"What?"

"Sit down in that chair," she ordered. "I'm sick of doing nothing, sick to death. I'm going to get the lunch."

She pushed him into the chair. "I tell you to sit down. —Nanky!" The dog came to her, and she put him into Wyncote's lap. She laughed quite honestly, and so did he, their angle of vision precisely the same: he had been demoted peremptorily.

"All right, Cap'n. Don't cut yourself with the can-opener. There's a can of corned beef; open the big end. Better go down forward; less sloshing around that way."

He did not realize how wise he was to give in to her; he simply saw that she was determined. Besides, he was still bitterly ashamed: he had debased himself in the eyes of the woman he loved, and he wanted to be alone for a spell. There were still a few hiccups in his throat.

Belinda, as she entered the lounge, could not account for the queer happiness which seemed to have suddenly possessed her. She was startled to find a tune on her lips. She did not know as yet that true happiness, the only real happiness, evolves out of service.

SHE pinned up her skirts, took off her stockings and put on a pair of canvas shoes. She went forward by the port side, so he would not see her disorder. It was her first adventure below since she had made the journeys for clothes. At first she felt like a disembodied spirit as she wandered about the cook's galley. Up to this moment she had not been able to get the picture into her mind; from above it seemed that the yacht had simply stopped moving; here was every evidence of a wreck. There was a stuffy, unpleasant odor, thick, of dead water, of rotting rugs and wood and rubber.

The tray she filled was heavy, and she was breathless when she reentered the lounge. She had a notion in her head, come there out of something she might have read. They should dine, not eat; they should resume the amenities and conventions of the dining-room. So she dressed in the best she had, hastily perhaps, but none the less cunningly. Then she stepped to the starboard door.

"I am going to give you ten minutes to dress in," she announced to Wyncote, who stared at her with unbelieving eyes. "Run along and get dressed."

"All right!"—happily. She couldn't hate him and play a game like this. Anything she wanted.

What ado pawing over shirts and collars and ties with the clumsiest ten fingers that ever were! He finally got into a soft white shirt and collar and smart twill, and worked over his hair conscientiously, and scoured off most of the tar stains on his hands, and was personable enough for any feminine eye when he entered the lounge.

"Try the caviare," she said, offering him some piccalilli. "You'll find the roast pheasant delicious!"—pointing to the corned beef. Pleasant foolery that gave him time to get a grip on himself.

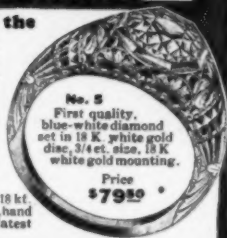
"The sole looks good," he remarked. "The sauce seems a little thick."

So the meal progressed, larded with pitter-patter talk, for all the world as if they were lunching together in a Broadway restaurant, but all the while each conscious of the grim footmen, Irony and Mockery, standing behind their chairs.

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# These Modern Girls

## They Have Ideas of Their Own, Regardless

Perhaps you think their ideas good—perhaps you think them bad. Perhaps the girls of today don't know where they're going, but they are certainly on their way—somewhere. And it doesn't appear as if they cared much, so long as they keep going. New York is filled with them, living their independent lives in studios, kitchenette apartments and converted lofts. Their customs and manners would make their grandmothers turn over in their graves. There's been a lot written about them, but here's the truth, in

## "Proven Pudding"

By Samuel Merwin

Mr. Merwin knows them from their high heels or sandals to the crowns of their bobbed or slicked heads. And he tells all he knows in this frankest of all his novels. Begin it in the next—the November—issue of

## The Red Book Magazine

On sale October 12 — at all news-stands—25 Cents

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, Chicago, Illinois.

When the queer meal was done, he remembered the treasure he had collected, and went for it. He distributed it in neat little piles on a table, together with the names of those who had once possessed the money and trinkets.

"You can do them up," he said. "Don't know much about jewels. Have you any notion what these will come to?"

"I should guess about fifty or sixty thousand. That emerald necklace was Mrs. Channing's, and she told me it cost twenty thousand in Paris."

"Sixty thousand? Wow! That'll take some handling to get safely back to the States."

She knew, however, that the owners would never behold these jewels again, and she was right. But the manner of the fulfillment of this prophecy was going to astonish her greatly.

"Haven't you anything to smoke?" she asked irrelevantly.

"The cigars are in the smoke-room."

"Then go and get one. It will help you to forget the lack of coffee. I wonder if we couldn't boil some on the alcohol lamp?"

"Never thought of it! I'll toddle right down and get some coffee."

But as he reached the starboard door, he stopped and craned his neck for a moment, then turned and ran back to Belinda.

"What is it?" she cried, her heart beating wildly.

For answer he caught her by the shoulders and propelled her madly to the door; and what she saw beyond made her forget his grasp, the pain and what might have been the distaste of it. And so they stood for several minutes, motionless except for the quick breathing.

"A ship!" she whispered. "A ship! God forgive me, I wouldn't believe it, I wouldn't believe it!"

She swayed, and but for his unconscious grip would have fallen.

"Belinda—"

"I'm all right," she said, wondering why it was that there was no distaste in her for those strong young hands of his.

### Chapter Nineteen

ABOUT a mile off the starboard bow was a ship. She was making headway toward the wreck, but slowly and cautiously feeling her way. Through the glass Wyncote could see a man in the nest and another peering over the cutwater. Across her freeboard he picked out some dingy white letters—*Bristol*. From the look of her scaly sides, she was badly in need of paint; but to Wyncote no Cunarder could have offered more beauty to his eye. He left the bridge, crying out to Belinda to pack.

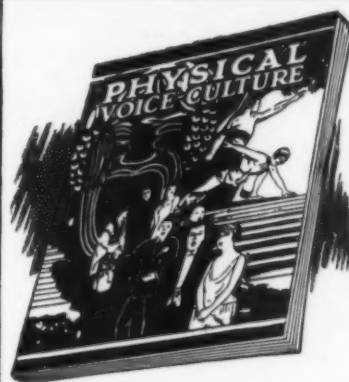
What excitement and confusion there was: of goings and comings, of questions and answers; of hands unaccountably clumsy; of throats stuffy and of eyes constantly blurred! They were not going to die terribly; they were going back to civilization, to material comforts, to crowds. Wyncote knew that he was going to stand for hours on some corner and watch the familiar human stream flow by.

He was oddly shocked by an unexpected thought which accompanied this picture of civilization. By an act of God they had been thrown together upon a wreck for days; and during this time, accountable to God alone for their thoughts and actions. Yet now he saw that he would have to account to the world also, and perform an obnoxious ceremony which God did not require but which human society did.

"Belinda, we're stepping back into the old world, where things must be done in a certain way."

"Yes?"

"Will you marry me?"



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She stiffened. "Your wife? Why, in heaven's name?"

"As my wife you will be given some kind of respect. As a single young woman who has lived with me on this wreck—"

"I understand," she interrupted. "But I will not have it. They are human beings, and we are unfortunates. They would be putting us into the same cabin, and it may be days before they reach a port."

"But I can sleep on deck."

"And wouldn't they think that queer?"

"I don't like the looks of these chaps."

"What, when God sent them to us?"

"God has sent many strange and inexplicable things to us both. Supposing they put you at one end of the ship and me at the other?"

"Well, well, since it will give you peace of mind. But it will be far worse if we are found out. For my part, it sounds like utter nonsense."

As the men from the boats climbed aboard, there was a furtive eagerness in their actions that convinced Wyncote that his doubts were justified.

Belinda drew close to him, her shoulder pressing his. Never had she seen so many mean faces in a single group of men. She saw the wisdom of pretending to be Wyncote's wife. She was still wandering in a maze of perplexities. She was to pretend to be the wife of the man she had sworn to crucify!

Only one man of the crew had a human look in his eyes—a colossus of an Irishman, with brick-red hair. His glance as it met Wyncote's and Belinda's was humorous.

EVIDENTLY the skipper of the *Bristol* had come with his crew, for a squat, powerful man of the gorilla type began to give orders, and the men scurried into the deckhouses and down below. In parenthesis, the *Bristol* boats eventually carried off twenty loads of loot, including all the wines and liquors in the bar.

"Jus' you two, huh?" said the skipper, approaching. His presence was strong with the odor of gin. His black eyes, restless and shiny like a rat's, ran over Belinda's body—every pretty woman has at some time or other seen that look. "We hunted for you on the south reef. The reckonin' we got wasn't correct." Not a word that he was glad to save them.

"The others made land?" cried Belinda.

"Ye-ah."

"Did they report us?" asked Wyncote, wanting to kill the man for that look.

"They thought you'd gone down. I was makin' this way, an' thought I'd have a squint. Wife?"

"Yes. What port are you making?"

The skipper grinned. "We got some copra to pick up; then we drop down to Tahiti. Git your dunnage an' pile into the longboat. But no dog."

"What?" cried Wyncote.

"No dog."

"Oh, you can't mean that!" said Belinda, horrified. "It wouldn't be human to let the little thing die alone here, of thirst and starvation!"

"Dogs, is bad luck to me. -But a pretty woman can git most anything out o' me. Take the pup, but keep him out o' sight. None o' the men like dogs."

He had had not the least intention of marooning Nanky. Simply, he wanted Belinda to plead, so that he could appear magnanimous.

"Mike! Mike!" he called. The big red-headed Irishman appeared at the lounge door. "Git these folks over, an' then come back. They's a lot o' stuff to haul."

"You bet!" said Mike, hastily buttoning his shirt, which bulged oddly above his waistband. "All lawful, Cap'n; she's abandoned. A blow, an' she'll go to pieces like a wet biscuit. All aboard, you folks!"



## Suppose You— suddenly appeared in a hoop skirt!

By ETHEL K. BANNISTER, Graduate Nurse

What a flurry you would cause!

But of course you wouldn't do it—hoopskirts are so grotesque and old-fashioned!

Yet, it is amazing how many women carry into life hoopskirt ideas—through no fault of their own. Custom, tradition, prejudice and prudishness have shut out from them knowledge and light indispensable to their health, happiness and charm.

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It struck Wyncote that the skipper hadn't expected to find anyone alive, and that the man's hesitance in giving the exact source of his information had suspicious color. Still, there was nothing out of the way so far, except the shameful look. Till he got his bearings, he determined to overlook some things; it wouldn't pay to fly off the handle without grave provocation. He had no regret in leaving the wreck. To have remained would shortly have resulted in death by thirst. Yonder tramp would eventually land them somewhere; but he must not yell if his feet were metaphorically trodden on in the meantime. Evidently God wasn't through with them. His soul was mixed with bitterness as he preceded Belinda down the pilot's ladder to the boat.

"Put some stuff in it," said the Irishman, who was known as Red Mike. "We want to clear out by sundown."

"Sure," replied one of the men at the oars.

"Say 'sir,' ye scut!"

The man laughed. "Sir!"

This little episode depressed Wyncote. There would be a lack of discipline on the *Bristol*.

"That's a good dog," said Red Mike, as the men put their backs to the oars.

"You like dogs?" asked Belinda.

"Ye-ah. I was a kennel man before I—went to sea. Monkeys an' parrots an' cats go, but somehow a dog aint got no place at sea, mum. I wouldn't let him run loose."

"How did you learn about us?" asked Wyncote.

"We jus' heard. But till we sighted you aboard, we didn't know nobody was alive. You're in luck. You're way out o' the sealandes, an' jus' chance brought us here. Wrecks are good pickin's sometimes."

"He's got the jewels!" whispered Belinda.

Which put into Wyncote's head a notion which eventually saved them from death or worse.

**T**HE *Bristol* had but one deckhouse, which ran from amidship to well forward: bridge and wheelhouse, chart-room, officers' quarters and cook's galley. The engine-room ladders were between the chart-room and the officers' quarters. The crew bunked in the forepeak. There were no cabins below-deck. The steamer had been built to carry cargo, not passengers.

No one spoke again till Red Mike helped Belinda and Wyncote over the rail.

"The empty cabin next to the Cap'n's will be yours. Aint very tidy, but it's the best we can give you. You'll eat with me an' the Cap'n in the chart-room. I'm first-officer. Young feller, come here a minute." Red Mike drew Wyncote aside. "Tell your wife to keep inside as much as possible. Not much discipline left. We're carryin' a cargo o' gin, an' some of it's been broached. See?"

"Thank you."

"Well, folks as like dogs are all right with me."

Inside the cabin, Belinda sat down wearily on the bunk, and Wyncote took the camp-stool.

"It's a great world if you don't weaken," he said. "That big Irishman is friendly."

"He has the jewels inside his shirt," whispered Belinda.

"I'll come around to that."

"Johnny, I was never really afraid on the wreck; but I am now. The man they call the Captain—"

He interrupted her. "Can you make a place for the automatic in your dress somewhere? They may start pawing over our things, and they mustn't know you're armed. Do you think you could shoot if you had to?"

"Yes—if I had to. But it's hard, after all we've been through."

"But here's the ship, old girl, here's the ship. The rest of it'll come."

At sundown they viewed for the last time

## Richard Washburn Child

In years gone by, the name of Mr. Child as a writer of short fiction of ingenuity and charm was well known to readers of this magazine from constant appearance in its pages. Then came Mr. Child's appointment by President Harding as United States Ambassador to Italy, and for a space, authorship gave way to diplomacy. But now that Mr. Child is back in America, he has turned again to his first, and really lasting love—the short story. Among the best of the tales that he has recently written is the one planned for early publication in this magazine. Curiously enough, in view of its author's country-wide study of the causes of the present "crime wave," the story deals with a certain sort of crime and the methods of its practitioners. You will be interested, surprised—and charmed—with "No Luck," which is Mr. Child's title for his story.



what had once been a gay and proud thing of the seas, *The Four Winds*. They directed their gaze upon her, their mental pictures the same but looked at from opposite points. Presently the swift southern night stepped in between, and the Captain called to them that grub was ready.

There was an unreality about that meal to Belinda, who could not keep her eyes off the gross face of the Captain. In the wine-colored darkness of the chart-room the man looked like some gigantic poisonous toad out of a nightmare. He was polite enough, but constantly referred to his amiability toward the fairer sex and how they could wrap him around their pretty fingers without half trying. Occasionally Red Mike swung in with an irrelevant phrase, verbally jolting the Captain off his course from time to time. Belinda could see that the man did not relish these interruptions, but for some reason did not show his resentment openly. He had a bottle of gin beside his elbow, but drank sparingly tonight. He did not wish to scare this pretty bird just then by letting her see the quality of his appetite.

THE psychology of the situation reacted upon Belinda and Wyncote in an astonishing way. They were now together, mentally and bodily, which they had not been and would never have been if rescued by some reputable ship. She would have immediately buckled on her reservations, and these would have been visible to his eye, and the chasm would have become permanent. He would not have blamed her for this attitude; he would have blamed his run of bad luck in falling in love with her, his hereditary enemy. There was now no past, only a present, made sinister by what they saw and imagined.

"Breakfast at seven," said the Captain. "If you want anythin' between times, I'm on the bridge."

All four of them filed out of the chart-house, Belinda going directly to the cabin allotted to her and Wyncote. As they passed Red Mike, Wyncote touched him on the arm, indicating that he wanted speech. Red Mike led him to the stern.

"I'll make a bargain with you," began Wyncote.

"Shoot."

"You picked up a fortune in jewels and money this afternoon. If I spread that about, what will happen?"

"You got nerve," said the giant. "But I getcha. What d'you want to keep your mouth shut? I could throw you overboard, but I aint that kind."

"The gig. Provision her and lend a sail. When we get somewhere near land, lower us. Compass and chart too."

"That goes. Your girl don't cotton to the Cap'n."

"No."

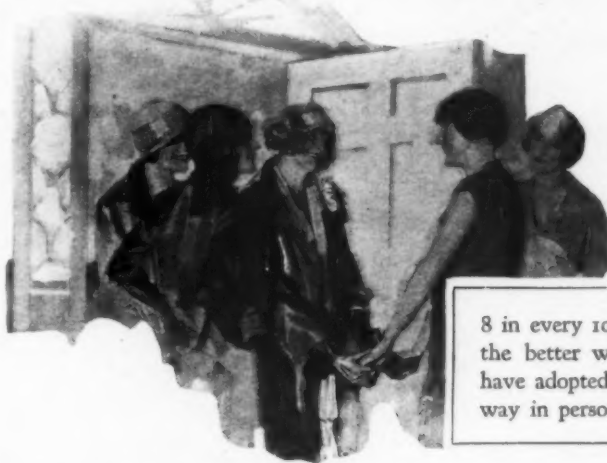
"Well, you've got the dope on him. We're a tough lot; but we wouldn't be half so rotten if it wasn't for the gin. That's our main business, totin' ol' square-face to natives, an' the British don't like us a little bit. Tell your woman to keep mum. If it gits out I got jools, there'll be hell to pay. Divided by sixteen, they wont be any haul. I was a white man oncet, an' I'm gittin' out o' this. Glad to see you go. Women is hell on a hooker like this'n. I'm tellin' you, that knows. Tomorrow you peek under the gig's canvas, an' you'll find water an' rations for a week, sail, compass an' chart. But play straight."

"I will."

"The Cap'n is a hooch-hound, but he knows every bottom three thousand miles around. I'm the real skipper, but he don't know it. The damn sot thinks he's a lady-killer. You an' your wife kin' o' make believe you don't understand his gab—kin' o' bow off. See? If he lays a hand on her, tell me. Don't try nothin' yourself. I'm the on'y man 'at can handle him; an' that

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

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aint 'cause I'm stronger, but 'cause I don't swill gin reglar. Keep the dog where Rat can't see him."

"Which is Rat?"

"The pug with the tin ear. He's a tough nut, an' likes to torture animals. But you're a husky-lookin' kid."

WYNCOTE returned to the cabin and knocked.

"Who is it?"

"Johnny."

The key turned; the door opened, and he stepped inside. He told his story in a whisper.

"I'd be less afraid that way," she said. "I feel unclean—the way that beast looks at me."

"Sh! Not so loud. I'm sorry, but it is absolutely necessary for us to share this cabin."

"I understand. I am in your hands, Johnny. Queer, isn't it? You could crucify me if you wanted to, make me die a little at a time."

"None of that. Curl up and go to sleep."

She took the pillow-case off the pillow and turned it inside out. She knew that she would not sleep this night, for the thought that recently some drunken beast had occupied the bunk.

Stoically Wyncote made a pillow out of the camp-stool and stretched himself before the door. In less than ten minutes he was sound asleep. Belinda stared at him moodily. Well, after all, why shouldn't he sleep? He had only his life to lose, nothing more than that. She curled up in a corner of the disreputable bunk, propping her shoulders with the pillow, and slept till she was awakened by a knock on the door.

"Breakfast!" called Wyncote.

"In a minute."

"Everything's in the gig," he whispered as she came out.

The day passed uneventfully. Again Wyncote slept on the floor of the cabin and Belinda curled herself in a corner of the bunk. Their confidence began to return, and Wyncote laid the calm at Red Mike's door. Thus three tense days passed. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon Belinda took her airing, guarded by Wyncote, and gave the little dog his exercise, never letting him off the leash.

On the morning of the fourth day they entered the chart-room rather blithely. The Captain rose and made an elaborate gesture. Red Mike was missing. The Captain reeked with the odor of gin. By the side of his plate was a stack of letters and documents and folded charts, plainly loot from *The Four Winds*.

"Well, you're rescued," he said. "That's the way with me: always around when a pretty woman needs a hand. Married, huh?" He laughed and wagged a dirty pudgy finger at Belinda, to whom his good humor was more terrifying than his dour. "Well, it's all in the sailin' game."

He selected from the pile of letters a folded pale greenish-blue parchment and slowly spread it out, as if it were something highly delectable.

"John Carey," he read, "'American citizen, white, unmarried'—so forth an' so on. Sometimes you don't git by with it. You said your name was Carey."

Wyncote became stone-cold with fear. His blood began to trumpet in his ears. What the Captain held in his hand was a passport.

### Chapter Twenty

BELINDA sat perfectly still; but there was that in her gray eyes which should have warned the Captain.

But frequent potions had dulled his perceptions. Through the lenses of his Gargantuan humor he saw a young woman, comely

beyond any other he had seen, and a young man whom he could heave overboard, should that be necessary, and the world be none the wiser. The law read that a wife could not testify against her husband. Laughter rumbled in him.

"Married, huh?"

"It was to save her what embarrassment I could," blundered Wyncote, who should have waited for the Captain to expose his hand. But he was stupefied, numbed by the knowledge that in trying to protect Belinda he had probably destroyed them both.

"That's the best I ever heard!" The Captain held his sides. "But I aint got no grudge. It puts things in a different light, though. You lied to me. You young bloods!"

"I can die," said Belinda.

The Captain stared at her uncomprehendingly. "Huh?"

"I can die."

"Why? Aint I a man?"

"You look like one," said Wyncote, "but I guess that's as far as it goes. We are two unfortunates, and you haven't humanity enough to grasp it. I'm not afraid of you. If you lay a hand—"

"On your woman, you'll kill me? An' all the while I was thinkin' of a sea-marriage!"—reproachfully. The Captain wiped his bloodshot eyes.

"A sea-marriage?" A spark of hope flared up in the victim.

"Sure. I got a man who can spout the Bible to beat hell. Good a splice as any. I'm a liberal man, ready to forget the past."

"If you lay a hand on her, I'll kill you," Wyncote declared, the Berserker in him sitting up.

"Meanin' me?"

"Meaning you." To kill the beast!

The Captain pushed aside the pile of papers, revealing that his sense of humor was no stronger than his sense of caution. He laid his hand on the revolver.

"Rat!" he belowed.

The door opened, and the sailor with the mutilated ear stepped in, grinning in such a manner as to convince Wyncote that the rogue was in the Captain's confidence.

"Search him," was the order.

The searching was done without objection on Wyncote's part. So long as no one touched Belinda, personal insult was negligible. Rat stepped back.

"Look at 'em, Rat: aint they the innocent lambs? Said they was married, an' they aint. Rat, you don't know how damn wicked this world is."

"No sir. I've heerd folks tell."

"Speak to Lenny; tell him we're to have a weddin', Sunday."

"Yes sir." Rat departed.

"Well, what'll you kill me with?"

Wyncote did not answer, for Belinda had laid her cold little hand upon his.

"Did you have a mother?" she asked of the Captain.

"Sure. Where'd you think I come from—a incubator?" The Captain leered at Belinda. "You oughta be damn grateful. Aint I offerin' you my name?"

BELINDA'S face was expressionless; but Wyncote rose out of his chair, the veins in his throat swollen. What his intention was and what would have been the result of its execution remains unknown. The door opened and a sailor stuck in his head. "Steamer off the starboard bow!"

The Captain caught up the revolver and lumbered forth, venomous for having been disturbed in his play.

"God doesn't seem to remember us," said Belinda.

"I'm sorry; but I thought I was doing for the best."

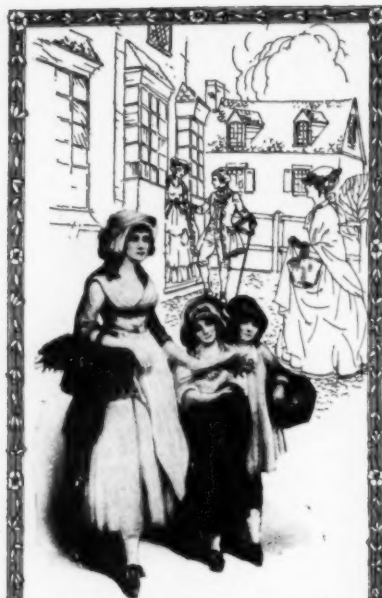
"It wouldn't have mattered, Johnny. Married or single, I should have been the same to that beast. But don't worry; he'll never lay a hand on me. I can die."

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SHAMPOO**

"Behind me, after I'm done in. And I want you to know that my last thought will be of you. But while there's life there's hope. There's another ship somewhere about."

"Johnny, if we ever get out of this, I know just what kind of stories you'll write. They'll all have happy endings. Don't weaken yourself by any thought of me. It's my fault that brought us here."

"I'd have done the same, had I gone through what you did," he replied. "God sure twisted things for us."

"And the devil put a knot in both ends."

"You don't hate me?"

"No, Johnny." A wistful smile.

Red Mike burst in. "What's been goin' on?"

"Will that boat be a British gunboat?"

"No. Her stack aint slanted naval. I'll git his nibs soused by night, an' in the mornin' I'll git you off."

"Some day you'll ask a favor of God, and you won't be denied," said Belinda.

"Hell!" said Red Mike, grinning. "What I'm thinkin' of is my neck an' my loot. I never want no woman aboard. Good or bad, they always raise hell. In gittin' you off, I'm thinkin' o' Number One. Now, what happened?"

Wyncote told him:

"What the hell did you make such a crack for? If you'd 'a' told the truth, I'd 'a' got you to shore before we peddled gin. An' now the men'll think you're both on the loose."

"Couldn't this strange ship be hailed and made to take us off?"

"No. We aint speakin' no strangers," said Red Mike grimly. "She'd report our whereabouts. No, nothin' doin' that way. But tomorrah I'll set you down within sixty miles o' land. There'll be wind, an' you can make the island in eight or nine hours. I aint movin' a hand further. Take it or leave it."

"We'll take it, and thank God for the chance," said Wyncote. "But if the Captain lays a hand on Miss White, I'll kill him."

"Call me first. Keep the girl in her cabin. So long."

When he was gone, Belinda said: "There's something more than gin-running back of this fear of meeting ships. They may have run away with this boat; they may have killed some one."

"Suppose we go on deck? This room still has the stench of that man. . . . What was that?"

It was a sharp animal cry.

"Nanky!" said Belinda, agonized by a thought.

WYNCOTE flew to the door and out.

The picture he saw turned loose the smoldering Berserker. Rat had Nanky by the hindlegs and was swinging the screaming dog as an athlete would swing an Indian-club. At any moment the dog's legs or spine might break. Head down, tackle fashion, Wyncote rushed. Rat saw him. His first notion was to cast the dog over the rail, but realized that this gesture would place him at a disadvantage. He dropped the dog, grinning at the prospect of a fight. But he made a mistake there. Wyncote dived for his knees, and Rat went down. Before he could recover from the surprise of the attack, Wyncote grasped him by shirt and belt, and with that strength and energy which often flow up under fury, swung the rogue over his head and dashed him mightily to the deck. Rat made no movement after the initial roll; perhaps Wyncote would have killed him if he had, for the victor was boiling with an insatiable murderous rage. Wild-eyed, he looked about for some one else upon whom to spill the rest of this fury. He had but a moment to wait.

From the bridge the Captain had wit-

nessed this encounter, and beheld his favorite motionless on deck. He came piling down the ladder, spewing obscenities. Wyncote met him at the foot of the ladder. Here was the beast he wanted most to kill. He struck first, mashing the Captain's gin-burnt lips. But Wyncote knew only the rudiments of boxing, whereas the Captain was skilled in fisticuffs from ring to barroom. The blow confused him for a moment; then his fists began to move, finding Wyncote's face, repeatedly. Then he reached the jaw. Wyncote fell upon his face. The Captain raised his boot to bash in the boy's head, but—his foot never reached the mark. Belinda fired. He stiffened, then sagged, reached futilely for the rail, missed it and slumped to the deck.

"Damn her—"

The crew came running up, but stopped discreetly after one look into Belinda's stony white face. . . . What happened immediately after the bark and jolt of the gun and the collapse of the Captain was never distinct to her recollection. Such scenes as came back vaguely were dominated by the man Red Mike, who broke through the grouped and astonished sailors and furiously ordered them about. A quarter of an hour later she came out of this hypnosis to find herself in the stern-sheets of the gig, Wyncote's battered head in her lap and the frightened dog at her feet.

SHE watched the *Bristol's* foaming stern as it slowly receded. She could still see the red head of the rogue who, out of pure selfishness, had played the Good Samaritan. Then her glance swung around to the other ship, which at present seemed so calm and indifferent, thence to the faded blue above, where God is supposed to be. She knew that God was through; He had gone bankrupt of irony.

The illusory dyke had crumbled beyond her strength to fight it. The knowledge she had tried to smother rolled over her. It was still unbelievable. . . . She—she loved Johnny Wyncote, son of Oliver Wyncote, alias Jarvis! It was indscrubably horrible to her mind, yet utterly sweet to her heart. No; God had no more irony to offer. Johnny Wyncote: the last man she would ever see in life, though she once more walked among the millions. Knew that she loved him when he fell inert and that dreadful boat was about to batter in his head. In a flash. She had killed a man out of this love.

She wanted to laugh, to weep; instead she bent and kissed Wyncote's eyes.

Love! Like a thunderbolt, at once shameful and beautiful.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny!" she cried.

He opened his eyes part way, not wholly returned to the world. She murmured:

"The East Wind shall bring you ships  
and war and pestilence;  
And the innocent shall eat of Bitter Apples. . . .  
But the South Wind. . . .  
And you shall know of lotus and love."

"Johnny, do you know me?"

Wyncote opened his eyes widely. "What's happened?"

"We're all alone on the sea, Johnny, in an open boat; and whatever God wants to do with us—"

"Did you kiss me just now?"—doubtfully.

"Yes."

"You—you care?"—with wonder.

"Oh, yes! God and my father forgive me!"

"Well, then," he said, with a smile and a feeble gesture toward the sea, "all that doesn't matter."

Here ends "Bitter Apples." Another of Mr. Mac Grath's inimitable stories, "You Can't Always Tell," will appear in an early issue.

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